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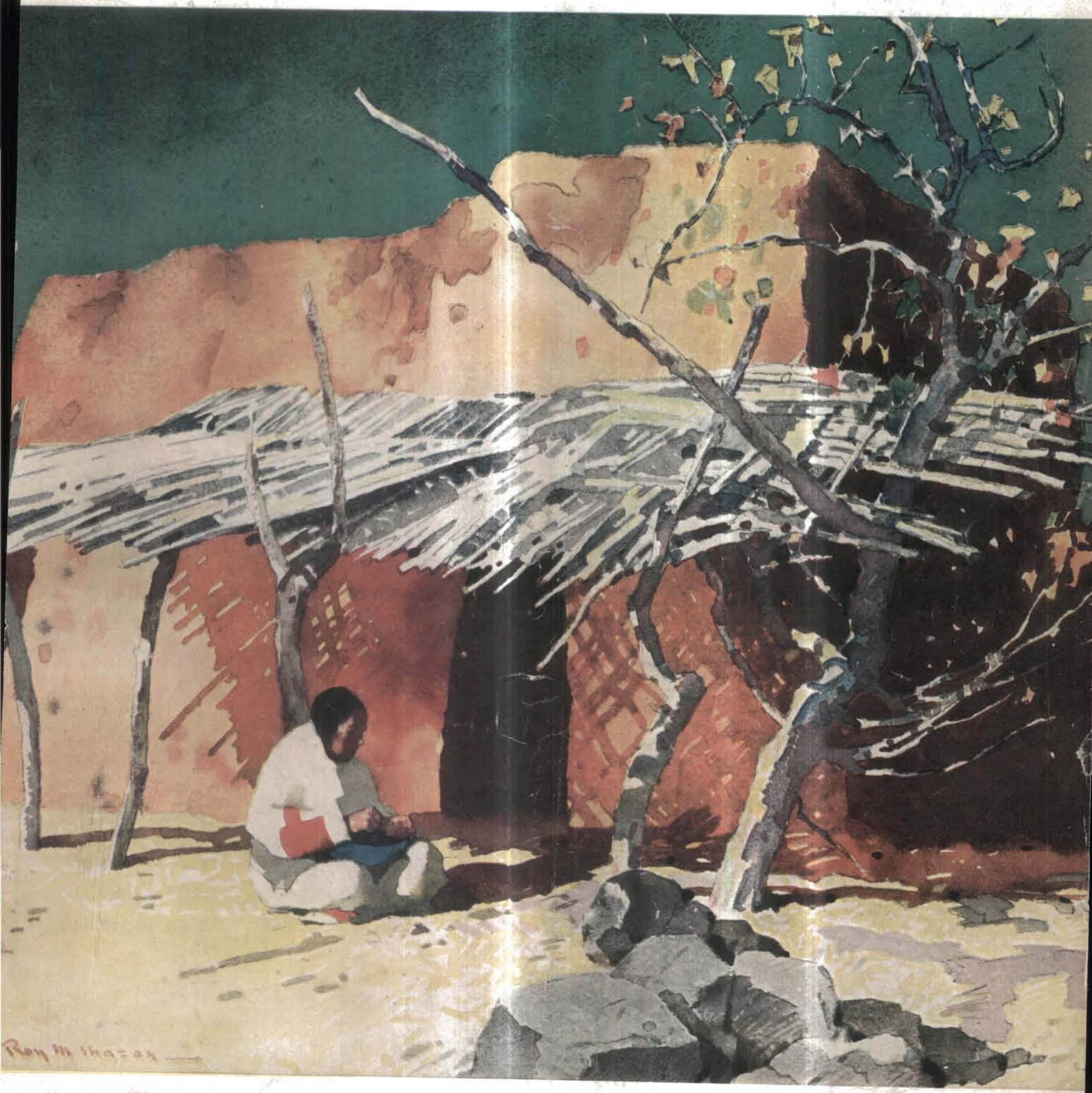

ERLE STANLEY GARDNER

Begin Mr. Mystery's Latest Thriller

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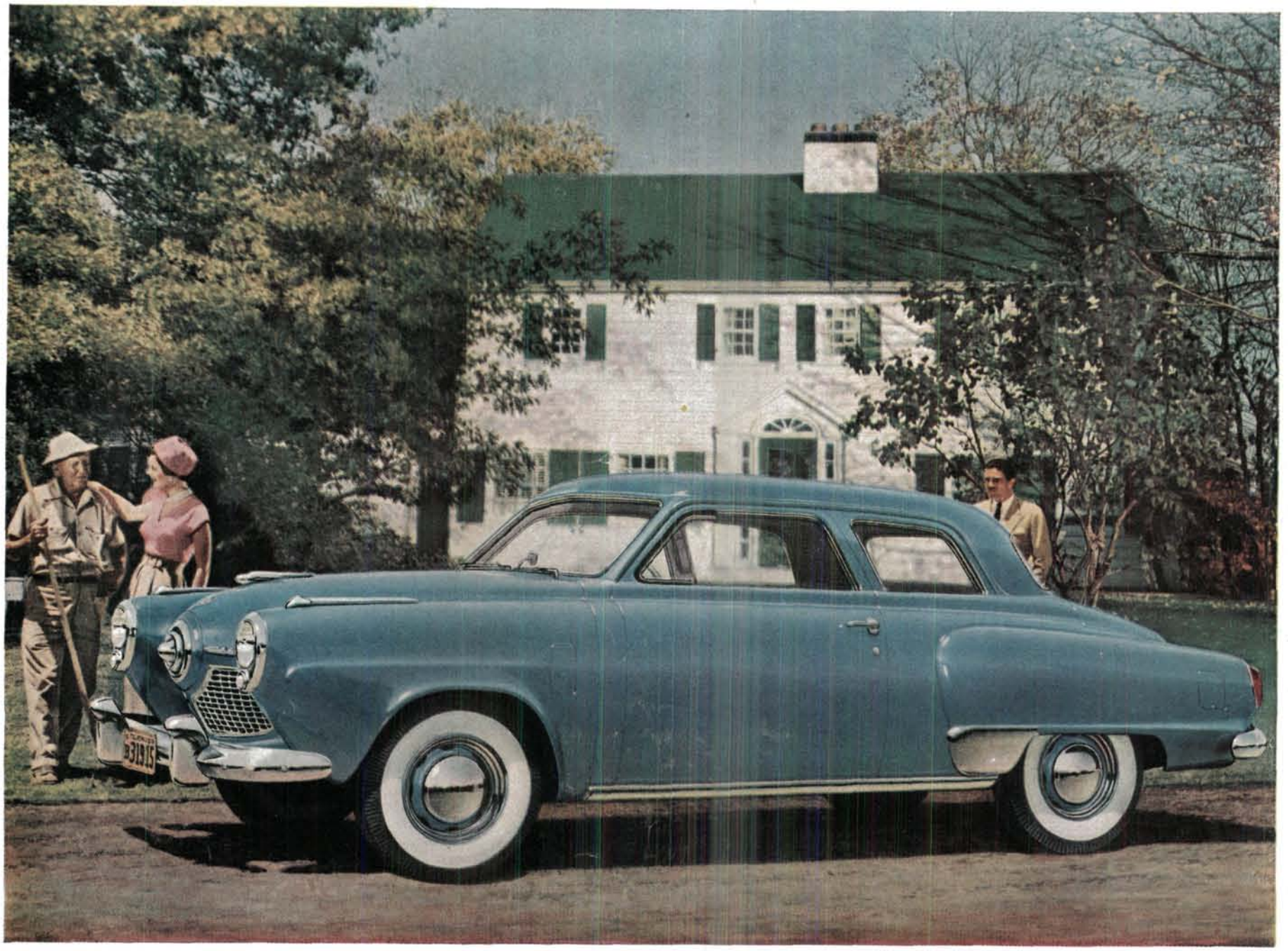

Paul Hesse photo

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A sure-footed new Studebaker "miracle ride"

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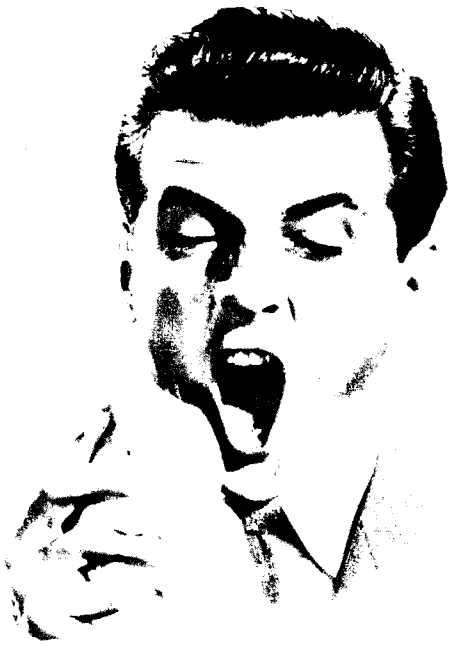
...it's Listerine Antiseptic for Everybody!



A safe, direct way to fight infection

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Prompt and repeated use of Listerine Antiseptic as a gargle may keep the infection from spreading . . . protect the person who hasn't a cold from the one who has. It's a safe, direct way to help avoid infection.

Kills Secondary Invaders

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Whatever else you do

So, whatever else you do, start gargling with Listerine Antiseptic at the first sign of a sneeze, cough or sniffle. It's a safe, direct way to attack the invasion—no dangerous side effects.

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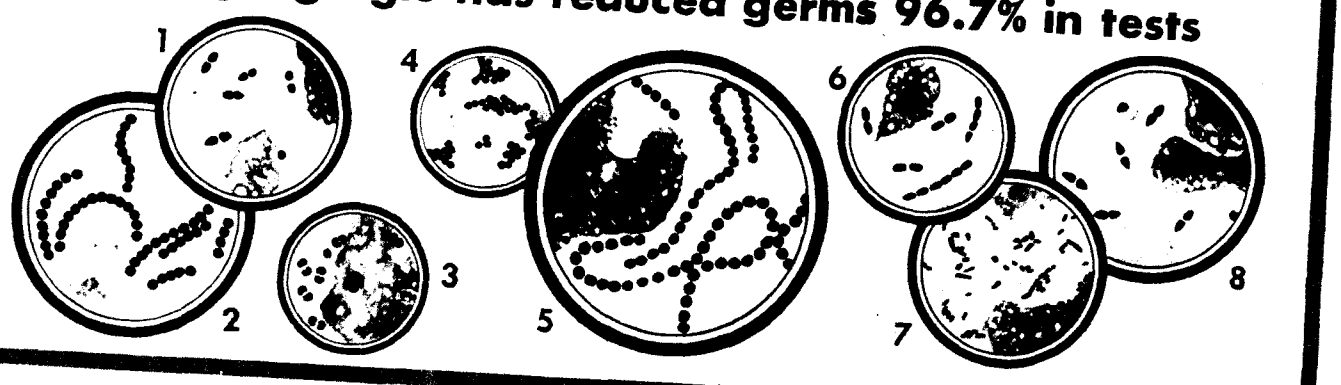
A single gargle has reduced germs 96.7% in tests



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The Cover

Artist Roy Mason, swinging through the Southwest, made a detailed sketch of a typical pueblo in Old Tucson, Arizona, then painted this water color in his Batavia, New York, studio. The Indian woman who posed in front of the house is Mary Redbird of the Papago Reservation, which is located west of Tucson and south of Phoenix.

Week's Mail

Is Alaska Expendable?

EDITOR: Let me congratulate you most heartily on the editorial entitled Let's Show We Mean It (Nov. 18th), urging statehood for Hawaii and Alaska. All that you say in the editorial is true and I hope you will continue the battle.

We were very much shocked to think that a question so important was not even permitted to come up for a vote through the efforts of a mere handful of filibusters. That is scarcely the way to demonstrate to the world that we believe in our professions of democracy.

We were further shocked by the unique and unprecedented view expressed by Senator Russell of Georgia, now chairman of the Armed Services Committee, who on November 30th (page 16115 of the Congressional Record) said:

"I repeat, there is absolutely nothing that is inconsistent or contradictory in defending the rights of the states and in opposing the making of new states, which will fix an obligation on the federal government to defend their rights in case of any great emergency. Should these territories be admitted into the United States, either today or next year, I would feel bound to fight for their rights as vigorously as I would defend the rights of Georgia or Wyoming, and I do not think I care to be placed in that position when we do not know but that a terrific blow will be leveled at one of those outposts either tomorrow or six months from tomorrow."

This means that Senator Russell feels that a territory is less entitled to protection than a state. This is in complete conflict with previously established American policy and is a grievous blow to the people of Alaska.

It is something of an ironic paradox that with Alaska occupying the front line in the event of attack on this hemisphere, we are informed by the top man on defense policies in Congress that we can't be a state because we would then have to be defended as the states would be.

ERNEST GRUENING, Governor,
Territory of Alaska, Juneau, Alaska

Peak Performance

EDITOR: I have been reading Collier's for a long time. I even managed to get copies while at Plattsburg in 1916. For attractiveness of presentation, variety and significance of content, I believe the issue of January 13th is the most valuable ever put out.

A. V. DRAPER, Baltimore, Md.

Rollins' Presidents

EDITOR: As a graduate of Rollins College I would like to commend you on Education's New Boy Wonder (Jan. 13th). However, in justice to Dr. Hamilton Holt, president emeritus, I feel that part of your article was misleading.

Under Dr. Holt's jurisdiction Rollins always maintained not only intercollegiate athletics, but an all-round intramural athletic program in which all students participated.

Also under Dr. Holt's leadership the faculty and students always maintained an intimate, informal relationship. Many times I have enjoyed the hospitality of Dr. Holt's home, as have all other college students, so

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MICROSCOPIC EYE REVEALS THE EXTRA WEAR OF "DOUBLE-STRENGTH" KANTFRAY. Here's proof 2 is better than 1! KANTFRAY is *doubly strong!* See the double strands of selected combed yarns that actually *double* the life of the collar!

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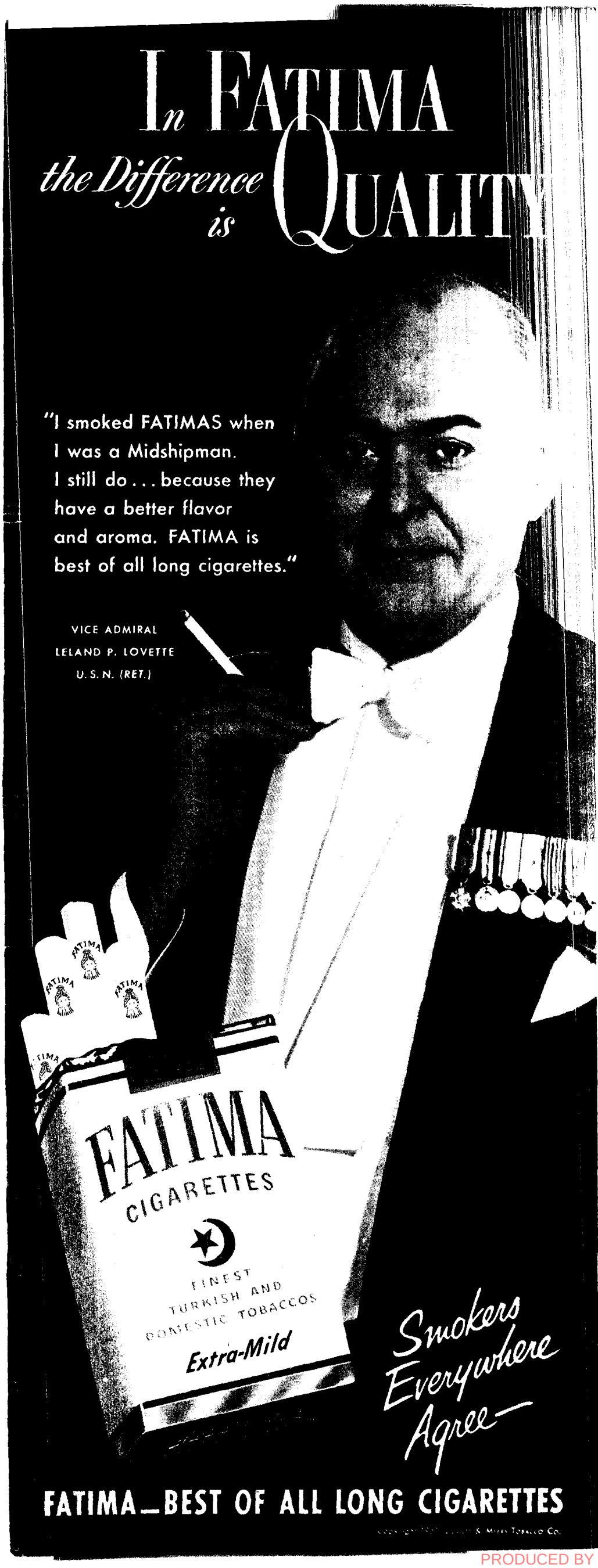
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Dr. Paul A. Wagner is not establishing a new precedent by any means.

The $500,000 library you mention was conceived during Dr. Holt's last year at Rollins, so let's give credit where credit is due. ROBERT C. FERGUSON, Buffalo, N. Y.

. . . "It is the only time that Hamilton Holt was ever seen with his hands in his *own* pocket"—Last sentence, Education's New Boy Wonder.

Will Rogers said it first, 20 years ago. The late John Ringling, the circus magnate, had installed millions of dollars' worth of paintings in his art museum in Sarasota, but his prize possession was a life-size portrait of himself, which showed Ringling standing with hand in pocket and overcoat draped through the loop formed by the arm.

After escorting Rogers through the museum, Ringling had led his guest to his home and there halted him before the portrait. Will gazed at it intently, then commented sadly: "It ain't like you, John."

"What's the matter with it?" Ringling asked.

"You've got your hand in your own pocket." DUDLEY HADDOCK, Sarasota, Fla.

How Old Is Livvy?

EDITOR: Your dates and ages in Olivia's World Is the Stage (Jan. 13th) just don't jell. The article says that Miss de Havilland was born in Tokyo in 1916. It also says, "In the year 1951, at the age of thirty-four," and elsewhere it mentions "a spring day in 1929" when "Olivia, then eleven years old," did something or other. What gives?

F. J. BOSWORTH, Springfield, Mass.

Miss de Havilland will be thirty-five this next July. So "in the year 1951," when the article appeared, she was still thirty-four, but the "spring day in 1929" was our mistake. She was twelve, not eleven.

Expectant Papas

EDITOR: Having read your editorial, Peace, Not Pace, for Papa (Jan. 13th), I'd like to add my two cents' worth. You say a Florida doctor suggests letting the expectant papa stay with his wife during labor. He is a little behind times. It is the practice here in at least one hospital—Corwin Hospital—where I had my second son in 1949.

My husband was permitted, even encouraged, to stay with me excepting for the half hour I was in the delivery room.

My husband was very unhappy about the treatment he received at the hospital where our first son was born. He was given the "bum's rush" in no uncertain terms; told to go home and wait for a call when the baby arrived. I understand he pestered them silly for about 12 hours and was in the "pacing parlor" when the baby arrived.

This was at one of the newest and largest hospitals in St. Louis, in 1947. The only time he ever received a welcome was at the cashier's window on the way out. A far cry from Corwin's cordiality!

JAYNE S. WAYMAN, Pueblo, Colo.

. . . As one who reads and comments inaudibly, I must admit that I am at last snared into an audible expression at your January 13th editorial on fatherhood.

As a mother of two, born in the quiet confines of a home (where paternal solicitude would be more apt to be allowed), let me state that there is only one type of woman who would relish the idea of having the man she loves give "comfort and assistance" at such a time. That is the oh-God-how-I-suffer female, or the look-what-bed-of-pain-you-brought-me-to cult. These are the ones who expect diamond brooches, holidays in South America or another town car for their efforts in behalf of the new generation.

A father has no more place in the delivery room than a gunner's wife would have on the decks of a battleship. When it comes time for action, clear the decks and make way for the professionals!

MRS. J. MCCALL HUGHES, Bronxville, N. Y.

. . . My most sincere congratulations on your editorial. It's about time someone spoke out against this idiotic treatment of fathers.

"We believe that most men who have received this treatment resent it," you say. You're damn' right we do. I think the time is coming, however, when it will be considered quite normal and proper for a husband and wife to be together when *their* child is born.

SIGURD B. VIKSE, St. Paul, Minn.

Criminal Chronology

EDITOR: In regard to the article, The Great Brink's Robbery (Jan. 13th), Thomas B. Lloyd, employee, in answer to questioning of Superintendent Fallon, says that one of the gunmen was about fifty years old and another one about forty years old. If all seven gunmen wore masks, how could he tell the ages of two of them?

JOE BEAVER, Ardmore, Okla.

Transposition

Campus Queen and coach

EDITOR: I wonder if it occurred to you when you ran the cover picture (Jan. 13th) of Cherry Blair, University of Texas Campus Queen, that the football coach of the University of Texas is named Blair Cherry.

I note that Miss Blair plans to take to the air (planning an airplane hostess career) following graduation. Cherry already has been given the air (by his own request) at the U. of Texas, tendering his resignation, although a highly successful coach, to enter private business.

JACK TROY, Atlanta, Ga.

Tallu

EDITOR: I have read your editorial, Tallulah Shows the Way (Jan. 13th), and it is my hope that all of your readers give it some thought. Like you, I am an old earphone man myself, and over the past months have been wondering just what was happening to radio, and if all of the advertising in the country was being used for the purpose of driving radio out of business in favor of television.

I think NBC should be encouraged to the limit in their new start. Also, why don't some of the big advertisers sponsor the NBC Symphony Orchestra—or does most of their appreciation stop on a level with Goodnight Irene? MERVYN L. GEARY, Berkeley, Cal.

. . . Yes, Tallulah does lead the way. Her program is fun, fascinating, flirty and well fed. We do need Tallulah in these dark times, for she, above all personalities in show business, has the inspired quality to make you forget everything else in the world, under the spell of her terrific voice.

In case you have not noticed—my admiration for Tallulah is showing.

CALDER B. VAUGHAN, LaGrange, Ga.

. . . Your editorial was a complete loss this week. With all the thousand and one things, national and international, that could have your attention you devote almost a page to Tallulah Bankhead.

No wonder we are in such a mess. If Tallulah is that important, I give up.

I. D. HARROLD, Danville, Ind.

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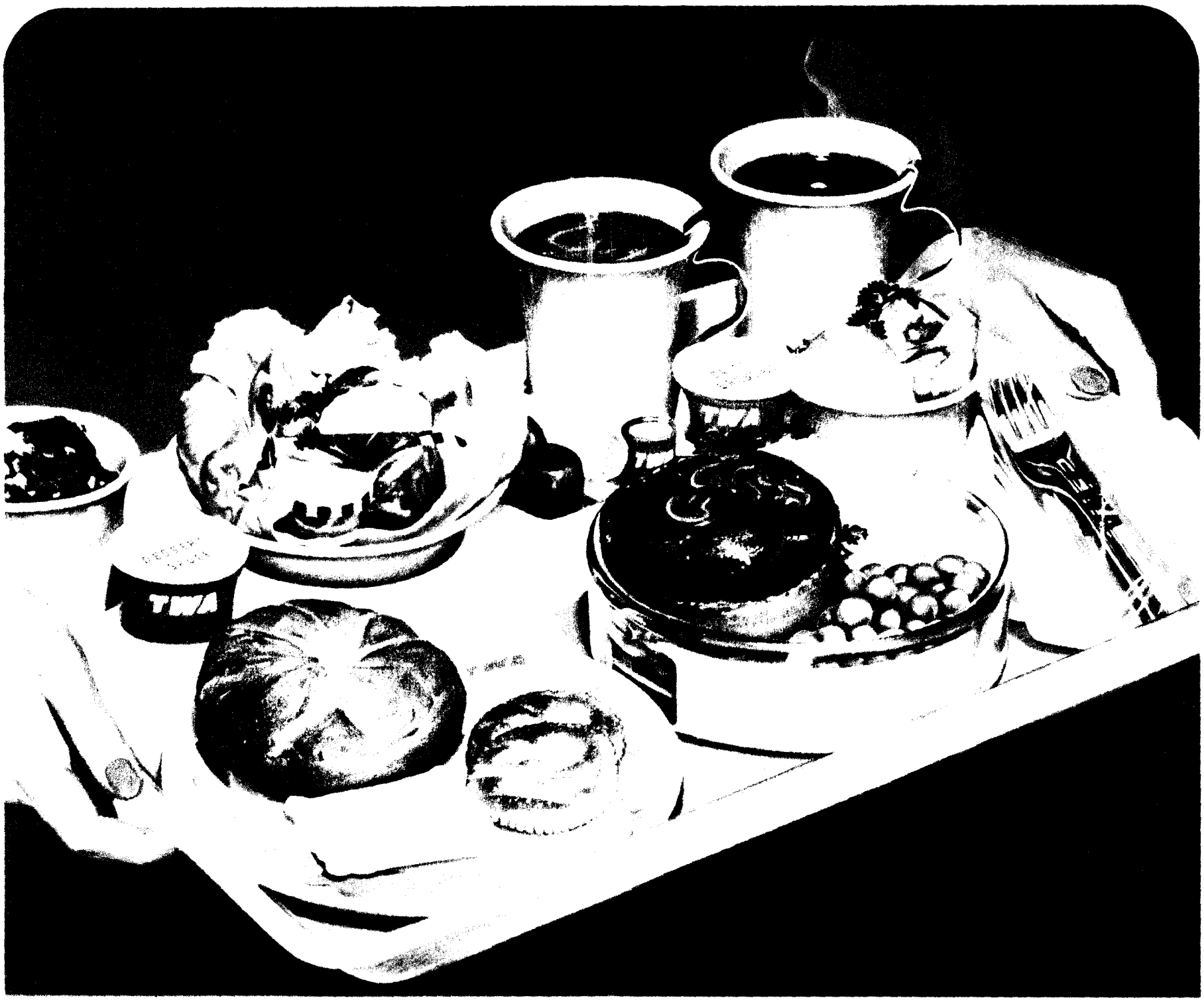

What does a man like for dinner 20,000 feet up?

Food alone doesn't make the flight, but it *is* one of the reasons TWA shines in air travelers' eyes. Thoughtfully planned meals—perfectly cooked and graciously served with TWA's compliments—add to the friendly feeling of being at home in the air which is the hallmark of TWA travel in the U.S. and overseas. Where in the world do *you* want to go? For information and reservations, see your travel agent or call TWA.

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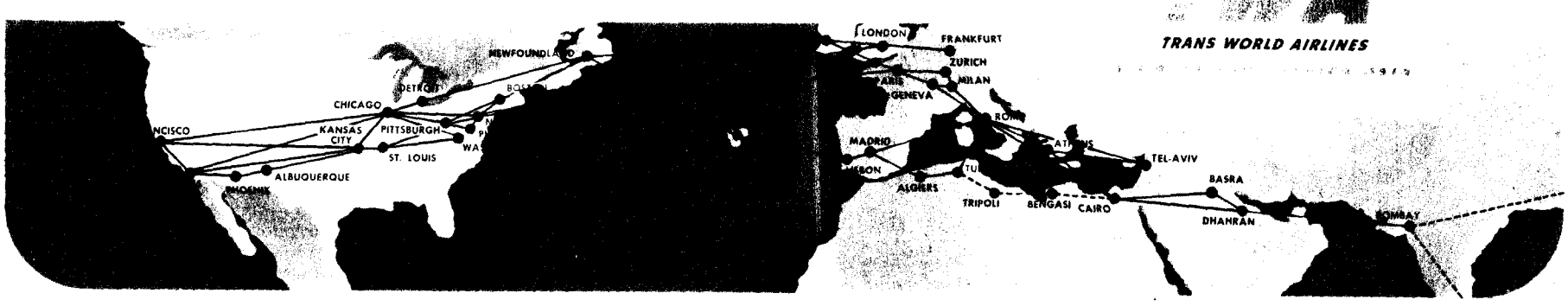

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Through the years Florsheim style leadership has become as famous as Florsheim quality and the economy of longer wear. For new lasts, new leathers, new patterns—new shoe style generally—men have learned to look to Florsheim. Yes! For nearly 60 years, Florsheim Quality has been in style.

Florsheim Shoes

The WILSHIRE, *S-1276, tan calf and tan suede combination wing tip. (S-1275, black calf and gray suede)*

The Florsheim Shoe Company · Chicago · Makers of fine shoes for men and women

48 States of Mind

By WALTER DAVENPORT

Good news for postmen. State Senator George Parkhouse has introduced a bill into the Texas legislature making it compulsory for owners of letter-carrier-biting dogs to buy new pants for the

postman. The senator finds that the pooches seldom bite the mailman himself, however tasty he may appear. They just tear his pants. The senator is also organizing the owners of pants-happy dogs into the National Postmen's Pants Protective Association. His own idea.

★ ★ ★

Some of the words we use can be found in a reliable dictionary. But as the university in (excuse it, please) Moscow, Idaho, has learned, it doesn't do to dig too deeply into such books. To the Spokane, Washington, Construction Council, for their approval, the university sent plans for a new one-story building, announcing on the blueprints that it was an "abattoir." Until the arrival of the council's secretary, Miss Elizabeth Stone, no one knew what an abattoir was. Furthermore, one of the gentlemen looking over the plans declared the prints showed a "gambling table and a sterilizing lavatory." The council was just about to have no truck whatsoever with any such sink of iniquity, when Miss Stone defined abattoir. Under her gentle guidance the council learned too that it wasn't "lavatory" but "laboratory," and that the "gambling table" was "gambreling table." On a gambreling table you slice up gambrels —hocks of slaughtered animals. Of course, you can't exactly blame the council for being careful.

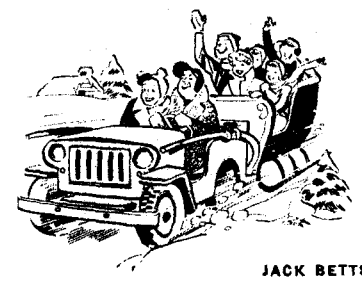
★ ★ ★

In Washington's National Press Club a correspondent was expressing his opinion of a certain bureaucrat. After rummaging around in his vocabulary for a few moments seeking the proper epithet, he concluded: "He's a—a—a—(unprintable) triffid." If the word leaves you cold, it means merely that you cheated yourself by not reading John Wyndham's recent serial in Collier's—Revolt of the Triffids. Naturally we can't begin in our limited space to review the poisonous saga of the triffids. They

are plants (brought from Venus by interplanetary travelers) that pull up their roots and walk. They whoosh past you, lashing out with their tentacles, striking at your eyes, blinding you, driving you mad. Presently the people of earth are blind, fighting one another. The result: chaos and destruction. In Washington we're assured that almost every department and agency (except of course, the one you're talking to at the moment) is peopled with triffids. From 1600 Pennsylvania Avenue to Capitol Hill—triffids, triffids, triffids. Anyway, the point is the word triffid seems to have become a brand-new addition to the language. We hate to keep reminding you, but like we always say, if you want to keep up on things you just have to read Collier's.

★ ★ ★

We've just been informed by the Department of Agriculture that there are 7,463,000 horses and mules in the United States. But not one of them was hitched to the sleigh (cutters, we used to call them) we saw not long ago whisking over the snow in Norfolk, Connecticut. The sleigh—an old-timer



JACK BETTS

with bells—was packed with eight singing boys and girls. Its jangling shafts were hitched to a jeep driven by a kid who was being kept warm by a bearskin overcoat and the arms of a girl. We remember—but never mind.

★ ★ ★

By this time practically all those fine resolutions adopted on January 1st have been comfortably forgotten. So far we know of only one man who has rigorously stuck to his—Mr. Carl Stimson of Houston, Texas. Mr. Stimson resolved to devote the first six months of 1951 to minding his own business. During the second half of the year he has pledged himself to keeping his nose out of other people's business.

★ ★ ★

There is absolutely no connection between the foregoing and the following. Once, during World War II, some members of Senator Harry S. Truman's committee on war expenditures traipsed off to Oak Ridge, Tennessee, to see how that section of the Manhattan Project (atom bomb) was doing. Before their arrival Oak Ridge's brass had worked up a program of impressively telling the senators absolutely nothing—without their knowing it. A scientist really doesn't have to be very sharp to do that. They walked and climbed the senators bleary—up perpendicular towers, down precipitous caverns, miles through tortuous corridors, overground, underground. After hours of this, they finally

(Continued on page 55)

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"The bonds we bought for our country's defense are helping our boy become a doctor!"

HOW U. S. SAVINGS BONDS ARE PAYING OFF FOR JOHN AND HELEN DALY OF STOCKTON, CALIFORNIA

John and Helen Daly are proud of their son, James. "Jim always wanted to be a doctor," says Helen, "and now he's getting his chance to study medicine, thanks to our U. S. Savings Bonds. There's nothing better than Savings Bonds to make your dreams come true."

"Jimmy was only 13 when John and I decided to make U. S. Savings Bonds a part of our plan for his future. That year I signed up for the Payroll Savings Plan in the Stockton Naval Supply Annex, where I work. Our bonds were needed then to help defend America, but we knew that after victory our money would help our boy realize his ambition."

"So far we've saved $3,550, figuring the maturity value of our bonds. John has his phonograph business so I'm able to put more than a quarter of my salary into Payroll Savings. Each month I pay $75 for a bond which will grow in value until it returns $100 towards Jim's education. I've proved to myself that there's no better saving program in the world!"

"Jim's at the University of Santa Clara now, taking his pre-medical work. And he's doing fine. Bonds are paying his tuition—and the bonds we're still buying regularly are all earmarked toward that M.D. Jimmy will some day have. I recommend the Savings Bond method to all parents who want to give their children the advantage of a college education!"

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Whatever your dream, you can make it come true just as the Dalys did. But you've got to start *right now!* That's easier than you think if you take these simple steps:

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2. Decide to save a regular amount *systematically*, week after week or month after month. Even small sums, saved on a systematic basis, become a large sum in an amazingly short time!

3. Start saving automatically by signing up *today* in the Payroll Savings Plan where you work or the Bond-A-Month Plan where you bank. You may save as little as $1.25 a week or as much as $375 a month. If you can set aside just $7.50 weekly, in 10 years you'll have bonds and interest worth $4,329.02 cash!

You'll be providing security not only for yourself and your family but for the blessed free way of life that's so important to us all. And in far less time than you think, you'll have turned your dreams into reality, just as the Dalys did.

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*T. M.

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Stop the hard-way

In a Soft Shade of Garlic

By HANNAH SMITH

"They come in carnation, maple leaf, buffalo . . ."

AS SOON as I called the Milady Shoppe, I had a good idea of what I was in for. After all, I'd gone through the same thing last year and the year before when I did my annual spring shopping. But yesterday, the minute Miss Ormsby answered the telephone I knew that the problem was piling up on me. Something would have to be done.

"A sweater? Hose?" Miss Ormsby asked in her usual cash-customer coo. "Surely. Now, let's see, Missmith, our sweaters this spring come in the following colors: Bermuda, citron, centennial, greige, palmetto, magnolia, baby camel, miner's gold, eucalyptus, baby's breath, Capistrano—"

"I wanted—"

"—Spanish cork, English spruce, absinthe, carnation, maple leaf, buffalo, Parliament, sandstone—"

"Pink," I said. "I just wanted a pink—"

"—peacock, indigo, mist, siren scarlet, palomino, albatross, lichen dawn, Arabian jet—"

I grabbed at a passing word, seized it and held it high. "Dawn!" I said with the throaty enthusiasm of an amateur nature lover. "I'll take dawn pink. Now for the socks, I'd like size 10½ in a—"

"Oh, but Missmith!" I could almost see Miss Ormsby shaking her pencil-pierced upsweep, see her well-pruned eyebrows climbing. "Dawn isn't *pink* this year. It's *blue!* A light Philadelphia blue, something like Sequoia was last year, only more—"

"What pink colors—" I began. "That is, what shades of pink do you have?"

It's simple, I thought, *when you get the hang of it. I should have thought of this approach sooner.*

"Oh—pink. Well, now, we have baby, hot, coral, petal, nectarine, persimmon, shrimp, sundown, hibiscus, camellia, geranium, shell, shocking and blush. If you care for a deeper value, there's dusty—"

All at once I saw my mistake. "On second thought," I said with a note of firm decision ringing in my tone, "I believe I'll just get a little ole white—"

"Creamy? Ermine? Oyster? Ivory? Snow? Chalk? Off?"

My grip on the telephone receiver was admirably steady. "Black," I said with hoarse simplicity. "Gimme a black sweater."

"Ebony? Jet? Midnight? Anthracite? Charco—"

"Perhaps," I said stanchly, "I'll just drop in and look at the sweaters Saturday. But you can send me out six pairs of hose, all the same color. Just some medium—"

"Dacia? Champagne? Indian penny? Winter wheat? Summer corn? Dark morning? Bright noon? Florida sand? Dakota mu—"

Putting down the receiver with infinite care, I tiptoed away. I can get along without clothes. Eve managed. Lady Godiva. Or I can buy a bolt of cloth and dye my own. But no—there'd always be the dye charts, and I want no more of dye charts.

For the present, I guess I'll just make out another year with my old off-black suit.

THE END

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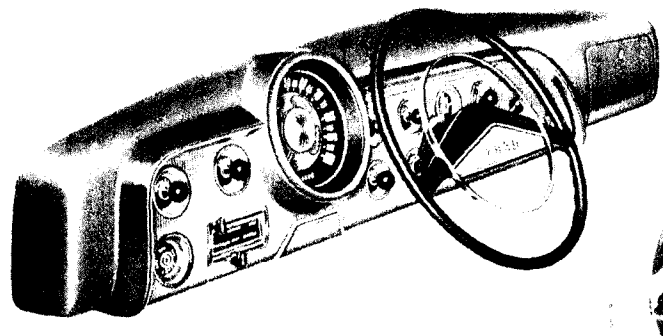
it's automatically your best buy!



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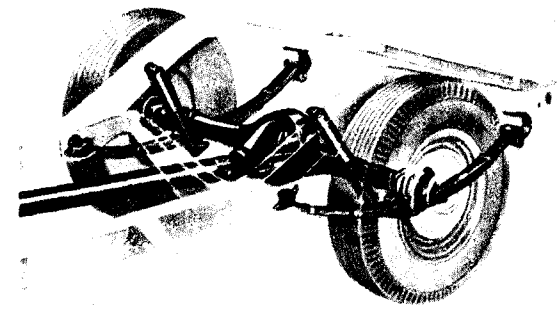

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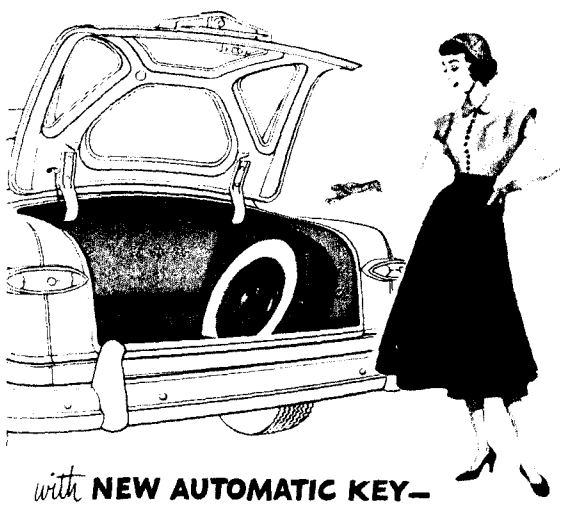

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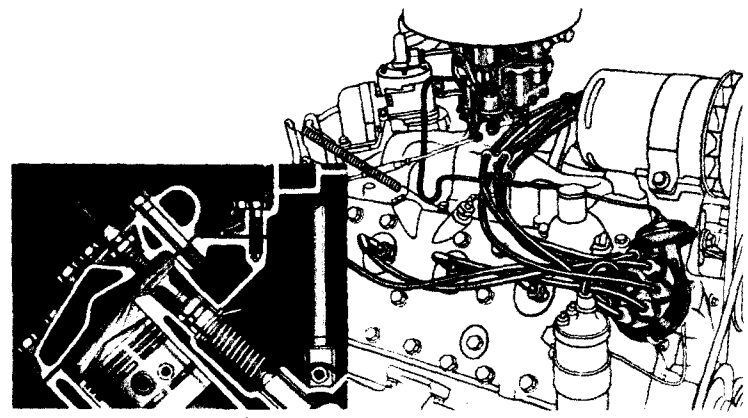
Turn the key—counter-balancing hinges spring the lid open automatically! Nothing could be easier.

● When you buy for the future . . . buy the '51 Ford! With new Fordomatic Drive, with 43 new "Look Ahead" features—*this* car is built not just for this year and next, but for the years ahead!

Why not stop in at your Ford Dealer's soon? "Test Drive" the '51 Ford—any way you like. You'll find that feature for feature you can pay more but you can't buy better!



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It matches timing to fuel charges so that every drop of gas is used—none wasted! And you get high-compression performance on regular gas! What's more, a new Waterproof Ignition System prevents engine "shorts" from moisture.

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Touch a lever and the front seat moves forward automatically—rising and tilting forward for shorter drivers. Move it back—it adjusts for taller drivers. And for comfort the non-sag seat is cushioned with foam rubber!

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IT'S ZENITH'S *sensational new way to play records.* And music lovers are a-buzz with the news of these new Zenith "Cobra-Matic" Radio-Phonographs!

Just think—now you can play all records always at the *exact* speed they were recorded. You can play records faster or slower, to suit your dancing mood. You can control pitch to suit your own musical preference. Thus you can *sing* with any record, too. Or *accompany* it with any musical instrument!

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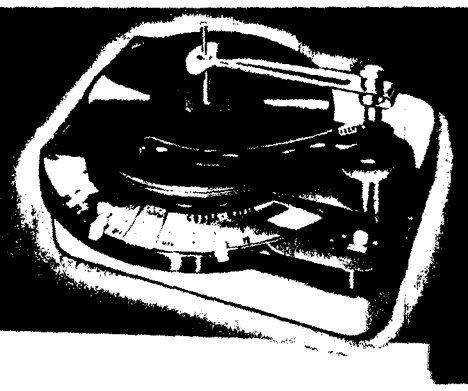

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She noticed Neil's admiring lo[illegible] grabbed [illegible] her skirt with an exasperated gesture

The Corpse was in the Countinghouse

Beginning a new story of murder

I

THREE men sat in the quiet office, three men with the same problem, and each of them missed Ellen Jasper—each for a different reason.

Neil and Colby Anson had faced business crises before in the year and a half since they'd started their company. They'd had other conferences like this one with the auditor, lasting until far into the night, and they had always found some way for the company to stay in business and keep growing. But Ellen Jasper had been at all of the other conferences and her quiet faith in the Anson brothers had somehow increased their faith in themselves.

Tonight, they could find no solution to their problem. But they wouldn't admit they were licked. They'd been over it all a dozen times.

"What I can't understand," Neil Anson said, "is what made Frank Crenshaw change his mind about us."

"Yeah," Colby, Neil's older brother, said. "When we started doing business with him he kept shoving money at us. You'd have thought we were the best risk in the world."

Neil nodded.

"What gets me," the auditor said, "is what information he could possibly have received that would make him feel that the risk had increased."

"He hasn't any information," Colby said. "That's just an expression he used in the letter to justify his action."

"But can't we demand that he tell us what the information is?" Neil asked. "Can't we insist on a chance to answer?"

Colby shook his head. "We were fools to sign that sort of contract, but that was the way Crenshaw wanted it. We agreed that any time he felt that the risk had increased he could call the loans within thirty days."

"Let's read that letter again," Neil said.

"It's no use," Colby told him wearily.

"What's the matter with you?" Neil asked. "You seem to have lost all your fight. You—"

He stopped abruptly as he realized that he was touching on a delicate subject. Colby's apathy dated back to the breaking of his engagement to Ellen Jasper. Ellen had been confidential secretary to Colby Anson ever since the firm had been started. For a while she and Colby had been engaged, but after several months Neil had had the feeling that something was wrong. The date for the wedding was postponed three times, and then abruptly El-

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Neil Anson had to find proof that he was innocent of murder before the police caught up with him. His dangerous search for the real criminal led him to three women, each of whom could help him—if she would

len had broken the engagement and quit her job.

Frank Crenshaw, who at that time was a friendly, genial financial backer—apparently the best friend the two young men had ever had—suggested that Ellen had probably resigned in a fit of pique over something. He offered to give her a job with him at *Pleasantville and predicted to Neil* that she'd be back in a month.

THE month had now become two months, and the brothers had received a number of neatly typed letters from the Farmers and Manufacturers Commercial and Savings Bank, initialed FC:ej.

Ellen had not only been a highly competent secretary, but Neil found that he was missing her personally. He kept hoping she'd settle whatever differences she'd had with Colby and return to work for the firm. But so far there had been no indication that she had given the matter a single thought. Nor had Crenshaw ever brought up the subject.

In the moment of strained silence that followed Neil's remark it was obvious that all three men were thinking of the reason for Colby Anson's depression. "You don't suppose Ellen let any information slip that would have given Frank Crenshaw—?" the auditor blurted out.

"No," Neil said shortly.

"What information *could* she have given him?" Colby asked.

To cover his embarrassment, the auditor picked up the letter and read it aloud.

"I don't get it," he said. "Ellen wrote the letter—her initials are down here in the corner—"

"Let's leave Ellen out of it," Colby said coldly.

"I'm sorry."

"It's all right," Neil said. "We're discussing a business matter and we have to consider all the angles, but it's absurd to think that Ellen could have said anything that would have influenced Frank Crenshaw."

"Well," the auditor said, "there has to be *some* reason. Even up until ten days ago Crenshaw was perfectly cordial. When I took down the monthly statements he thought we needed another five thousand for operating capital. I told him that the way things were going, I thought we could make it very comfortably now."

Colby said gloomily, "I'm afraid that's the reason."

"What is?"

"That we're beginning to get to a point where we can be self-sufficient, where we could get other financing if we had to. In another couple of months, the company should be making real money."

"What does all that have to do with it?" Neil asked.

"Don't you see? He wants to wreck us and buy up our stock cheap. I was warned that he'd try something like that, but I didn't believe it at first."

"But even so," the auditor protested, "we were meeting his interest payments regularly. The collateral is here and—"

"That's just the trouble," Colby said. "We put in our time and energy building up the business and now Frank Crenshaw wants it."

"Well," Neil said, "I'm not going to take it. I'm going to see Crenshaw myself. I'm going to show him our orders, our accounts receivable, our constantly increasing business."

"You can have all that stuff right now," the auditor said. "I've prepared a financial statement giving a complete picture of the business."

"That's swell," Neil said with a grin. "You give me the ammunition and I'll go use it."

"It won't do you any good," Colby said. "You might just as well throw it out the window. I tell you Crenshaw did the same thing with that manufacturing company down in Sweetland. He let them build it up and then all of a sudden he put the bite on them."

"That was different," Neil said. "One of the executives had started—"

"No, it wasn't different," Colby interrupted. "He used a different excuse, that's all. The business was growing. Crenshaw stepped in and wrecked it, then bought it in at foreclosure and sold it at a handsome profit."

"He'd have made a bigger profit if he'd kept on financing the business and let the fellows who knew it develop it."

The auditor said dryly, "I happen to know something about that deal. He boasted about it afterward. Said that because he bought it for a song, then built it up and sold it, he only had to pay twenty-five per cent to income tax on the ground that it was a capital investment. If he'd gone ahead with the original deal everything he made would have been taxed as income."

"Well, I'm going to see him," Neil Anson said.

The auditor opened a drawer in his desk and took out a thick sheaf of papers. "Here's your ammunition."

"It's not the right sort of ammunition to use on a guy like that," Colby said.

"Don't you want to come with me?" Neil asked.

Colby shook his head emphatically. And because Neil knew his brother didn't want to see Ellen, he didn't press the point. . . .

The morning train, which was due at eight forty-five, arrived exactly on time. Later on this fact was taken into careful consideration by the police.

Neil Anson stepped out of the station into the warm sunshine and decided to walk up to the bank, knowing that this would give him a chance to rehearse a talk which he knew was going to be far from pleasant.

The front door of the bank was closed and locked, but the side door on Fifth Street could be opened by a uniformed guard, stationed there to admit employees and people who had business with the bank officials before the bank opened at ten o'clock.

Neil Anson approached the side door, tapped on the heavy glass and nodded to the uniformed guard.

The man turned the key.

"I'm seeing Mr. Crenshaw," Neil said as the door opened.

"An appointment?"

"That's right."

"He's not here yet. You'll have to wait in the outer office until his secretary comes in."

"Yes, yes. I understand," Anson said, and pushed his way past the attendant.

CRENSHAW had no use for the type of bank office where the public could, so to speak, look over the banker's shoulder. He insisted upon a private, soundproof office which was completely closed off from the rest of the bank. The only entrance to this office was through the reception room where his secretary had her desk, and where the large number of chairs along the wall was a hint that at times there might be a long list of suppliants for Crenshaw's financial favors.

Neil Anson walked past the cashiers' windows and stood for a moment before the door marked:

PRESIDENT
CRENSHAW INVESTMENT & REDISCOUNT COMPANY
CRENSHAW CONTRACTING COMPANY
CRENSHAW MORTGAGE COMPANY

There were, he reflected, not many of the town's enterprises that Crenshaw didn't have a finger in.

Neil braced himself for the meeting with Ellen and, opening the door, stepped into the outer office.

She wasn't there, although the door had been left unlocked. He stood for a moment waiting, expecting her to come out of Crenshaw's private office. Then, as he noticed the covered typewriter on the desk, he realized that she probably was late this morning. The door opened behind him.

Neil turned, expecting to see Ellen, and saw instead the florid face and steel-gray eyes of Frank Crenshaw.

"Hello, Anson," Crenshaw said. Then he turned to glare at the desk and the covered typewriter. "Where the hell's Ellen?" There was none of his past cordiality in the tone.

"How should I know where she is?" Neil asked, managing a conciliatory smile.

Crenshaw said, "You fellows spoiled her up there. Ever since she started working for me she's been dreamy-eyed about you two guys—"

"Is her *work* satisfactory?" Neil interrupted coldly.

Crenshaw glared at him. "Sit down and wait," he said. "I'll see you after a while."

He crossed the office, fitted a key into a complicated lock, jerked open the heavy soundproof door marked Private, and went in.

Neil knew that Crenshaw's telling him to wait was part of a softening-up process. He supposed that he should sit meekly until Crenshaw was ready to see the report he had so carefully prepared, but heard himself saying, "As far as I'm concerned, we'd better have this out right now," and he followed Crenshaw through the door into the private office.

CRENSHAW tossed his coat over a chair and turned abruptly. "I'm not ready to see you now. Anyway, I have nothing to add to my letter."

"I don't want you to add," Neil said. "I want you to subtract."

"My letter speaks for itself, and I don't like the way you're busting in here," Crenshaw said. "I can press that button and have you thrown out."

"I want to know why you wrote that letter."

"The letter speaks for itself."

"I want to know *why* you wrote it."

"I don't have to give any reason. The contract is plain enough."

Neil said angrily, "You didn't call those loans because of any financial reason or because you felt the security might be jeopardized. You called them because of purely personal reasons."

"What personal reasons?" Crenshaw asked.

Neil involuntarily turned his head toward the outer office.

Crenshaw said abruptly, "We won't discuss it, Anson. The letter stands. I'll expect you to have the loans refinanced within the thirty-day period."

"I stand a fat chance of getting any other backer interested in the business when you're pulling out this way," Neil said. Then he made a last attempt to salvage something from the interview. "Put yourself in my place and—"

"I don't have to," Crenshaw interrupted. "I'm calling my loans."

"For no reason?"

"Because I just happen to feel like it."

"That's no reason."

"It is to me."

"It's not fair."

"So I'm being unfair?"

"We think so."

"Well, I don't give a damn what you two pikers think."

"You think you can smash us, now that we've built the business up, and buy it in at ten cents on the dollar."

"We won't discuss it," Crenshaw said.

"The hell we won't. My brother and I—"

"Get out of here. I don't like your attitude."

"I don't like yours."

"I said get out."

"Put me out."

Crenshaw moved his hand toward the white push button on the side of his desk. Anson dropped his coat and brief case and grabbed Crenshaw's wrist. "Let's not be a couple of kids, Crenshaw. You're a businessman and I can show you—"

Crenshaw lowered his shoulder and gave a sudden, violent shove.

Neil Anson slammed his *(Continued on page 62)*

Edwards had noticed then that Durant was choking on his gag. He untied the gag and was undoing the wire on Durant's wrists when the police rushed in with drawn guns

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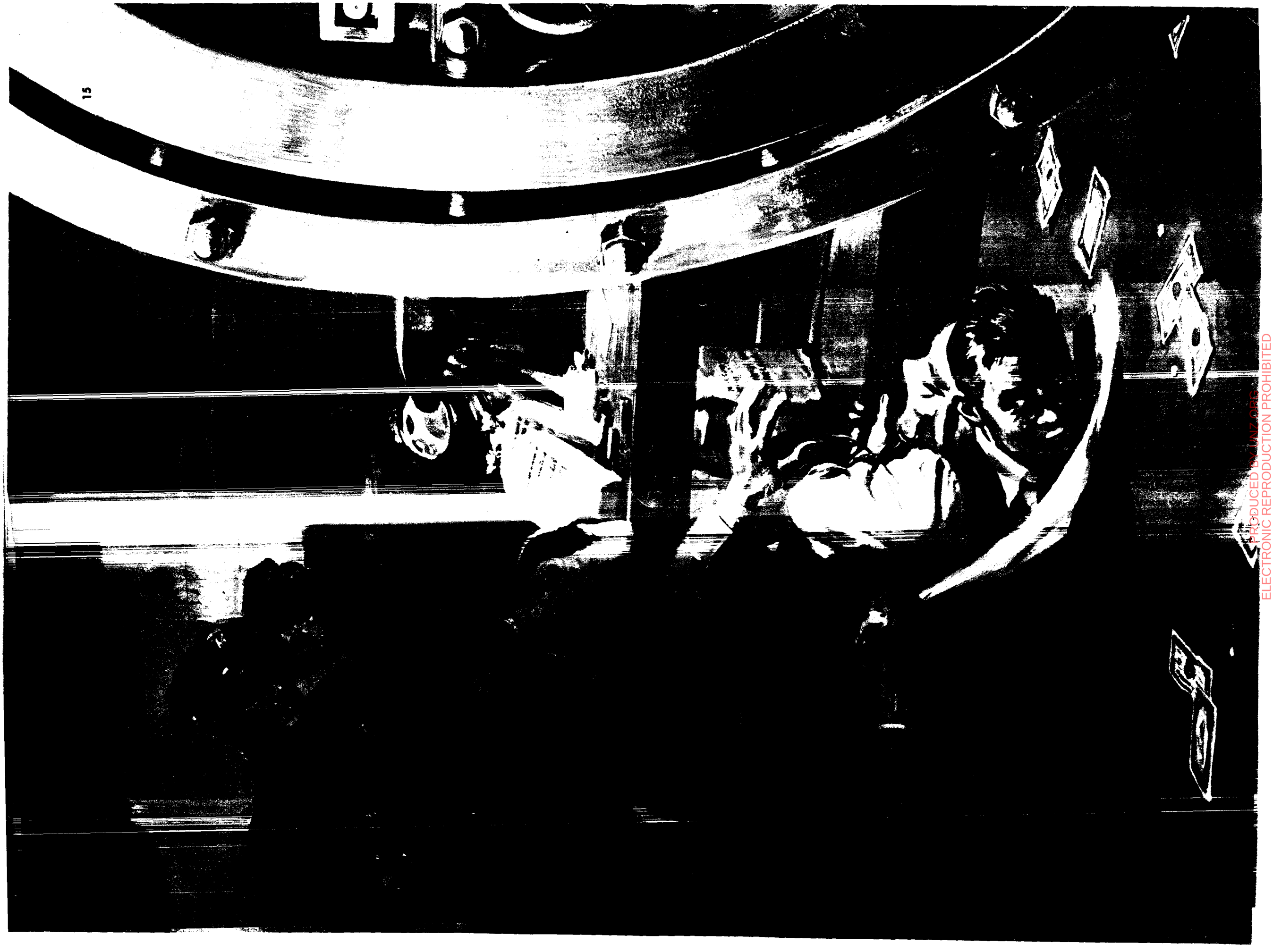

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THE GIRLS GET READY TO SERVE

By [illegible]

There are few noncombat jobs the girls of the services can't do, often better than men, and they are joining the Army, Navy, Marines, and Air Force every day

THE WAC driver made the left-hand turn, slipped ahead of a taxi and pulled up smoothly at the red light. She was pleasantly attractive, slim, young. She repeated and then answered the question:

"Why did I join the service? Well, you feel that something big is going on. You think you are needed—now or soon. And you want to be in the big middle of it all."

And if the women of the Army, Air Force, Navy and Marine Corps have anything to say about it—they *will* be in the big middle of it all. A lot of them.

Today's average WAC, WAF or Woman Marine—enlisted, not officer—is under twenty, actually nineteen years and eight months. She is five feet four, weighs 120 pounds, has light brown hair, brown eyes, is well groomed and physically fit. She is probably attractive, too, because with that combination it is hard not to be. If she is a WAVE she will be a little older, because she has to be twenty instead of eighteen to get in. In order to be in any of the four services, she has to be a high-school graduate.

She can wear her hair long or short, just so it is arranged neatly and in moderate style. She can have bangs—not too long—or a chignon, and she can wear nail polish or not as she likes. After her initial training period she has lots of liberty—if she uses it judiciously.

She has a chance to be an officer if she wishes to be and can make the grade in leadership, poise, brains, personality and ability. Most of the officers are college graduates and hand-picked for the qualities mentioned. Many girls who could

Women Marines march briskly to class at the Parris Island, South Carolina, indoctrination center DEPARTMENT OF DEFENSE

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become officers prefer, for one reason or another, the enlisted ranks, at least until they gain more experience. Possibly some prefer not to assume so much responsibility until they are older.

But whether she is an officer or an enlisted woman, she can and will be doing several hundred jobs in this country or abroad, and, if needed, in combat zones. (England was a combat zone when she was there in World War II.) And, dependent entirely upon the exigencies of the present emergency, she is quite likely to be a lot more numerous than her older sisters were in the services in World War II.

"Women have made their place in the armed services," said Colonel Katherine Towle, director of Women Marines. "I won't say the Marines were harder to convince than the men in the other services, but it took some doing. Now, we feel strongly that we can do any job the Marine Corps wants us to do—and the men Marines agree with us."

So do the men of the other services. And it did take some convincing. They tell a story about that. It occurred early in the last war.

The commanding officer of an Army post was informed, over his writhing protests, that he was getting a detachment of WACs. He continued the protests until the women arrived, even as a last effort sending into headquarters five full pages of special regulations he had written up for the WACs alone. Included was one which read:

"WACs will not smile while saluting."

Two months later, he wrote again regarding the WACs. This time he asked for double his original quota. He enclosed a copy of his WAC regulations, revised to half a page. There was no prohibition on smiling while saluting, or otherwise.

Under the present law, women "regulars" in the services are limited to 2 per cent of the over-all strength. This limitation was arrived at by Congress because the number of women in military uniform during World War II reached its highest total at 275,000—which was 2.2 per cent of the entire U.S. military strength.

The Defense Department has already testified before Congress that the administration plans to ask that this 2 per cent limit be abolished, leaving no ceiling. Right now, said the testimony, the Army feels it could use about 4 per cent, the Navy and Marines 7 per cent and the Air Force up to 10 per cent.

"The 2 per cent looked logical at the time," said Colonel Geraldine May, director of the WAF, "but it isn't realistic. Our present planning figure is a darned sight higher than any 2 per cent. It takes into account the fact that the need for women will continue to be greater as the size of our military organization grows. Congress—and the military—just hadn't visualized the present situation.

"Thirteen per cent of all jobs in the Air Force today are administrative. Women can't do all those jobs, but they can do a large share of them, and a lot of others. We want a chance to do the jobs we can do and that need to be done."

Actually, whether Congress alters the law and raises the percentage or not, the women have an ace up the sleeves of their smartened-up uniforms. The law limits the number of women in the regular service. It doesn't limit the number in the reserves.

Any of the four services—or all of them—can recruit as many reserves as they can get, put them on immediate active duty or call them later. The reserves on active duty, of course, do the same jobs, get the same pay and the same military benefits as the regulars. The Army's 4 per cent, for instance, might be doubled or more by taking on additional reserves.

How many women will be utilized? Right now it is impossible to say. It depends on the need, the circumstances, the response to enlistment appeals and what division is deemed best in the entire U.S. woman-power situation.

For instance, of the 17,000,000 women employed in the U.S. today, approximately one third are eligible for the armed services. In addition, several million not employed also qualify. How many of the total should be in the uniformed services? How many in civilian defense? How many in factories? (In England during the last war, women between seventeen and one half and forty-five years registered. Those not in the services were assigned other defense work.)

Mrs. Anna Rosenberg, the Assistant Secretary of Defense, specifically charged with the responsibility of man power, appraises women in the same dispassionate light as men, and in the same terms. It is simply a matter, she says, of putting the right person in the right job.

"When you speak of the man power of the country," said Mrs. Rosenberg, "you are not referring to men alone. Man power has to be reduced to the terms of work hours, production, accomplishments. When it comes to a job men or women can do equally well—then man power and woman power become indistinguishable.

"That is also true in the service. There should be no arbitrary ceiling put on the number of women who want to be in the service. The ceiling should be the number of jobs women are needed for, within the framework of the military forces.

"There are, naturally, limitations to the jobs women can do, limitations of strength, hardship and danger. Otherwise, if a woman can do any service job as well or better than a man, then let her do it and release him for the jobs she can't do."

Studies have been made based on the work the women did in the last war. It is conceded that from 10 to 20 per cent of the normal military personnel could profitably be women. However, in an emergency it is conceivable *(Continued on page 66)*

WAC Ann Krepelka, of MacDonaldton, Pa., is a lab technician in Institute of Pathology, Washington

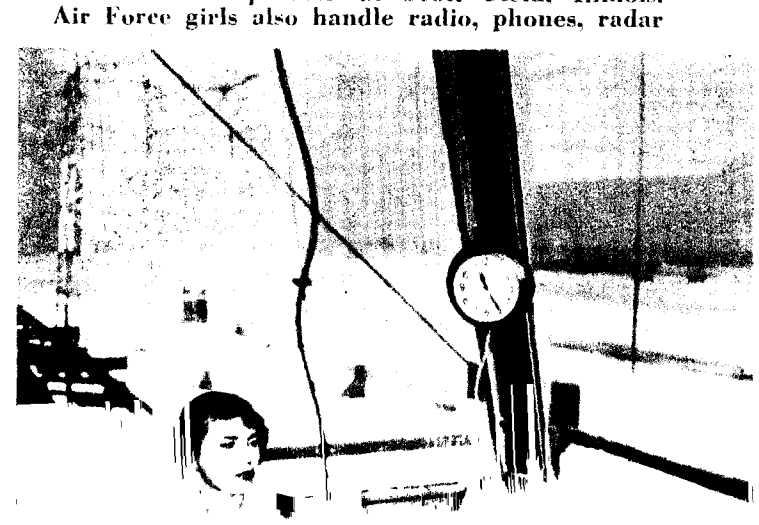
WAVEs Mary Martin, in foreground, and Rosemary Crihfield in barracks at the San Diego Air Station

PHOTOGRAPHS FOR COLLIER'S BY TOM O'HALLORAN AND JOHN FLOREA

Top brass: rear, Marine Col. K. A. Towle, WAVE Capt. Joy B. Hancock; seated, WAF Col. G. P. May, WAC Col. Mary Hallaren

Mrs. Anna Rosenberg, Assistant Secretary of Defense, gives orders to WAVE Lillian Blakeney and WAC Helen L. Blair

WAF Patricia Shaffer, of Waukegan, Illinois, is control-tower operator at Scott Field, Illinois. Air Force girls also handle radio, phones, radar



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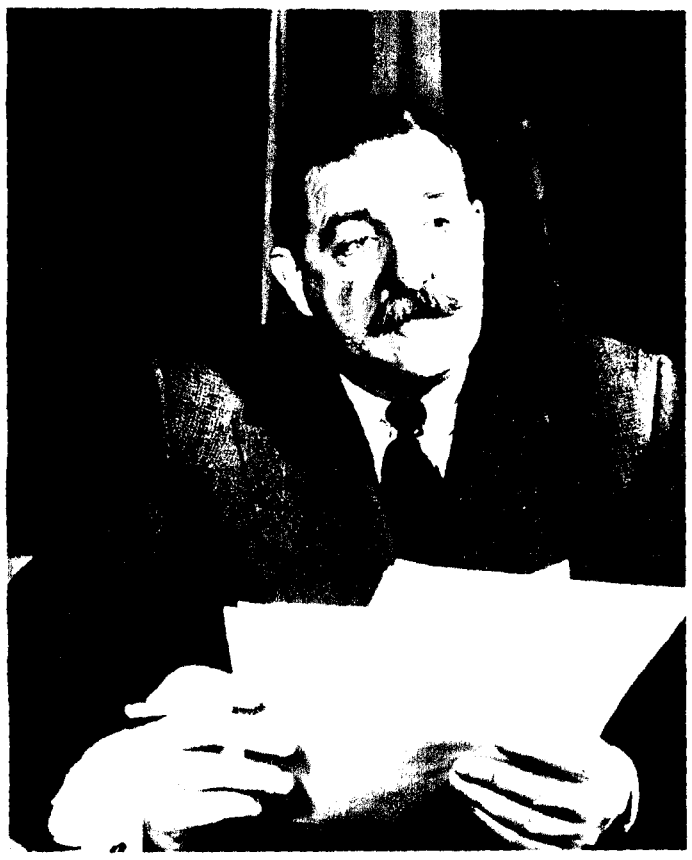
New Yo

HIELDS

Central Park, once a "verdant glade of poem and story," is now a "quagmire of crime." Muggers and rapists have made it a place to avoid after dark



Thomas Murphy, named commissioner when W. P. O'Brien quit under fire, shook up force

NEW YORK is the eleventh leading American city to come up for examination in Howard Whitman's prize-winning Terror in Our Cities series. For 19 months this explosive series of 12 articles has laid bare the failure of the nation's police agencies to provide adequate protection against the hoodlums who roam our streets. In city after city visited by Mr. Whitman, he found the same pattern of crime—attack from the shadows, to rob, rape or kill . . . with no "cop on the beat" to interfere. He wrote what he saw, Collier's printed it, and now as this series closes we are proud to report a mounting tide of results.

From Cleveland, City Councilman William J. Rogers writes: "Street attacks upon women have been reduced approximately 40 per cent since this city was spurred into action by Collier's campaign to 'put the cop back on the beat.' Following the appearance of Mr. Whitman's article on Cleveland (Feb. 25, 1950) we increased our beat patrol 25 per cent—and we have reaped the rewards in a safer, happier city."

Similar word has come in from all sections of the country. From Mayor Elmer E. Robinson of San Francisco: "Your series has been of great assistance in indoctrinating members of our police department." From City Councilman James G. Clarke of Philadelphia: ". . . it has helped the entire city, and today our police department, with an increase of some 750 additional men, is near the top in the drive against crime and in the protection of our citizens and their property." From William L. Holzhausen, president of the St. Louis Board of Police Commissioners: ". . . a very beneficial and constructive effect. . . . All recruit classes of police in St. Louis are reminded of the Collier's article as an example of public interest in their important work."

That is a thin sampling of comment from cities included in the survey. It gives little idea of the snowballing effect, in terms of public service, of a campaign such as this. In Pittsburgh's politics-ridden police department, for example, a specific improvement since publication of Mr. Whitman's Pittsburgh report last September has been the opening of a central control room and a $56,000 appropriation for a crime laboratory. More far-reaching changes may be in the offing, as the result of a grand jury investigation that was at least partly inspired by the Collier's article.

While it is impossible to measure the effect in exact terms, a continuing flood of letters, from as far away as Japan, France and Germany, tells us that the series has had an impact on police thinking everywhere. Governing bodies of cities and towns not covered in the survey, newspaper editors and citizens committees all over the country have examined their own communities' crime problems in the light of Mr. Whitman's revelations—and have brought about many needed changes.

The Terror in Our Cities articles, we believe, have served their purpose, setting off a chain reaction on reform. We intend to end the series with the New York report in this issue. But if need for another campaign develops, let us know. We love a good fight. —The Editors

A Terror in Our Cities Report .

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Become an IRON CURTAIN

BY HOWARD WHITMAN

By phonying statistics and failing to record thousands of crimes, top brass has built a myth that the city is well policed. But Gotham's "finest" may be the nation's worst

NEW YORK, which often holds itself up to other cities as a model of sophistication, realized with a jolt last October that in the fight against crime it had been—ever since the close of World War II—the biggest yokel in the land. It woke up to find that its lily-white crime record was a tissue of lies. New York had been hornswoggled by its own police department.

The home of the original city slickers had been sold the Brooklyn Bridge a thousand times over. But it paid more than money. It paid in muggings, holdups, burglaries, sex crimes: a formidable array of depredations against innocent citizens, whose plaints to the police, in shameless numbers of cases, were thrown in the wastebasket.

The discovery that the police, instead of suppressing crime, had been suppressing statistics was both embarrassing and crucial. Embarrassing—because New York had been boasting of its crime record, lording it over such cities as Chicago, Washington and St. Louis. Crucial—because the fakery of the New York Police Department almost destroyed the system of nation-wide Uniform Crime Reports, sponsored by the International Association of Chiefs of Police and the FBI, one of the greatest advances in the fight against crime in our generation.

But there is more to the New York story than a statistical hoax. There is the story of what the statistics hid. It is the story behind the story of the Big October Shake-up, which knocked one police commissioner out of office, brought another one in on a white charger, and exposed the hypocritical partnerships of tinhorn bookmakers and police.

Behind that spectacular flare-up is the total panorama of a mammoth city racked by crime and kept in the dark about it, while residential and small-business areas have been stripped of adequate protection; of a police department which is antiquated and decrepit in many respects, yet poses as the best in the world; of citizens pleading in vain for protection; of a police department which has erected an iron curtain between itself and the public, which has become—in the words of leading New York citizens—an "ingrown, closed corporation interested chiefly in keeping the public out and stifling all criticism."

It is important that the nation know New York's story. Any hornswoggling of the people is a terrible undermining of democracy. On September 12th, Allen Will Harris, New York management consultant who virtually alone smoked out the police statistical flimflam, put it squarely to the Young Men's Board of Trade:

"There can be no democracy where the people are held in ignorance and lack knowledge which is essential to corrective action against any segment of their government."

What is the crime picture in New York?

The police couldn't tell you the truth even if they wanted to. The contents of the precinct wastebaskets have long since been emptied. What the police *do* tell you—well, unofficially the FBI has regarded New York crime reports as phony for the last five years and for the last year and a half has openly and officially refused to print them alongside those of 91 other cities of over 100,000 population.

There is but one place to get New York's crime picture: from the people. You must piece it together like a jigsaw puzzle. It means tramping through the strung-out mazes of Brooklyn, the newly built-up areas of Queens, the isolated hinterland of Staten Island, the dense city-within-a-city of the Bronx, the festering water front, the tenement districts, the slums, and the no man's lands known as parks. For New York is more than Manhattan, where spit-and-polish cops of the Mid-town Squad, especially picked for their good looks and drilled in show-window courtesy, make such an impression on out-of-town visitors.

Unscathed in War; Knifed by Thugs

Talk to Daniel Pacifico in Brooklyn. Danny is a war veteran (Army Air Forces, Europe) and you find him in a wheel chair, unable to walk and unable to focus his eyes, his body racked with paralysis. No, Danny didn't get his wounds in the war. He got them in a little park near 138th Street and Grand Concourse when he went up to the Bronx one evening to stroll with his bride-to-be.

As they sat on a bench discussing plans for their wedding, three hoodlums jumped the young couple, plunging a knife into Danny repeatedly, and tried to rape his fiancée. The girl fought wildly and escaped, but Danny, defending her, was done almost to death.

"I still hope to marry Rose—that's the girl—if I can ever get better and walk again," says Danny. His speech falters, and he adds, "I wish there had been a cop around!"

George Behrman wishes there had been a cop around, too. He was taking a young woman home on the upper West Side when five thugs beat him into unconsciousness. They raped the young woman. Behrman was left in a puddle of blood, his right leg broken. He had been a professional roller skater. "George may be lame for the rest of his life. He still throws that leg terribly. I don't think he'll ever skate again," said his mother. As for the young woman—does the trauma of rape ever pass?

The strange, psychopathic pattern of sex and sadism pops up again and again. A girl of sixteen was raped in Central Park after three hoodlums beat up her nineteen-year-old boy friend. A young woman was kidnaped by five youths, who slugged her companion in Highland Park, Brooklyn, then drove off in a car and attacked her.

These are just random samples. Let's explore a bit more.

Do you know what "mugging" is? It's a New York term. In the late thirties, when Central Park was just changing from the verdant glade of poem and story to the quagmire of crime which it is today, mugging meant, technically, a strong-arm attack from behind in which the victim was yoked around the neck by the assailant's forearm. Today, mugging is any kind of strong-arm robbery or street attack. It's the thing New Yorkers—except in the brightly lighted showcase of mid-town Manhattan—fear when they must walk at night from a bus stop or subway kiosk or even stroll home from an evening movie.

John F. Elliott, an importer, was mugged in Central Park. "I wasn't feeling well. I just went out for a little air after dinner," he told me. He was kicked in the mouth; his eyes *(Continued on page 58)*

PHOTOGRAPHS FOR COLLIER'S BY DAN WEINER

Management consultant Allen Will Harris virtually alone smoked out the department's statistical flimflam

Civic leader S. G. Kingsley: "When the police conceal crime they're selling out our safety"

. . PUT THE COPS BACK ON THE BEAT

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SIZE 3½ Double-A

A pair of pink shoes . . . a green-eyed monster . . . and a gallery of red faces

[illegible] ADAMS

WHEN Mrs. Charles Dimmit cleaned the lake cottage late in spring she found the shoes. She was pleased that she had been clever and economical enough to forget them completely, so that now they seemed absolutely new. Then she realized that the shoes were indeed new to her. They were not hers.

In the chintz shoe bag which, like most of the cottage furnishings, had been discarded from the Dimmit house in town, were kept Mrs. Dimmit's brown country shoes, a pair of decrepit mules and all the sad flat beach shoes. Among these, like a princess stolen by gypsies, was a pair of unparalleled sandals.

They were made of pink kid with the gloss of satin; they had straps as intricate as lace and heels as dainty and dangerous as stilettos. They were lined in gold kid and stood on golden platforms. Secretly, on the underarch, the price tags remained. Forty-nine dollars and ninety-five cents.

Dotty Dimmit had been a loving and wanting child who felt that any dog without a collar belonged to her. Later, she had corralled every book without an owner's name. So when she first saw the pink shoes she thought: How nice that they've come!

But now she was a grown woman, three years married and trying hard to be good enough to deserve her extraordinary happiness. The shoes must be returned to their rightful owner—to Imogene Frye.

Last summer, after the Dimmits had moved back to town, their friends Imogene and Ransom Frye had borrowed the cottage for a week. They had stayed only a few days—weather turned chilly or something—and Imogene must have left them behind. Dotty walked the sandals around on her hands wondering how such pretty things could have been forgotten. Especially when they'd cost so much.

She wrapped them in paper and when she left the cottage, the lake and the congregation of pine trees, she took the sandals with her down the hills to the city. On her way to Imogene's, she honked her horn for Lu Eddingham, with whom she had an appointment for tea.

Lu trotted down the walk and into the car, her skirt round as a bouquet. Poor, pretty Lu. For *he* had divorced *her,* cold Ed Eddingham whom nobody much liked. And no one knew why. Mental cruelty is a big cover and neither of the Eddinghams had lifted it, even for their friends.

Lu and Dotty gave each other those smiles which mean we'll have a heart-to-heart later. Dotty said, "Finish your packing?"

"I'll do it tomorrow. I'd like to get on the train too tired to think."

"I'll come over and help," Dotty said.

The car went through one handsome residential street after another. To the houses on these green crossings all the best providers in town came home at night. "I have to stop at Imogene's a minute," Dotty said. "Want to come in with me?"

"No, thanks. One of the things I won't miss when I leave is Imogene's face," Lu said. "I'll wait here."

Dotty was accustomed to getting along with people who didn't get along with each other. Braking the car before the Fryes' elegant English house, she was casual. "I'll just be a minute. I want to return her shoes." As she reached for the package the newspaper wrapping slipped, disclosing the sandals.

"Oh, brother!" Lu said.

"Aren't they gorgeous?" Dotty slid out under the wheel.

"Mmm," Lu got her mirror out; she always used her reflection to keep her company. "Let me know if she gives you a reward."

In the Fryes' living room everything looked brand-new, even the antiques. Dotty, who never could bear to wait to give good news, held the package behind her back as Imogene came downstairs. "Guess what I've got?" she said. "What have you been missing lately?"

Imogene was older than Dotty, very chic in well-cut clothes. She felt for her rings and her pearls, and her eyes took a quick inventory of the room. "I don't know what I've been missing," she said. Imogene had many rich things to guard.

"Look!" Dropping the paper behind her Dotty made the presentation with full drama, one shoe on each palm. "How could you forget such beauties?"

For years Imogene had been schooling her face to look like that of a fashion model: unsmiling, dispassionate, and a bit rude. She took the shoes from Dotty and her face moved enough to let the words out. "Where'd these come from?"

"From our cottage. Well, naturally I knew they weren't mine and then I remembered you and Ransom had used our place last."

Imogene's eyes were like a certain kind of modern glass—she could look out of them but no one could look in. Ruffled somehow, Dotty said, "Well, aren't you glad to get them back?"

Imogene smiled suddenly. "Thanks, Dotty," she said, "it was nice of you." She came forward with one of the little cheek rubs which served her as kisses.

Then Dotty said she had to run and she ran. But there had been something funny about it.

When Dotty got back into the car Lu said, "I see madam condescended to permit you to return the shoes."

Dotty could never help sticking up for people. "Oh, Imogene's really swell. She's just reserved."

"Someday somebody's going to mistake her for a slice of fish and put her in the deep freeze where she belongs."

THEY went to a hotel for cocktails. Everyone stared at Lu for her beauty and her reputation, but neither of the young women had time to notice. Tomorrow Lu was leaving and never coming back, and Dotty felt very sad.

"Lu," Dotty said, "are you going to be all right? Do you have enough money?" She spoke like a mother, though actually she was a year younger than Lu and two inches shorter. "I've got some money of my own and you know how much Charlie likes you."

Lu said, "If I don't get a job the first week I'm in New York, I starve." She added defiantly, "But I don't plan to starve."

"But the divorce settlement—" Dotty said. "Your husband, that is— Ed has lots of money. He couldn't—"

"Cut me off without a penny? He could," Lu said, "and he did. And I've got nobody to be mad at. It's all my own fault, Dotty. Every messy, miserable, humiliating little bit of it is my fault. So weep no tears for me."

Everyone in town had decided it must have been Lu's fault, but Dotty did not want to hear her say it of herself. Dotty closed her round brown eyes as though to keep unpleasantness out. "Don't tell me anything that'll make you feel bad later," she said.

"Maybe it will make me feel better," Lu said. She smiled as though to show how much better she felt already. "It's nothing unusual. Just me and a man in this town. And my husband finding out. The only thing I won't tell you is the man's name, because he's married. Nice, too. No sense in busting up his playhouse."

Around them the bar bustled with men coming in for a quick one on their way home. After a while Lu left for the house no man was coming home to, and Dotty—with one of those little prayers of thanksgiving she offered a dozen times a day—drove home to her Charles.

ONE of the reasons Mrs. Dimmit rarely gossiped with her friends was because her husband, Charles, was a better gossip than anyone she knew. Oh, not a male talecarrier—he was too busy and healthy for that. But he was always interested: Dotty could tell him who wore what and he listened. She could ask him questions about the men whose wives she knew and he answered. He was a friendly husband.

When dinner was over and the dishes done, Dotty decided to straighten the grocery shelves and Charlie came out into the kitchen to keep her company. He brought a book he'd been threatening to improve himself with and perhaps he really did get some good out of resting his elbow on it.

There is always triumph in the opening of full grocery shelves. How nice it was, Dotty thought, to be married to a man like Charlie, to have a stove as nice as a piano and lots to eat in the house. "But why did I buy so much honey?" She contemplated six unopened jars.

"You said it would be healthier for me," Charlie said.

"Nothing came of it."

"Nice try, anyway." He stretched lazily. "What did you do today?"

"I was with Lu. What do you think? Ed Eddingham didn't give her any settlement or alimony at all."

"Just like old Ed. Neglected her himself and punished her plenty when some other guy didn't."

"How did you know there was another man?" She looked admiringly at her Charles who knew everything.

"Pretty obvious. Did she tell you who the other guy is?"

Dotty had worked her way around to the neat little spice cans. "No, she didn't. Gosh, I hate to think of her leaving tomorrow."

"When the prettiest girl in town has to leave," Charlie said, yawning, "there's something wrong with the town."

"I did the cottage today too; we can move in as soon as it's warm enough," Dotty said. "Say, you know what? I found a pair of Imogene's shoes up there and I brought them down to her." Thoughtfully she placed the dill next to the celery seed. "She acted kind of funny."

"How do you mean—funny?"

"Well, almost as though they weren't her shoes." Slowly, she turned. She held the can of cayenne flat against her breast as though it were an ornament. "Gosh, those shoes were *tiny.* And pink. Imogene wouldn't be caught dead in pink. Oh, Charlie, those shoes couldn't be Imogene's!"

"Dotty, when are you going to learn to think? You know, sit quietly someplace and turn on the machinery in your head."

"But they weren't there when we left the cottage. And the Fryes were the *(Continued on page 71)*

He was a nice, tall, quiet man. "Darling," he said to Lu. "I've been going nuts till I could get to you—baby, sweetheart." Dotty told them, "I really think I ought to leave"

ILLUSTRATED BY PRUETT CARTER

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When there's a gun to be tested, Williams just throws open the back door and lets fly

The Story

He made his first rifle in priso

ON a January morning 19 years ago, Major Julian S. Hatcher, Chief of the Small Arms Division, U.S. Ordnance Department, sat in his office in Washington's Munitions Building, wrestling with a thorny problem in gunnery. It looked, as he recalled recently, insoluble. The Army urgently wanted a new type of trainee's machine gun, one with the weight and feel of the standard combat Browning .30 caliber, but capable of shooting .22-caliber cartridges.

Such a weapon, using practice bullets costing 80 per cent less than regular ammunition, would save the Army hundreds of thousands of dollars. And—unlike full-powered machine guns which can be safely fired only on long, open ranges—it would enable troops to get gunnery training indoors or on short ranges. Finally, the milder explosion and lighter recoil of a .22 would reduce the nervousness that often afflicts trainees when they fire a gun for the first time.

But the specification ".22-caliber machine gun" appeared to present a contradiction in terms. A machine gun uses the energy of one shot to load and fire the next one. At that time, only cartridges of high power had sufficient recoil to activate a heavy automatic gun. To obtain that power from a puny .22 seemed about as feasible as operating a massive catapult with a rubber band.

Hatcher, now a retired major general who is widely considered the dean of American small-arms authorities, recalls: "The armory at Springfield, Massachusetts, doubted that it could be done at all, but it was willing to try—if given $50,000 and five years' time."

As Hatcher was weighing this unpromising prospect, his secretary announced a civilian caller, one David Marshall Williams, of North Carolina. The day before, Williams had telephoned, introducing himself as a gun inventor and requesting an interview. Hatcher had never heard the name, but the man's assured tone had compelled the major's interest. Now, on the stroke of the appointed hour, Williams strode in with an air of indestructible self-confidence.

He was an arresting figure: In his early thirties, trim and hard-bodied as fresh-hewn timber, with reddish hair and piercing blue eyes, he wore a Stetson longhorn hat, flaring sideburns, high-topped brown shoes—and an automatic pistol in a holster strapped to his hip. His wide, knotty hands gripped a wooden crate held together with screws.

"Howdy, Major," said he in a rich Tarheel drawl, giving Hatcher a bone-cracking handshake. "I'm Marsh Williams."

Without further preamble, he whipped out a screw driver and unfastened the crate. Inside lay two automatic rifles, which he deposited, together with his pistol, on Hatcher's desk.

A brief examination indicated that all three weapons embodied a completely original mechanism, one now familiar to gunmakers the world over as the floating or movable chamber. It was and is the only mechanism ever developed for firing .22-caliber cartridges out of heavy automatic guns. That the inventor happened to turn up with it at that particular moment was pure coincidence. He had no inkling whatever of the problem on Hatcher's mind. The major was, understandably, flabbergasted.

"Like you know, suh," Williams explained, "the chamber and barrel in ordinary automatics form a single, integrated piece. In these here, the chamber is separate, something like the cylinder of a revolver. Only instead of being outside the barrel, it fits snug into the rear end. When you fire the gun, the gas from the explosion is forced between the chamber and the barrel, exerting the maximum breech pressure against the face of the chamber and driving it violently backward. That action is all you need to operate any heavy automatic."

Hatcher drove Williams to a rifle range near Washington. The guns stood up under every test he could devise. The ensuing discussion convinced Hatcher that this obscure Southerner was a mechanical genius with a profound grasp of firearms. "Where did you build your first models?" Hatcher asked.

"Prison," said Williams.

The story he told, forthrightly and without seeking sympathy, probably has no parallel in the annals of inventions. He had drawn, then built his first models while doing time for murder at a North Carolina penal farm. Although the warden had a reputation for being unusually hard-bitten, he had trusted Williams enough to let him construct firearms within the prison gates. With no schooling beyond the seventh grade, ignorant of mechanical draftsmanship and mathematics (as he still was when he met Hatcher), the inventor had drawn his designs freehand on scraps of cardboard and wrapping paper. For steel he had salvaged axles from junked automobiles. The prison smithy, which he was allowed to use, contained neither milling machines nor lathes, and he worked entirely with hand tools. The first rifle took almost a year.

When Hatcher recovered from his astonishment, he asked: "Could you convert a Browning into a .22-caliber belt-fed machine gun?"

"Sure," Williams replied. "Ain't nothing hard about that."

"How long would it take?"

"Three weeks, if you give me the Browning."

"Take six," Hatcher suggested, remembering the arsenal's estimate. "How much money would you want?"

"I got no idea."

"How about a thousand dollars?"

"That's a lot of dough. You certain you want to pay me that much?"

Hatcher was certain. In addition, he reminded Williams, if the Army accepted the gun the inventor would naturally receive considerable royalties.

In six weeks Williams was back with the converted Browning. "The cartridge belts gave me a little trouble," he remarked. "Had to stitch each pocket by hand. I ain't too hot with a needle."

He demonstrated his brain child before an amazed assemblage of top brass from the War College, the Ordnance Department and the Infantry. It is today a regular training weapon for GIs, costing $50 per thousand rounds of ammunition less to operate than the Browning.

Vast Income Derived from Royalties

But compared to other firearms engineered since by the ex-convict, its importance is secondary. Today, at fifty-one, Williams ranks among the world's greatest gun inventors. More than 60 patents have been issued to him; royalties have made him a millionaire.

Appointed machine-gun specialist to the Ordnance Department in 1935, he supervised production of his .22-caliber machine gun at Springfield.

Later the Colt Firearms Manufacturing Company retained him to adapt his floating chamber principle to the Army's standard .45-caliber training pistol. Now famed as the Colt Service Model Ace, it too has enormously decreased ammunition costs. While with Colt, he also developed a "conversion unit" for the .45 Army automatic pistol. Later, a "trainer unit" was developed for large-caliber machine guns which enabled them to fire .22 cartridges by a simple manual substitution of parts.

For the Remington Arms Company, Williams accomplished a feat which had eluded gunmakers for years. He produced an automatic sporting rifle, which served as a model for the Remington Model 550. This operates with three kinds of .22 cartridges, short, long and long rifle, interchangeable in the same magazine.

At the outset of World War II, Williams was working with the Winchester Repeating Arms Company. During this time he invented the U.S. Army carbine. The Army had felt a real need for a good

PHOTOGRAPHS FOR COLLIER'S BY HUGH MORTON

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)f "Carbine" Williams

By JOHN KOBLER

semiautomatic weapon of this type—a short, light rifle which could be fired repeatedly merely by pulling the trigger. The problem here was to combine lightness with power; conventional rifle parts were too heavy to use.

Williams was one of five topflight inventors to accept the challenge. In the incredible time of 13 days —with the aid of the Winchester staff of gun designers—he was ready with what proved to be the winning design: a new twist on the principle he had conceived in prison. On the word of General Mark Clark, chief of Army Field Forces, it was "a significant development in small arms."

In any gun, a tremendous pressure, often amounting to 50,000 pounds per square inch, builds up behind the projectile between the time it is fired and the moment when it leaves the gun. In the famous Garand rifle, this pressure is drained off near the muzzle—where it is weakest—and is used, in conjunction with a spring, to operate the firing mechanism. Williams took the pressure at an earlier point, where it is stronger; instead of having it push a long piston about three inches, as in the Garand, he had it drive a short piston about a tenth of an inch. The effect was that of a punch, rather than a push.

The short-stroke piston was a great success: The carbine required no internal cleaning, the pressure and heat being so intense as to burn out all elements of combustion, and its short mechanism was light and relatively easy to manufacture. From eight companies, among them Winchester, General Motors and Underwood, the Army ordered an estimated 8,000,000 carbines during World War II. They outnumbered any other Allied single weapon and were reported to have increased infantry fire power by one third.

Ancestral Farm Is Not for Sale

Today, "Carbine" Williams, as he is called in gunnery circles, lives with his wife and twelve-year-old son on a 3,000-acre farm near Godwin, North Carolina, a whistle stop on the Atlantic Coast Line Railroad. He is descended from pre-Revolutionary Scotch Presbyterians who were among the first settlers there. Parts of the farm have been in the family for more than a hundred years, and neither Williams nor any of the four brothers with whom he shares it would dream of selling so much as a square foot of it.

Williams' feeling for the old homestead, as well as for practically everything else in Cumberland County, is one of fierce, aggressive pride. He bears little love for any region beyond it, least of all the North. A man with a deep sense of the past, he is outraged by a good many aspects of twentieth-century life (the list includes such things as modern art and college professors) and he tends to associate them with damyankee culture.

Although his research work with Winchester kept him for 10 years in New Haven, where he bought a 20-room mansion valued at $250,000 ("Because I like big houses"), he never permitted his family to join him there. "No boy of mine," he says, "is gonna be raised up No'th. He'll go to college, if he wants college, right in this state. Anything he can't get here he don't need."

Except to answer the call of business or duty, he does not intend to budge again from the Williams farm. His father's house, a majestic Southern colonial structure, was dismantled because the needed repairs appeared impractical, and Williams plans to erect a residence of equal splendor on the same site. Pending the availability of materials, he is content to occupy a four-room cottage facing it. "Camping out," he calls it, as he pores over architects' blueprints and builders' estimates. He has no telephone and no automobile.

"People who got something important to tell me know how to reach me," he says. "I'm fixing to get me a car when the house is ready, but right now about the only cause I got to go to town is for a haircut." *(Continued on page 40)*

The inventor and his son David do a lot of hunting on his North Carolina estate. Williams and his brothers inherited the place

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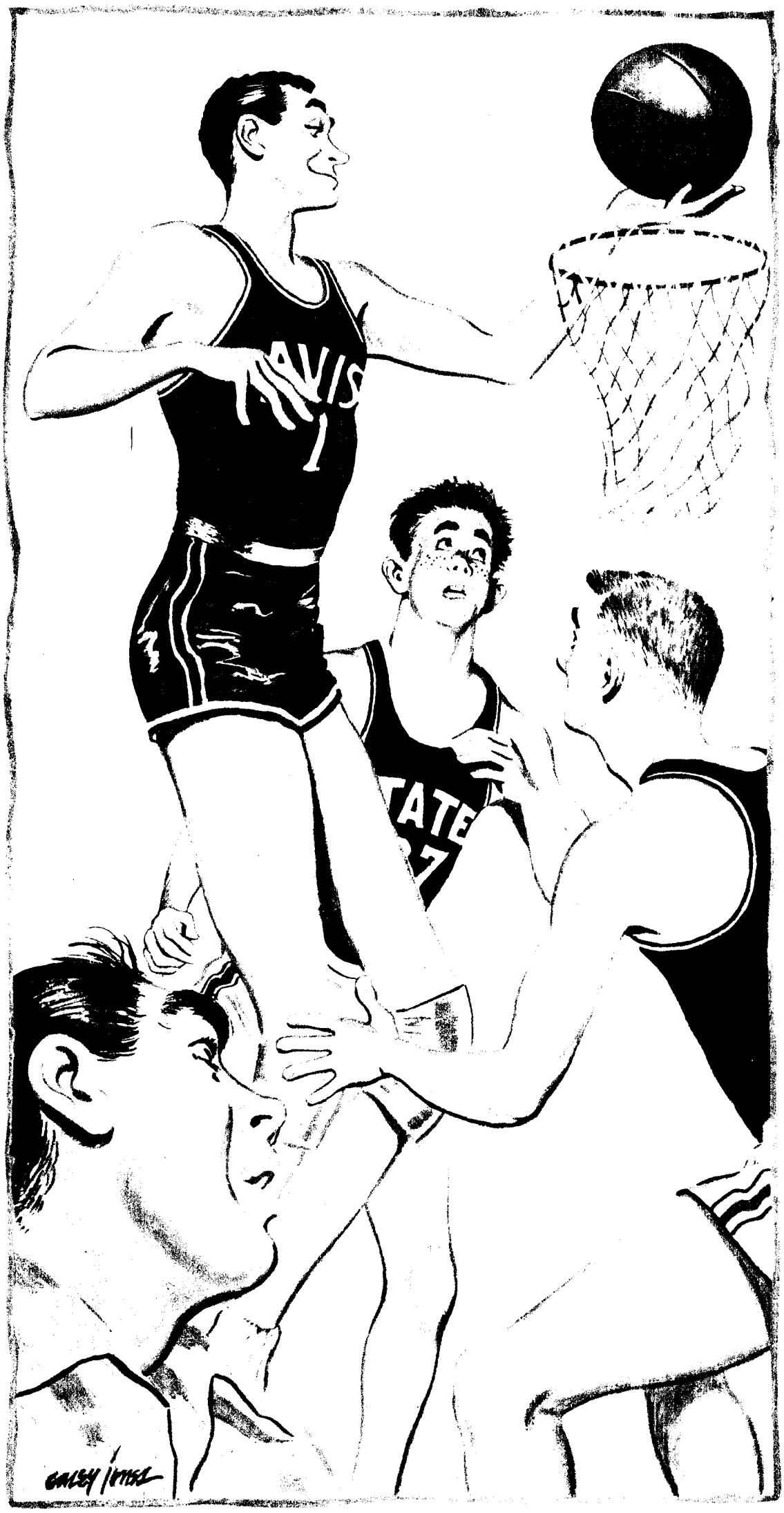

Says this critic: The trouble with the game is, it's made demigods of freaks. Basketball's become a refuge for acromegalic accidents never meant to be exhibited in their underclothes

Anyon

Here's a bill of complaints by

ONCE upon a time there lived a basketball player who was also an athlete. Naturally, being an athlete, he found something else to do besides play basketball. He punched people. His name was Willie Stribling.

He walked timidly, apologetically, into the dressing room of the New York Celtics one night after a game in Macon, Georgia. The Celtics were a touring team of professionals so able and so colorful that they managed to give basketball a good name. They were young guys then and themselves sports fans, and of course they had heard of Young Stribling, who was, in a manner of speaking, in the same racket as they.

That is, he was a touring professional, too, who made the tank towns and the whistle stops and whacked the local heavyweight pride senseless and caught a rattler for the next town. They called him the King of the Canebrakes—Damon Runyon gave him the name—a handsome kid with a glorious body and a right-hand punch that stiffened 127 opponents, or enough to populate some of the towns he played. He was at the time one of the two or three outstanding contenders for the heavyweight championship of the world.

Naturally, the Celts welcomed him when he came in, diffident and fresh-faced, and showed his pleasure at meeting them and confided that he hated to fight, that the only thing he'd ever really wanted to do was play basketball. That gave one of the Celts an idea.

"Willie," he said, "how'd you like to play with us tomorrow night in Atlanta?"

"Gosh," said the almost heavyweight champion of the world, "could I?"

They took him aside and explained things. They told him he was a pretty famous guy and that if it were announced that he would play with them, it would mean more money at the box office—but he wouldn't get any of it. He said gosh, he didn't care if they'd just be kind enough to let him go along to Atlanta.

Next day he took them all joy-riding in his private plane. He piloted several of them over to Atlanta, and that night he played about half the game and did pretty well, handling himself like the athlete he was. Joe Lapchick, who was one of the Celts, can't remember for sure, but he thinks Stribling stayed with them for one more game in one more town before his training chores called him back to Macon.

In Memory of a Lover of the Game

They never saw him again. He rode his motorcycle into a car and suffered fatal injuries. But they never visited that area again without going out to a small cemetery on a knoll overlooking a river and saying a prayer at the grave of a nice young guy, an athlete who had loved basketball.

It wouldn't be fair to say that athletes haven't been welcome in basketball since Willie Stribling's day. The coaches don't discriminate against them. But the rules do.

The trouble with basketball is, it has made demigods out of carnival freaks. It has become a refuge for acromegalic accidents whom nature never meant for public exhibition in chemise and step-ins. It is the only sport in the world which places a bigger premium on a hyperpituitary condition than on muscles, speed, agility or combativeness.

In basketball, combativeness is the deadliest sin of the flesh. Reduced to its essentials, the basketball rulebook is a code consisting of a single admonition: "Burny, burny, mustn't touch!" It makes

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for BASKETBALL?

uthority, who says too many rules, referees and goons have ruined the game

By RED SMITH

aggressiveness a felony and physical contact a more heinous crime than polyandry.

Let an athlete lay one paw upon the hem of a goon's undergarment and a two-man posse bears down upon him, whistles shrieking in strident chorus, crying hoarsely to the gods to witness the enormity of the outrage. The basketball referee is a fanatical Paul Pry with the gift of choler who has refined irascibility to the status of dramatic art. Unchallenged leader in this field is Mr. Pat Kennedy, a gentleman whose blood boils at absolute zero. At the first suggestion of fleshly contact, Mr. Kennedy's face purples, swollen veins stand out on neck and temple, eyes bulge from their sockets, strangled sounds of rage issue from his gaping mouth, his whistle screams imprecations, his accusing finger levels itself like a gun at the offender's head.

So violent are his seizures that spectators were only appalled, not surprised, to see Mr. Kennedy fall writhing to the floor during one game, threshing and choking in the last extremities of mortal anguish. This they had always foreseen, and now it had come to pass. Attendants rushed out to comfort this martyr to his own theatrical ardor.

Happily, it was not Mr. Kennedy's great heart which had failed him. Sucking in an extra-deep breath for a blast upon his whistle, he had gagged on his upper plate.

Whistle Offends Musical Taste

There is here the deepest admiration for Mr. Kennedy's art, but only a limited enthusiasm for his musical taste. It is difficult to agree that the incessant skirling of a tin whistle feeds the soul as satisfactorily as the Brahms Symphony in C Minor. One feels, too, that a crusading zeal like Mr. Kennedy's could serve a nobler end than the coddling of ungainly apparitions suitable only for frightening off crows.

It is a contradiction in terms and a denial of logic when you toss a ball up among 10 enterprising young men and tell them, "Now fight for it. But mind you, no bumping. Stretch and Bones and Slats here can't take it."

The basketball people, writing with a pen in each hand, are forever scribbling rules to preserve the fragile freak from harm and rules to minimize his usefulness. They go shopping for the tallest tower of marrow on the market and then forbid him to employ his height to slap the ball into or out of or away from the goal. They mark off sections of the playing area and frivolously declare them out of bounds. If it isn't the silliest game yet devised, it is administered by the silliest people outside the booby hatch.

Whenever a coach is cursed with a squad unblessed by abnormality, he sets up a howl for relief by legislation. For years the distinguished Dr. Phog Allen, of Kansas, has wanted to confound the goon by hanging the basket 12 feet above the floor instead of 10.

Obviously, Dr. Allen is approaching the problem from the wrong direction, for the seven-footer would still be two feet closer to the goal than the five-footer and such a change would only encourage the breeding of still taller, still skinnier, still more spectral spooks.

Obviously, the way to cut the obelisk down to size is to place the basket three feet above the floor.

There is another means of teaching Goliath religion, although the man who employed it might not be applauded for his flawless sportsmanship. If a coach were to sick the five biggest, toughest, meanest operatives from his school's football squad onto a typical troupe of glandular mistakes, the results would be edifying.

Naturally, each of the football players would quickly perpetrate his legal allowance of five personal fouls and, branded with the scarlet letter, be drummed from the hall. The opposition, while still alive, would convert some of the free throws. But by the time our coach got his regulars onto the floor, the galleries would be strewn with the shards of dismantled scarecrows and our heroes would score as they chose.

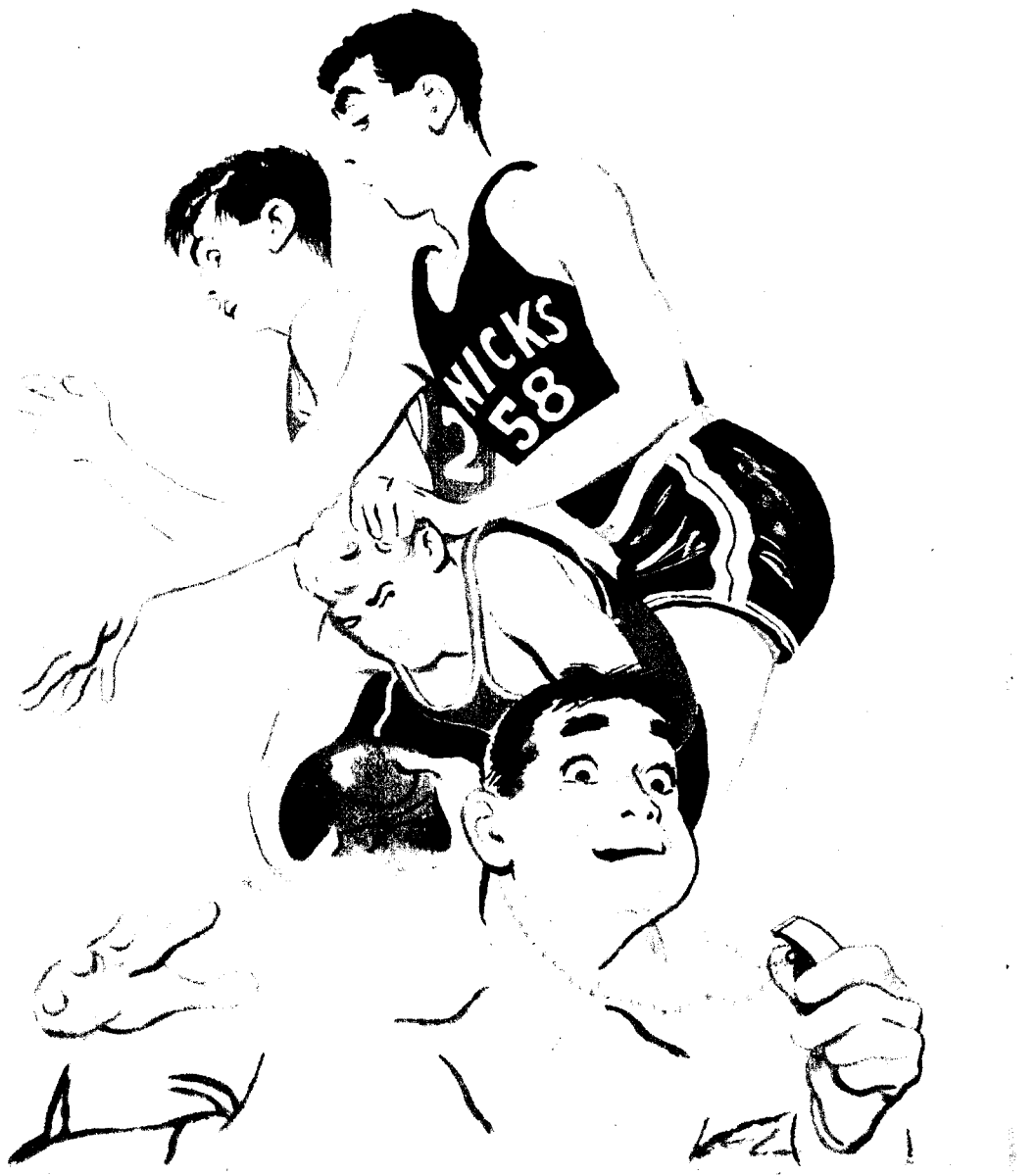
To be sure, a man's glands are his own business and he should not be subjected to ridicule merely because of a hopped-up pituitary. But he shouldn't be put on public view merely because of it, either.

To the basketball coach, a seven-foot column of knobbly gristle is more beautiful than a sunset over a mountain lake; a fly rod with ears, though perishable, is lovelier by far than Miss Marie Wilson in a swim suit.

This is entirely a matter of personal taste. If I must gaze upon a knee, my choice is Grable's. I can admire skin, provided it is wrapped around Ava Gardner. The loftiest, most prominent Adam's apple in the stratosphere gets a lower figure in this book than the fearful symmetry of Miss Jane Russell.

As a contest of athletic skill, basketball compares creditably with prisoner's base. As an example of *mens sana in corpore sano*, the basketball player runs lengths behind Miss Mildred Burke, the lady wrestler. As a mannequin modeling lingerie, he falls short of Miss Marie MacDonald's specifications.

In short, the basketball player's place is in the home, but not this home. Would you want your sister to marry a basketball player? THE END



Basketball is enforced by referees who are apoplectic zealots, says the writer. An average official is a fanatical Paul Pry who has refined irascibility to the status of dramatic art

ILLUSTRATED BY CASEY JONES

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Love Among the Savages

HE KEPT himself awake until he was certain that she had fallen into an exhausted sleep from which no ordinary sounds could arouse her. Moving then with care he left the bed and took his way around to the other side of the two suspended Army blankets which divided the small room. A board laid across two ammunition boxes served as a low table. He sat down to it on a wooden stool and lighted a candle.

His one-room house was made of adobe bricks. Through the open door he saw the dark desert which ended far away in mountains. Opposite the door, on his other side, a high square of stars showed in the window. Moved by the memory of recent weeks, and a sense of loving secrecy, he took up a steel pen, opened his dusty bottle of ink and, writing with firm clarity as became a superior student of engineering drawing in the class of 1884, he headed a sheet of paper:

Hq., Troop F,
6th U.S. Cavalry,
Fort Delivery, Territory of Arizona,
18 August 1886.

Before he went on with his letter he listened a moment, but she was still asleep. His throat thickened with swallowed laughter. Then as he drove his pen again, in the silence of the fort where only he and the sentries were awake, his half-thoughts drifted among the events of the summer.

Some weeks earlier, in July, his request for leave of absence had been approved by General Miles himself, who was on the post at that time..

"Second Lieutenant Matthew Carlton Hazard, is it?"

"Yes, sir."

"Want to get married, do you?"

"Yes, sir."

"Who is she?"

"Miss Laura Greenleaf, sir."

"You don't say. I know that family. Let me see, where are they now?"

"Fort Porter, Buffalo, New York, sir. Colonel Greenleaf is in command there."

"Of course. Poor fellow. He could have gone far in the Army. Huntleigh Greenleaf has never had a day's real soldiering. —Well, I don't know."

"Sir?"

"I was just thinking of Mrs. Greenleaf. She takes a very strong position, at times. For example, does she know you'll be right back out here in Arizona, with her daughter?"

"I assume so, sir."

"You won't go asking for any transfer, now, will you?"

"No, sir."

"No. But do you think this is the place to bring a bride who's been used to everything genteel?"

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She sat under the cover, clutching the box. The escort rode in loose formation, on constant alert. They watched for anything that moved

By PAUL HORGAN

"I don't see why not, sir. After all, there are other ladies here."

"Yes, yes. But your quarters are the lowest-ranking. Pretty primitive, I'd say."

"Yes, sir."

"How long have you been engaged?"

"Two years, sir."

"Have you seen her meantime?"

"Oh, no, sir. I've been here ever since."

"You've seen some fighting, then."

"Yes, sir."

"Did you go to Mexico with General Crook?"

"Yes, sir."

"A very arduous and involved march, I gather. Where'd you meet her?"

"At Porter, sir. I went to visit with her brother and another classmate."

"Yes. Rather high style, wasn't it, at the Greenleafs'?"

"Oh, yes, sir."

"Well, in fairness, you'd better make your sweetheart realize—" and the general swept a gesture that indicated the desert, the bleak adobe fort, the blasting heat.

"Yes, sir."

"Very well. We can't give you too much time. Or rather, the Apaches can't. But if you know what you're doing, consider your request for leave approved. Good luck. God bless you. See that I see her when you get back."

"Yes, sir. Thank you, General."

THANKS to the telegraph they were there to meet him when his journey ended at last in the Exchange Street station at Buffalo, New York. Suddenly he felt uncertain, even a little foolish. Everything here seemed strange to him. From chasing Apaches, had he become part Indian himself? In the midst of the bawling confusion of hacks, porters, street vendors, the Greenleafs received him formally. Laura came to him first, giving him her cheek. Mrs. Greenleaf then permitted him a token embrace. He bent awkwardly into the sweet-scented shade of their wide, ribboned hats. He thought they stared a little, and knew his uniform was gray with cinders and his face burned to leather by the sunlight he had left.

Harvey Greenleaf, his classmate, who came from Fortress Monroe for the wedding, shook his hand and smiled enthusiastically at the changes that showed on him. It appeared that Colonel Greenleaf would receive him at the post where he was to stay with Harvey. They moved toward the first of two carriages waiting.

"Harvey will take your luggage in the second carriage," said Mrs. Greenleaf. "Has the man brought your things?" *(Continued on page 44)*

ILLUSTRATED BY EDWIN DAWES

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He Gave a Name to

THE WORLD'S MOST

Raphael Lemkin called it "genocide"—the mass killing of peoples—and personal

ONE of the longest and most dramatic one-man crusades in history has just drawn to a successful climax with most Americans still unaware of its existence.

At a recent Washington dinner party, the hostess mentioned the tragic case of the 28,000 Greek youngsters snatched from their homes and carried off to live in Communist-dominated lands. "It's good to know," she sighed, "that anything like that would now come under the genocide convention."

"Genocide?" asked a guest. "What's that? Birth control?"

"Race suicide, isn't it?" put in another. Of the dozen well-informed persons around the table, only four knew what the word genocide meant and only two had ever heard of the genocide convention.

Yet this convention, or treaty, is potentially the most important achievement of the United Nations to date. For the first time, it stamps as an international crime what the Nazis did to the Jews, the Turks to the Armenians, and the Romans to the early Christians. For the first time, it offers the world a legal means of preventing and punishing this crime—genocide, the extermination of a national, racial, or religious group.

Unanimously passed by the UN General Assembly in December, 1948, the genocide convention went into full force this January 12th, 90 days after it had been ratified by more than 20 nations—the number required to make it international law. Notable among the nonratifiers is the United States; the treaty is still before the Senate, where ratification has been powerfully opposed by the American Bar Association, which favors a genocide convention but seeks changes in the treaty now proposed.

The story of the genocide treaty is the story of one of the world's most persistent men—a tall, graying, forty-nine-year-old Polish-born scholar, Raphael Lemkin, who lost 49 relatives to the barbarity he had set out years before to outlaw.

It was Lemkin—now visiting professor of international law at Yale—who conceived the idea of declaring this barbarity a crime. He also gave it a name—after it had gone nameless throughout history—and then led the campaign for UN action on it.

Although the dictionary definition of Lemkin's word, genocide, restricts it to extermination of a national or racial group, the treaty he helped draft applies it also to religious and cultural groups, and outlaws attempts to exterminate these groups not only by killing their members but also by causing them serious harm, preventing births, or forcibly removing their children.

To scoffers who say the genocide convention will turn out to be just another "scrap of paper," its proponents offer quick rebuttal. They point out that the treaty makes each ratifying country responsible for acts of genocide committed within its borders; but gives other ratifiers the means to see that this responsibility is exercised.

Each ratifier is required to pass legislation punishing not only genocide but conspiracy, incitement and attempts to commit genocide. The nature of the punishment is left to each country—although the treaty's proponents say the effective penalty is death. To constitute genocide, the crime would have to involve the killing or persecution of a "substantial" number of people. The accused genocidist would be tried by the regular prosecuting officials in the regular courts of the land where the crime was committed. The treaty, however, leaves the way open for setting up an international tribunal for genocide cases. The treaty is directed not against nations but persons; if the nation itself were involved in the charge, the head of the nation and certain public officials would be responsible.

Should Country X dispute the fact that the crime within its borders was genocide, any other ratifying nation could bring the case before the International Court of Justice at The Hague. If Country X failed to take any action at all, or refused to recognize the findings of The Hague court, the ratifying nations would then call on the UN to act. The UN would decide in each case what action was needed, perhaps an international investigation resulting in economic and military pressure against the offending nation.

One authority on the treaty says: "Maybe some genocidists will go unpunished just as some murderers do. But you wouldn't throw out the laws against homicide just because some homicidists get away with their crime. There may be bugs in this first international law against genocide; if so, we'll certainly work to remove them as we find them. The important thing is that for the first time the treaty gives the world a way to take a stand against genocide.

"Had the treaty been in force when Hitler started persecuting Jews, nobody supposes that Germany would have tried the Fuehrer or turned him over to an international court. But a quick, united and official world-wide stand might have stopped him, for he was still relatively weak, still dependent on foreign trade and capital."

His First Approach to the Problem

Lemkin, the second of three sons of a moderately well-to-do farmer, began life in a tiny village in eastern Poland. He ran into his first case of genocide, at the age of twelve, in the novel Quo Vadis, by the Pole, Henryk Sienkiewicz. Young Raphael confronted his mother. "When the Roman emperor made the animals kill the early Christians," he asked, "it was a bad thing, wasn't it?"

"Yes," she replied, "very bad."

"And all those other people—they just sat around in the amphitheater and clapped!"

"That was very bad, too."

"Today we don't do things like that. When people kill people today, they get put in jail, don't they?"

"Yes," she hesitantly agreed, "today they get put in jail."

In other books Raphael read of Carthage, utterly destroyed; of the 10,000,000 people wiped out by the Mongols; of the 50,000 Protestants murdered in France; of the 30,000 Catholics tortured and killed in Japan. After that, he and his mother had many discussions. "To kill defenseless people just because they are different from you—is there no law?"

"There are laws against murder."

"They do not seem to be any good," the boy observed, "against massacres."

In 1920, Lemkin enrolled at the University of Lvov. He hoped to become a philologist, a student of language, because he wanted to try to understand why in every age people of one culture tried to wipe out people of another. At the root of every culture, of course, was language. Already familiar with Polish, Russian, French, German and Italian, he now plunged into Arabic, Hebrew and Sanskrit.

But one day in 1921 in Berlin, a young Armenian named Teilierian walked up to a Turk named Talaat Pasha, whipped out a revolver, and fired. "That," said the Armenian as the Turk fell dead, "is for my mother." He gave himself up and was tried for murder.

Reading about the case, Lemkin was tremendously moved.

Teilierian's mother had been one of the 1,200,000 Armenians massacred by the Turks in 1915, when Talaat headed Turkey's police forces. The boy had survived only because his mother's body had fallen on and hidden him. Lemkin said to a professor at Lvov, "The Armenian did try to have the Turk arrested for the massacre?"

The professor replied, "There wasn't any law under which he could be arrested."

"Not even though he had had a part in killing so many people?"

"Let us take the case of a man who owns some chickens," the professor said. "He kills them. Why not? It is not your business. If you interfere, it is trespass."

"The Armenians," Lemkin pointed out, "were not chickens."

The professor let that go. "When you interfere with the internal affairs of a country," he remarked, "you infringe upon that country's sovereignty."

"So it is a crime for Teilierian to strike down one man. But it was not a crime for that man to have struck down one million men?"

The professor shrugged. "You are young and excited," he said. "You put matters too badly. If you knew something about international law—"

In Berlin the Armenian argued that he had acted under moral compulsion. The court set him free—on the ground he had been insane. To Lemkin, that was the cream of the jest. He dropped some of his philological studies to study law.

In 1929, Lemkin was named Warsaw's public prosecutor, a job like that of district attorney in an American city. "I need now to learn at firsthand how laws operate," he told his mother. "Then maybe I can do something about them."

"It is moral power that counts," she said.

"But sometimes the law can make it count more."

Lemkin brought a concept to his work that was new to Poland. He argued that penal law must be shaped and administered not so much to punish the individual as to protect society. He wrote a book on the rehabilitation of criminals, and other books analyzing the legal codes of other countries. The Lemkin writings influenced Poland's new penal code, approved in 1932, but at the back of his mind a bigger idea simmered.

In October, 1933, at the Fifth International Conference for the Unification of Penal Law, held in Madrid under the auspices of the League of Nations with the legal lights of 37 countries present, Lemkin proposed to add to the list of such international

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HORRIBLE CRIME

By HERBERT YAHRAES

crimes as piracy, slavery and traffic in drugs a new one which he called *the crime of barbarity*—"destruction of national, religious or racial groups." The old arguments arose about interfering with somebody else's business, and his proposal was pigeonholed.

Back in Warsaw, which was jittery about Hitler, he ran into trouble. He had failed to check with the Foreign Office about his Madrid proposal. Government-inspired newspapers attacked him as an idealist and fool. Lemkin resigned his public post and engaged in private practice and the teaching of law.

But his mind continued to run on one track. As fast as he got a fee, he spent it writing about "the crime of barbarity," speechmaking, and traveling to every international law conference at which he saw a chance to present his ideas—to Budapest, Copenhagen, Paris, Amsterdam, Cairo.

Vishinsky Suspects Capitalist Plot

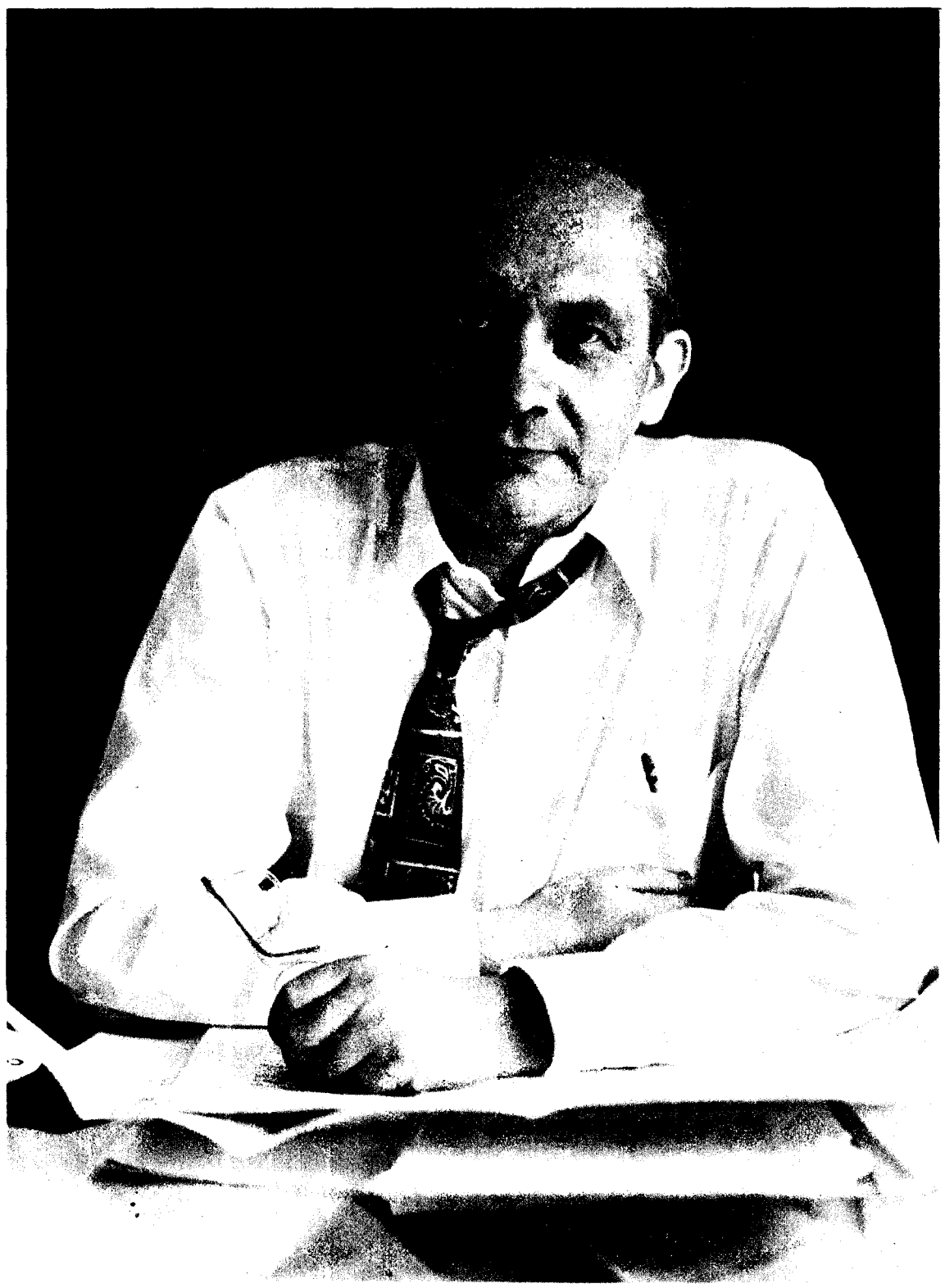
Once, open hostility to his idea was expressed in a Russian pamphlet called Counterrevolutionary Intervention Through Criminal Law, foreword by Andrei Vishinsky. By proposing to make the crime of barbarity punishable under international law, Vishinsky wrote, Lemkin was plainly preparing the way for the capitalistic world to intervene in the affairs of the Soviet Union.

By and large, though, the international lawyers were politely bored. With the Nazi invasion of Poland in 1939, Lemkin took refuge with hundreds of other Poles in a vast forest. There he saw the Germans bomb a refugee train drawn up at a nearby village. Several hundred children who had packed the train had tumbled out and were eating breakfast. Telling about it, Lemkin rubs his hand nervously over the arm of his chair. "Then the planes came over," he says quietly, "and destroyed them." He looks up. "Is it any wonder I couldn't forget my idea?"

Some months later Lemkin set out for Vilnyus, in what is now Russian territory, in a cart driven by an elderly peasant. When he reached Vilnyus after a month's trip, Lemkin had a beard that reached to his chest, and enough money to send two telegrams. One went to an acquaintance in Sweden, the Minister of Justice, who wired money for him to get to Stockholm. The other went to his Paris publishers, inquiring about a manuscript he had mailed them seven days before the war.

Lemkin arrived in Stockholm in February, 1940, and the book—which had been suggested by the Bank of International Settlements—was published a few months before the Germans took Paris. It won him an invitation to lecture at the University of Stockholm—to accept it he learned Swedish in five months—and the following spring a similar invitation from Duke University, at Durham, North Carolina.

Lemkin was scheduled to lecture at Duke on international currency transactions, but he soon branched out to discuss Nazi-occupied Europe. In Stockholm, with the help of the Swedish government, he had begun collecting German documents relating to the rule of conquered peoples. He soon had evidence that a great *(Continued on page 56)*



HANS KNOPF

Forty-nine relatives of Lemkin, a Polish-born scholar, were slaughtered by the Nazis. His passion for outlawing barbarity began in boyhood, when he read of Romans killing Christians

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ENGINEERING'S

III

ON ONE of my many voyages between England and America before the first World War, an English lady of great cultivation sat at my table aboard ship. We were coming up New York Harbor at the final breakfast when she turned to me and said:

"I hope you will forgive my dreadful curiosity, but I should like awfully to know—what is your profession?"

I replied that I was an engineer. She emitted an involuntary exclamation: "Why, I thought you were a gentleman!"

Within my lifetime engineering has been transformed from a trade into a profession. It is a great profession. There is the fascination of watching a figment of the imagination emerge through the aid of science to a plan on paper. Then it moves to realization in stone or metal or energy. Then it brings jobs and homes to men. Then it elevates living standards and adds to comforts. The great liability of the engineer is that his works are out in the open where all can see them. He cannot bury his mistakes in the grave like the doctors. He cannot, like the architects, cover his failures with trees and vines. He cannot, like the politicians, blame his opponents and hope that the people will forget.

Those who would enter the mining branch of engineering must be prepared to live for years on the borders of civilization, where beds are hard; where cold bites and heat burns; where dress-up clothes are a new pair of overalls; where there is little home life, not for weeks but for years.

At the turn of the century London was the center of the metal-mining world. Among the leaders in the field was the firm of Bewick, Moreing and Company, a partnership, not a corporation, which had operated mines for some 150 years, beginning in Cornwall and Derbyshire and gradually extending over the world.

I had already served in its employ for five years in Australia and China, when in 1901, at the age of twenty-seven, I was offered a partnership. Two partners, Mr. Bewick and Mr. Hooper, were retiring. Part of their interest was divided—20 per cent to me and 10 per cent each to two other new partners, A. S. Rowe and T. W. Wellstead.

Ownership the firm held directly in different mines was distributed among the old partners, and the new firm started practically fresh. The assets, outside of the office equipment and testing laboratories over the world, were the good will and the contracts for management fees, which were based on an annual sum and a percentage of the profits of the particular enterprise managed. The good will was valued at the net earnings of the past three years, and the new partners undertook to pay the

This recent photograph of Mr. Hoover was taken in his apartment in the Waldorf-Astoria Towers, New York, where he has lived for several years

RICHARD BEATTIE

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GOLDEN AGE

By HERBERT HOOVER

outgoing partners this amount out of future earnings.

The partnership deed specifically provided that no partner could engage in stock-market speculation, a fact I mention because of a calamity which later came upon us.

My job was to operate the mines—both as an engineer and administrator. At the time I entered the firm, the business included coal mines in China, Wales and the Transvaal, a tin mine in Cornwall, gold mines in Western Australia, New Zealand, South Africa and West Africa, copper mines in Queensland and Canada, a lead-silver mine in Nevada, and a turquoise mine in the Sinai Peninsula of Egypt. In addition there were constant examinations of new prospects and engineering work for other concerns.

I was to remain a partner in this firm for seven years, circling the globe five times—by passenger liners, tramp steamers and tugs, railways, motorcars, buggies, horses, camels. Mrs. Hoover went on most of these journeys, and when the babies came she brought them along in a basket.

There were contacts with leaders of men and heads of governments; with snobs and crooks; with plain, good people and intellectually inspiring people; with human boll weevils. There was good and bad food, good beds, bad beds, bugs, mosquitoes, dust, sand and malaria. There were the excitements of dealings with officials decent or dumb, of soft tropic mornings at sea, of freezing northern storms, of strange peoples and customs. There was the daily meed of joy and sorrow.

Housekeeping is always a problem for itinerants. We felt that we should have a mooring in America. In 1902, with Mrs. Hoover's father, we built a cottage in Monterey, California, as a geographical anchor. Later, in 1907, we acquired a six-room cottage at Stanford University.

An Apartment to Her Heart's Desire

In the spring of 1902, Mrs. Hoover thought we were going to settle down for the summer in England, so she searched out a small country house for us at Walton-on-Thames. Curiously, it was called the White House. My job promptly called me to the United States. That fall it seemed necessary to have some sort of headquarters in Europe even if we were not often there. Mrs. Hoover chose a flat at Hyde Park Gate in London and furnished it to her heart's desire. The furniture was so good that it still exists.

Herbert, Jr., was born there on August 4, 1903. His mother's first expedition after she was up was to the American consul's to get him registered as an American born on a temporary visit abroad. Five weeks after his appearance on earth we started for Australia with Herbert—in a basket—and a nurse. Traveling with babies is easier than with most grownups.

In Australia, New Zealand and Burma, we lived in company houses. In addition to the California anchorage, in 1907 Mrs. Hoover found a delightful old but small house with a garden in Camden Hill, London, which we could sublease—the Red House. Allan was born at Hyde Park Gate, on July 17, 1907, while we were furnishing the Red House. He, too, after being duly registered at the American consulate, went promptly on a journey to Burma, aged five weeks.

Our first expedition after I became a partner was a voyage of inspection to Australia, which at the time was the largest single area of the firm's business. We arrived at Kalgoorlie in December, 1901, via Suez and Ceylon. It was about three years since I had left those hot precincts—and the temperature had not diminished.

Western Australia had passed through one of the gigantic gold booms of history and was in the bitter headache of the morning after. The new gold field had been the scene of the most unscrupulous stock-market promotion since the Mississippi Bubble. Many originally promising mines had proved only flashes in the pan. And the technical work had not been up to high standards. Australia was still forming managerial staffs from promoted foremen instead of from trained engineers.

I sent to the United States for fifteen university-trained mine managers, metallurgists and mechanical engineers, stiffened our whole mine setup, established stronger and centralized inspection, and consolidated the buying of supplies. This reformed organization in the course of time reduced costs by 40 per cent.

In time several other Western Australian groups came to us for management. Two caused us great grief, the Golden Horseshoe and the Perseverance groups. The London boards of directors of these concerns were under fire from their stockholders. We put in new superintendents and systematically checked the records, the ore reserves and the engineering practice. We discovered that the reserves were greatly overestimated, and that output had been maintained by picking the richer spots for stock manipulation.

The stocks began to fall in the market. Finding that some of the directors were selling short while they withheld our reports from the stockholders, we flared up and resigned. This led to a Parliamentary investigation of the companies by the Western Australian government.

It served to teach me that it does not pay to try to reform a stock-market crook. He can even make a profit out of reform.

As a matter of fact, if all costs are included, gold mining is an unprofitable business in any country. It is certainly no business for amateurs. But the lure of the occasional great strike maintains a steady stream of followers for this variety of Pied Piper. Promoters live to *(Continued on page 68)*

The future President's first son, Herbert, Jr., shown with his mother, was born in London

ACME

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I asked her why she wanted to give up her baby, and she said, "What else can I do? I have to go on working. Naturally I hope to find somebody to marry, but in the meantime—"

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Letter to a Child

[illegible] to see those women who wanted only to be [illegible] was to be she asked for—begged for—a child of her own

By KAREN McKINLEY

The Story: I must write this letter to you, my unborn child, so that you will understand how you have come to be on this earth, and so that you will know how truly you are a child of love—not only of my love for you, but of the love MARK SEVILLE and I had together.

I am living in a strange town now, under an assumed name. MARGIT and MONTY, two wise and gentle servants who once worked for Mark's mother, are here with me, and DR. ROBBINS is here too. He has helped me through so much tragedy, and now he has come to help you to be born.

I first met Mark at a showing of my paintings. His mother commissioned me to do a portrait of him. We hadn't much time before he had to return to duty with the Air Transport Command, but it was time enough for us to fall in love. Mark was married, very unhappily, and we had to wait for a long time for his wife to consent to a divorce. When she did, we were married; and then came the time for us to have our first child. I was carrying that child when Mark was killed in the plane accident that also took the life of his young sister, EVE. I rushed to the hospital where he lay dying, and he said to me, "If anything happens to the baby, you've got to find another baby." Then he died, and the shock of his death made me lose my child.

Dr. Robbins took care of me and nursed me back to health. A year went by, and I began to paint again. I decided that I must have a child, to raise as Mark and I would have raised our own. I went to one of the adoption agencies and talked with a MRS. GEIGER. She offered me no encouragement. "I think I might as well tell you right out," she said, "that we never place a child with a man or a woman alone."

BUT I wouldn't be alone," I said. "I'd surround the child with good wholesome people."

"Oh—do you mean relatives of yours?" Mrs. Geiger asked.

"No, not exactly relatives." I could not explain it to her; I saw that now with hopeless distractedness. She made it all sound implausible and impractical, as if I were a scatterbrained silly woman who, with her whims and caprices, tried to take up the time of sensible busy people.

But hopeless as I felt about showing it to her, I could see our future, my child's and mine, as clearly as if I were remembering it. Our life was not going to be lonely or ingrown or mutually possessive. Our life would be wide and expansive; it would have in it everything a sound life means. But I did not know how to begin telling her.

"We have an inflexible rule, my dear," she said, falling back on her own familiar ground. "You must appreciate that in this work the greatest care must be taken. We cannot allow ourselves to be swayed by our sympathies or our feelings."

"Can't you?" I said; and then I lost my caution completely: "I should think this might be one place where sympathies and feelings would be important."

She looked at me then with grave and impersonal disapproval, and in a wild panic I thought: They have card indexes and cross files and all that business; she'll get the word around to all the other agencies; I'll never be given a child now; I've bungled the whole thing.

"I didn't mean that the way it sounded," I said contritely. "It's only that I care so deeply. And the cold facts about me really don't represent me, Mrs. Geiger. I *am* a widow—and that always sounds gloomy and forlorn. But I'm not like that. I'm not gloomy, and I'm not—"

"I'm sure you're a very admirable person," she said perfunctorily. "But unfortunately that does not alter the facts. We have an inflexible rule, Mrs. Seville."

I saw that it was going to be utterly useless to try to continue, so I got up and put out my hand and smiled determinedly.

"I don't want to discourage you, my dear," she said more warmly, taking my hand, "but I'm awfully afraid you're going to find that all the placement bureaus have had to adopt the same rule."

"I see, Mrs. Geiger," I said, wanting now only to get away from this smooth woman who couldn't be swayed by sympathies or feelings.

"Our first concern must be for the child," she said sternly. "We are not interested in placing children where they will be of service to some broken life."

"No, of course not," I said. "Perish the thought."

I went down the stairs, and now I didn't try to be sedate. I ran. . . .

One by one I visited all the child-placement bureaus. I might have saved myself the effort, for every visit was a variation of the first. All the interviewers were kindly and experienced women, some young and warmhearted (but never impulsive), some cool and middle-aged and matter-of-fact. They all agreed that I was not to be given a child.

"But all kinds of people have children."

"Indeed they do, my dear."

"Incompetent people have children," I said. "I'm not incompetent. Hardhearted people, who don't want children. I—"

"That is all quite true. But we have found . . ." And we would go over the ground again, until I was shamed and angered, so that I became either flippant or sullen.

Sometimes they warned me against what they scornfully called "the black markets." They described to me some of the horrors and heartbreaks that had come to innocent couples who had patronized such places: defective children that could bring only tragedy, dangerous parents who fastened themselves on the foster homes and sapped them.

Then one day it occurred to me to investigate this very forbidden industry they were warning me about. Why, of course! Actually, wasn't that exactly how Dr. Rob himself had found his children? From the point of view of the agencies, Dr. Rob himself was a black marketeer!

I was aghast then that I had not thought of talking about it with him. I could account for it to myself only by saying I had already been bother enough to him last year. But all the time I was saying that, I was counting out coins in the palm of my hand to telephone him from a restaurant where I was lunching after a harrowing morning.

At last, among the women crowded around the telephone, I got a booth. The women waiting to call home to make sure of this and that before they went to a matinee glared through the glass at me when they realized I was putting through a long-distance call. I turned my back on them, shut in with my exciting hope.

"Dr. Rob, it's me."

"Of course it's you. How's everything, Christine?"

"Everything's fine. But I've got to talk to you. Will you be coming up to town in a day or so, or shall I come down?"

"Whatever you say. What's it about, Chris?"

"It's about a baby." I knew it was the magic word.

"Here, or going to be?"

"Going to be."

"That's for me, then," he said. "I'll come up. Tomorrow morning."

I felt I'd better prepare him, so he could get himself ready before he saw me. If he didn't want to be on my side . . .

"Dr. Rob, I want you to help me adopt one."

The line was silent for a few seconds, then he said, "Why not? I think that's a fine idea, Chris."

"But I'm not a couple," I said. "Everybody keeps reminding me that I'm not a couple."

"I'm not so sure about that," he said slowly. "You've got as much spunk in you as almost any two people I know."

"You mean you'll help me?"

"Sure," he said exuberantly. "I'll always help anybody I think the babies would like me to help."

AFTER our day together in New York, the last bruised place in me was sound again. "Now don't you be impatient," Dr. Rob said, as I put him on his train the next morning. "I'll get to work. It may take a few hours or a couple of months."

"I can wait, now that I know it's going to happen," I said. "I can wait and wait, now that I'm sure it's going to be." They weren't idle words; I had tested them before, through the long months when Mark and I had waited together, being so rich in what we knew was ahead.

"You'll be busy," he promised me. "You'll have a lot to think about and do."

"That's right. I'll have to be looking for a proper place to live with a baby. And I'll have lots of shopping to do."

"That you will," he said.

Every time the telephone rang I ran to it, thinking it might be the beginning. Then at last, a beautiful soft feminine voice called me.

"Mrs. Seville? Dr. Robbins has given me your number."

"Yes, yes."

"I'd like to come and talk to you."

"When? Right now, I hope."

When she came, she was everything the voice had suggested, a tall exquisite woman with a rather pale face and large dark eyes. She was well-dressed in dark clothes; her handbag was beautiful and rich, as if it had just lately been a gift. She had on spotless gloves, which in New York is always an achievement. As soon as she came in, her eyes searched for an ash tray.

"Dr. Robbins gave me your name, and told me that I could make up my mind about coming to see you," she said, lighting her cigarette rather shakily so that I saw she was not so calm as she appeared to be.

(Continued on page 52)

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Island That Time Forgot

PHOTOGRAPHS FOR COLLIER'S BY WILLIAM NEIL SMITH II

Typical Seri dwelling place consists of pole framework with roof of woven brush. Such structures offer little protection from the elements

The tribesmen still use ancient weapons. Kilt is traditional garb, worn by all the Seri men

A SCANT 400 miles south of the bustling metropolis of San Diego is a restless community of some 200 persons—213, at last count—who bear the unusual distinction of being one of the most primitive peoples in all of North America.

Their homeland, nestled deep within the Gulf of California, is a Mexican island called Tiburón, plus a few square miles of the adjacent mainland. It is a parched, sparsely populated region, and its wild life consists almost wholly of a few deer which graze on the island's thin pastures.

Crowded into this arid land by encroaching civilization, the Seri Indians live today much as their more numerous ancestors did centuries ago. When they want fire, they rub sticks together. When they need bowls or baskets, they make them. Their diet consists largely of fish and turtle—and sometimes venison. Their weapon: the bow and arrow.

Because of their dependence on fish, the Seris are nomadic, moving to a new camping spot whenever their main dietary staple changes its feeding grounds. They have four principal camps, but only one is occupied often enough to rate permanent houses—rickety pole structures daubed with adobe. Elsewhere, they merely have huts of woven brush.

Despite their Spartan existence, the Seris are a happy—if often undernourished—people, with a culture all their own. There are a few rules which they observe carefully. One of these imposes on them a code of modesty which is strict by any stand-

A tribeswoman weaving a basket. Seri wives are devoted and hard-working. Divorce is rare

Making fire in time-honored manner. Though primitive, Indians are bright, eager to learn

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A Seri belle shows off make-up. Face paint is considered attractive, and both sexes wear it

Seri youngster plays on homemade pipe. Note long hair, worn by most men and boys in tribe

Tribal medicine men are not taken seriously. The crosses are Indian symbols, not Christian

ard. Both men and women wear clothes that cover them from their necks to their bare feet; even when they swim, they remain fully clad.

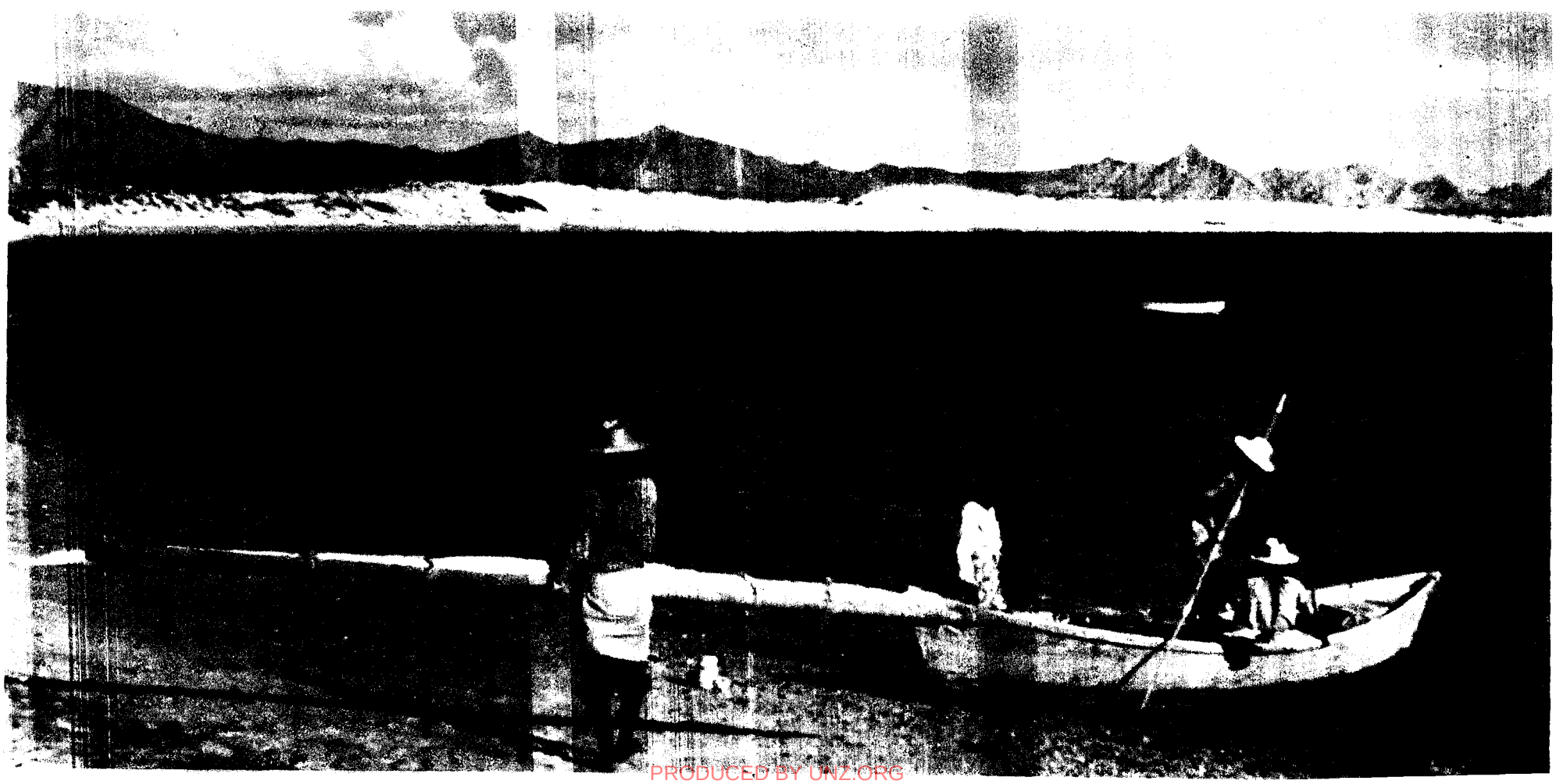
The tribe has no government, possibly because it has few problems which a government might settle. It has virtually no religion, except for some rites used in case of sickness and a few beliefs about the afterworld. The Seris hold, for example, that when they die they will go to a heaven closely resembling their own island—but, of course, well-stocked with food. Their dogs, whom they consider members of the tribe, will accompany them there.

To the Seris, white men are descendants of a tribe of pale Indians (one of the five tribes which, according to Seri mythology, made up the entire population of the earth). These white folk, so the story goes, once lived near the Seris in friendship, and the present islanders customarily accord a warm welcome to white visitors. The pictures on these pages were taken by such a visitor, anthropologist William Neil Smith II.

Despite their friendly feeling for white men, the tribesfolk have rarely entered a white settlement since the time some years ago when a number of them died of measles following such a visit.

Last fall, however, Smith persuaded four Seri men to join him in a trip to Los Angeles. Their encounter with civilization was a huge success—until they went to a beach and saw what present-day bathing suits look like. Pretty uncivilized. THE END

Indians spend part of time on coast of Sonora, a Mexican state. Here group prepares to sail for nearby Tiburón Island in Gulf of California



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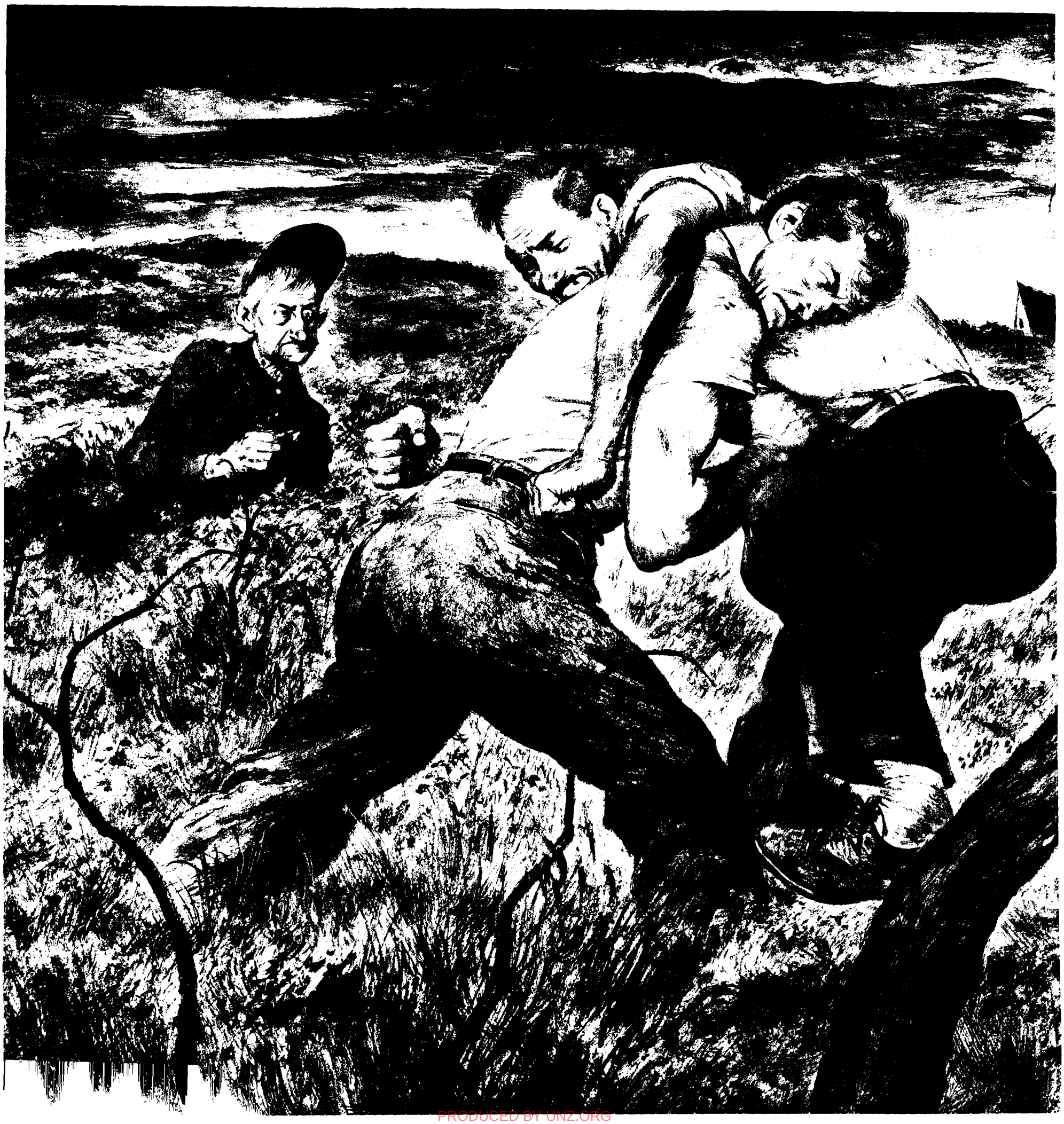
A Picture for the



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Earth

By JOHN D. WEAVER

[illegible] dreams, too forgetful each [illegible]
[illegible] else to do with
[illegible] had to grow old,
[illegible] learned how

CORA worried. In a hard winter she worried about spring floods, and in a mild winter about the summer drouth which was bound to come and would probably dry up every well in the hills. She worried about her health, nagging at Dr. Lyle for not finding anything wrong with her. She worried about appearances and money and breaking old things which had been in the family a long time. She worried about her husband, Shep, complaining that he left everything to her, and most of all she worried about her daughter, Della, because Della never worried about anything.

"It ain't natural," Cora always said.

Della went around humming to herself, her head a tangle of dance tunes, and sometimes, working in the garden, stung by the fierceness of the August sun and the needling of sweat bees, she would lean on her hoe and laugh without reason, probably over something she had suddenly remembered or looked forward to, more than likely another schoolhouse dance.

"She acts like everything's just a fancy party give special for her," Cora would wail, and Shep would shrug and say, "I hope she don't ever find out any different."

Della forgot things, too, or maybe she just didn't care enough about anything to try to hold it in her mind. One day she walked two miles of hill road to Cassville to get the mail, and came home with an armful of brown-eyed Susans.

"Oh," she said when Cora asked for the mail, "I forgot."

"How could you forget what you went for?"

Della just laughed. She had always laughed, even as a baby, when she had worried Cora because she'd shown no fear of darkness. It went against nature, Cora had said, scurrying off to Dr. Lyle to have the child's eyes tested. Della, with her first bumbling steps, had gone laughing and arms-out to strangers and animals, until Cora was near out of her mind with fretting over what the child would pick up—a copperhead, she reckoned. In school Della learned to read and spell and figure without any fuss, as though these were things which came naturally to a girl, like eating and sleeping, and, now, dancing.

"It's time she took a holt of things," Cora said one night when Della was upstairs singing and sewing.

"Things'll catch up with her," Shep said from behind his Farm Journal, his wall against Cora and the world he'd turned his back on.

"Not less'n we take steps."

"No." Shep put down the Farm Journal, and although he generally spoke in a voice soft as fur, he was bristling. "That we ain't gonna do."

"But we got to."

The night watchman was the only man who saw the fight. He hid in the tall weeds, close enough to see everything. "It was like tigers mating," he said

"If it happens, and it likely will, it's all right, but we ain't gonna go outta our way to make it happen."

Cora talked it over with Mrs. Mark Cass, whose son, Mark, Jr., was of an age with Della and stood to inherit the Cass farm when old Mark passed on, which, poor soul, couldn't be far off. Cora, in the years of Della's growing up, had studied the state of Mark Cass's health the way other women had watched for signs of rain or beetles.

"It's a trouble I've never had with Mark, Jr.," Mrs. Cass said. "He's growed up sensible."

"It's no blame of mine," Cora said.

"Oh, I didn't mean it like that, Cora. Goodness, no."

Cora glanced out the front window into the plowed valley below, where a black speck, which would be Mark, Jr., moved about the neatly fenced bottom land along Cass Creek. It was, some said, worth five hundred dollars an acre. Some said even more.

"I won't always be here to look after her," Cora said.

Mrs. Cass nodded—a little too quickly, Cora felt.

"I'd feel a lot easier about going if I knowed she was settled."

Mrs. Cass rocked thoughtfully while Cora, in her mind, helped Della rearrange the furniture. She wondered whether the picture of her own mother, Grandma Harriss, with a little trimming, could be made to fit the walnut frame Jim Cass was in above the mantelpiece.

"I tell you what's the honest truth," Mrs. Cass said, "and I know you won't take offense, but the man that marries Della, he's gonna have his troubles."

"Della knows how to do. You've et her pies at the meetings."

Mrs. Cass went on rocking.

"She made me this dress I got on."

Mrs. Cass rocked forward, squinted at the dress. "She make it from a pattern?"

"No. She just took my measure and started cutting."

MRS. CASS seemed satisfied, almost pleased, and Cora got up to take her leave. She asked how Mr. Cass was feeling.

"Right poorly," Mrs. Cass said.

Cora left with a cluck of pity and a lightness in her walk.

"How come you're so late for your supper?" Cora asked that evening when Della came home to meat fried black with waiting.

"It was a fight up to the store," Della said.

Cora snorted. "Lafe and Nevil, I reckon."

Della, with a nod, took over the serving of the supper, and it nettled Cora that Della should have stopped to watch two young hellions spilling each other's blood. Lafe Manson and Nevil Sands were always off somewhere fighting or making trouble. They had, with their bare hands, torn up every sapling within sight of Gus Falk's store, because the older men made bets against their strength. They had lifted hay wagons, (*Continued on page* 48)

ILLUSTRATED BY FLOYD M. DAVIS

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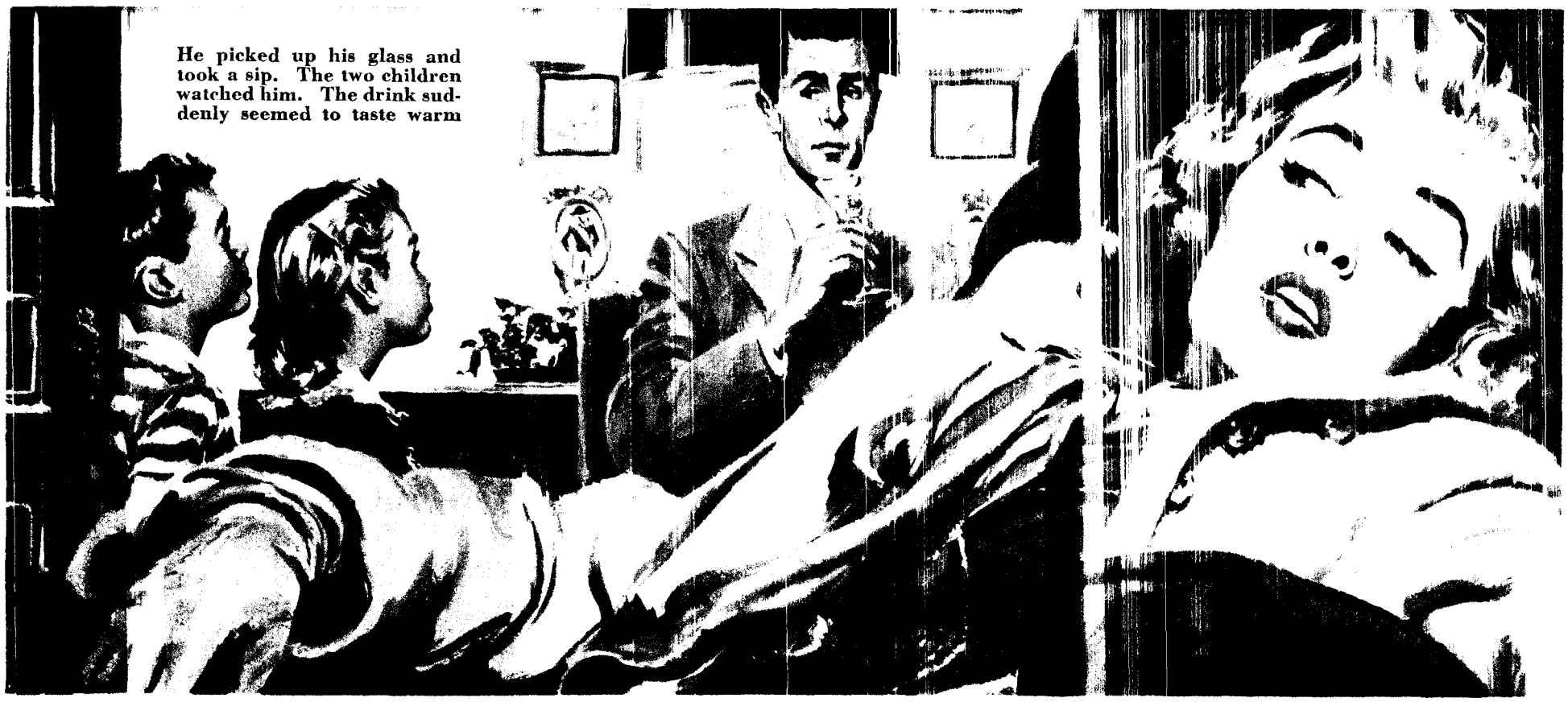

He picked up his glass and took a sip. The two children watched him. The drink suddenly seemed to taste warm

HENRY LUHRS

Success Story

By CHARLES CARVER

THE evening paper slipped to his lap and George Miller stared through the trembling train window into the suburban twilight. Two minutes remained before the local would pull into Glenwood, and idly, to the tune of the beating wheels, he created in the gathering darkness the scene of his home-coming as he would like it to be.

His mind's eye saw the door thrown wide in welcome and Lillian standing there, framed in the light and warmth.

At her side was Carol, all starched and fair, smiling up at him like a cherub of cream and roses. Little George stood slightly behind his mother and sister, his expression alert and manly.

In his imagination he kissed each one in turn and let them lead him to his large chair in the living room. He sat there like a king while Carol clambered to his knees and Lillian stirred the Martini she had made in advance. "Well, darling," she said. "Have a good day?"

He paused significantly as the three of them waited breathlessly for his news. "Oh, nothing much happened, I guess. Oh, yes. One little thing. They made me district manager, effective the first."

Gasping with excitement, eyes brimming with admiration, they clustered about him. "George, how marvelous!" cried Lillian. "Did you hear that, children? Daddy's been made district manager!"

Then a loud hiss of air as the train braked to a stop. "Glenwood!" shouted the conductor. And the curtain fell with a thump on his wistful vision.

Even a district manager, he thought bitterly, is without praise in his own home. He would gladly exchange all the hearty handshakes and congratulations at the office for one trivial bit of magic which would bring home to Lillian and the children the extent of his success.

With melancholy amusement he remembered the profound effect of the announcement of his last promotion. "How fine," Lillian had said, but two minutes later they were deep in a discussion about storm sashes. And later, when he had tried to explain to little George that Daddy had gone up a step at the office, the boy had turned dishearteningly venal and had suggested that now perhaps he could have a bicycle like Sammy Skinner's. . . .

Treading with tired steps toward his unappreciative home, George Miller sighed deeply. Maybe it would be less disappointing not to tell them at all. But he knew that he could no more hold in his news than could any other reasonably vain husband and father. He must simply prepare himself for an exceedingly casual ovation.

He was entirely unprepared, however, to find a policeman on the porch trying to reason with his weeping daughter through the screen door. Between spells of sobbing, his dream-child was beating her small fists against the screen and shouting at the law. "You can't shoot our dog," she cried in a shrill voice. "Go away! You're hateful!"

The policeman heard George approaching and turned. He was embarrassed and perspiring. "What's the matter?" asked George nervously.

"Nothing bad, sir. A dog caused a little trouble about an hour ago—nipped a child—and we're checking dog owners in the neighborhood." He looked balefully down at Carol. "This little miss was the only one at home, and so—"

"He wants to shoot Taffy!" Carol burst out.

The policeman mopped his brow. "I wanted to know," he explained patiently, "if the dog had been shot. You know—shots, injections."

George sighed with relief. "Yes," he said, "about four months ago. By the way, where is she? Did you pick her up?"

"Not yet," said the law. "The reports are all mixed up. In fact a little boy down the road said it wasn't a dog at all—swore it was a tiger. I don't know," he said in a tired voice, "sometimes I think I had it better in the Army." He walked dejectedly toward the next house.

George wiped the tears from Carol's face. "Where's your mother?"

"She went to the doctor's with Georgie," the cherub replied. "Georgie got bit."

"What!" He pictured a rabid dog leaping with slavering jaws at his boy. He turned toward the telephone, but as he did so he heard the sound of tires on gravel and looked out to see Lillian drive up with George beside her. The car stopped and she rushed to him. "Thank Heaven you're home! There's a mad dog loose somewhere and Taffy's disappeared and Georgie was bitten . . ."

He put a comforting arm about her and glanced down at little George. "Where'd he bite you, boy?"

George looked at the ground and blushed.

"It didn't break the skin," said Lillian unsteadily, "but I took him to the doctor's to make sure."

"Was it Taffy who bit you?"

"Naw. It was some strange dog."

George led his wife into the living room and to his comfortable chair by the reading lamp. "Stay here," he said. "I'll make you a drink. You've had a bad time." She looked tired and upset, and her hair was wind-blown. He hurried into the kitchen and mixed a Manhattan, enough for both of them. "Here," he said heartily.

"Do you think they'll bring Taffy back?" asked George suddenly. "Do you suppose she's dead?"

Carol began to cry.

"Now shut up, both of you!" shouted George. "Taffy's often been out this late." He looked at his watch. "After all, it's only six thirty."

He picked up his glass and took a sip. The two children watched him silently. He took a second swallow, conscious of their eyes upon him. How different, he thought ruefully, from the eager audience he had imagined on the train. What would a mere promotion matter to them now when their hearts were out in the lonely darkness with Taffy? The drink suddenly seemed to taste sirupy and warm, and he put it down in defeat. "All right," he said defensively, "I'll go look. But just once around the block, mind you."

He drove slowly around the block. No dog. So he widened his route to include two blocks, then four, then eight. The thought of the three of them seeing him return empty-handed enlarged his misery, and he drove unhappily on along the dark streets, stopping now and then to whistle and call.

Finally, just when he had reconciled himself to failure, Taffy loped up, wagging her tail with delight at seeing him.

WHEN he walked into his house again leading Taffy, the children rushed to the dog, then to him. They crawled all over him, wanting to know where and how he had found her. They couldn't have been more jubilant if he had brought back a sackful of gold. Even Lillian was smiling broadly. She had changed and brushed her hair while he had been hunting, and the warm odor of dinner drifted into the room. "Your Manhattan," she said, handing him the glass. "I kept it in the refrigerator for you." And then she said, quite low, "George, you're wonderful. How in the world did you find her?"

"He's got X-ray eyes, like Superman," announced Georgie proudly.

"He sent the policeman away," added Carol. "He was going to shoot Taffy if Daddy hadn't come." She looked at him worshipfully.

"The conquering hero," said Lillian, "deserves a hearty meal."

They were all looking at him and smiling. It was a wonderful feeling, the closest he had come to his vision since stepping off the train. He looked from Lillian to little George to Carol, and wisely he decided not to lose the moment or to change it one iota.

"Let's go," he said, rising and swinging Carol in his arms. "This hero's hungry as a big shaggy bear!"

THE END

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The Story of 'Carbine' Williams

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 23

His intense regionalism colors the whole fabric of Williams' personality. It expresses itself in his frontiersmanlike headgear—which he buys custom-made, four or five at a time, for as high as $100 each—and in his pistol, without which he would feel undressed. He has even worn his weapon under a dinner jacket when required to attend formal functions in Connecticut. During one plushy affair, it slipped out of its holster and clattered across the floor, to the consternation of the ladies present. Williams describes this as one of the rare occasions in his life when he has experienced embarrassment.

Though no heavy drinker, he occasionally wants a nip; when he does, he resorts to "stumphole," a generic term in his locality for illegal liquor, deriving from the moonshiner's practice of caching supplies in hollow tree trunks at the approach of revenue agents. All other alcoholic beverages Williams refers to contemptuously as "guv'ment liquor."

"I've drunk plenty of the stuff up No'th, where they don't serve nothing else," Williams confesses, "but I always felt like a traitor."

He keeps farmers' hours. "Where I hail from," he says, "a fellow who'd lie abed after 6:00 A.M. wouldn't dare face up to decent folk." In a one-man machine shop, a step from his front door, he tinkers with gun parts from dawn to dusk. There isn't a chair in the shop; he prefers to stand at his workbench. Strong as a draft horse, five feet 10 inches tall and weighing 180 pounds, he can—and, as a parlor stunt, sometimes does—bend a 60-penny wire nail with his bare hands.

When ready to test a gun, he flings open the back door of the shop and lets fly into the empty fields that stretch ahead for miles. The neighbors no longer even change expression at the rattle of machine guns and the crack of rifles. A deadeye marksman, Williams, in his more reckless years, used to shoot cigarettes out of his youngest brother Gordon's mouth, but he abandoned this sport when a defective bullet fragmented in mid-air.

Red Spies Don't Worry Him

In the interests of security he carries unfinished work to the house at night and delivers his final designs immediately upon drawing them. "None of them Commy spies would get far around here," he says, patting his pistol.

He takes very little pleasure from such conventional relaxations as card games ("Gambling's against my personal religion"), movies or golf. He does read a good deal, especially Civil War history. Lee is his beau ideal, and Kipling's poem, If, is his favorite philosophical statement. Exposed to serious music by a pianist he met in New Haven, he has accumulated some 5,000 phonograph recordings, none of them more frivolous than Debussy's Quartet in G Minor.

When the quail are flying over Cumberland County, however, nothing can keep Williams indoors. Shouldering one of a score of guns that always stand loaded in the rack, he hunts at least an hour a day from fall to winter. His son often hunts with him. "I carry a knife to cut me a birch rod in case the boy's shooting ain't what it should be," he says.

Williams was the fifth in a series of 11 children (eight boys, three girls) born of two marriages to James Claud Williams, a wealthy tobacco and cotton grower and one of the county's best-loved citizens. An elder of the local Scotch Presbyterian Church, James was an austere but just man, who chastised boyish waywardness with a harness strap. He died seven years ago at eighty-three of third-degree burns, after his clothes caught fire from a coal heater. "While Pa was close with his money," says the son, "he'd spend any necessary amount on his children. There was no limit to what he wouldn't do for us."

The future inventor frequently rated a thrashing. "I was wild," he says, "but wild like a healthy animal, not like them Yankee college boys." Hunting was a passion of his, then as now. But unlike his brothers who tramped the backwoods with him, he acquired an insatiable technical curiosity about the firearms themselves. At the age of ten he was constructing his own.

"I'd make the barrel out of a reed," he relates, "and the stock, hammer and trigger out of juniper wood. I'd varnish the reed, wrap it with layers of thread, same kind Ma used for sewing, so it'd stand a charge of black powder, and tie it to the stock with twine. I'd drill an opening near the center for a touchhole. For a primer I'd cut the head off a kitchen match, holding it in place with one of Ma's old metal corset stays. I'd pivot the wooden hammer on a shingle nail and operate it with a rubber band. I'd ram a buckshot down the barrel and release the band. The nail head would strike the corset stay, which would fire the match and touch off the powder . . ."

He has preserved one of these boyhood weapons, a short-barreled pistol, which still works. On a recent visit to Fort Bragg, he took it along and fired it for the benefit of skeptical GIs. The buckshot drilled an inch-thick pine board.

At the age of seventeen, after a brief (and underage) fling in the Navy and a year at a military academy, Williams married a girl whose books he had carried to school since the first grade; they moved into a house his father owned, overlooking the railroad tracks.

The newlyweds had a bitter economic struggle, but it did not occur to Williams to appeal to his family for help. "I wasn't gonna owe anybody a red cent and, by God, I never have," he says. One blazing summer afternoon, when he had ridden the train to Fayetteville, about 15 miles from Godwin, he found himself a nickel short of the fare back. There were numerous friends of the family in Fayetteville who would have gladly loaned it to him. He chose to walk home.

For a time he worked as a section hand on the railroad, swinging a pick and shovel 10 hours a day, six days a week, at a wage of $1.40 a day. The physical demands of the job were no strain, but it scarcely satisfied his craving for adventure and independence. He turned to an occupation that promised both. He became a moonshiner.

In a gem of understatement he reports: "The demands for whisky in that country were very great." So were the profits. A gallon of "stumphole," costing perhaps $2 to distill, sold for between $10 and $20. Furthermore, moonshining was not considered disreputable. "There was tradition behind it," Williams maintains. "It was almost like a religion. A man felt he had a God-given right to make liquor if he wanted to without any meddling from the guv'ment."

After studying the formula under oldtimers in the trade, he organized, unknown to his wife or parents, a band of five kindred spirits and rigged up a still in the woods. The venture prospered for a year.

When the Still Was Raided

Then, on July 22, 1921, six law officers, including Sheriff N. H. McGeachy, of Cumberland County, and Deputy Sheriff Al Pate, burst into the still with drawn guns. Shots were exchanged; the moonshiners scattered. Hiding out in a corn patch that evening, Williams overheard two farmers discussing the raid. Al Pate, he learned, had been killed; as boss of the still, Marsh Williams was wanted for murder.

He hurried to his father's home. The old gentleman was too shattered by the blow to utter a word of reproach. His only concern was his son's peril. At one point, during a family council that lasted all night, he proposed to sneak him somehow out of the country. It was the boy's mother who argued that the only honorable course was surrender. In the morning Williams, accompanied by his father and brothers, drove into Godwin to meet Sheriff McGeachy.

He was indicted for first-degree murder, which carried a mandatory death penalty. (The other moonshiners got off with a few months on a chain gang.) The first trial ended in disagreement. There was no second trial. On the advice of his lawyers, Williams accepted the state's offer of a lighter sentence in return for a plea of guilty to second-degree murder. The sentence was 30 years at hard labor. Williams was then 20.

"I figured I'd make it all right like I promised my folks," he says. "I figured the situation was not impossible."

But his inability to show meekness of spirit cost him dearly. He served in four different prison camps, each increasingly tougher. One of them, called Caledonia No. 2, had once been closed by public protest when a newspaper exposed its Devil's

COLLIER'S "After they pop it their interest lags" ROBERT DAY

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island conditions. Reopened under a presumably enlightened administration, it was not radically improved. Meals often consisted of molasses and bread, one helping. The work, mostly clearing land, lasted 12 hours a day; for stopping to tie a shoelace without permission from the guard, a prisoner risked solitary confinement. Williams twice spent a month in solitary, subsisting on bread and water. Prisoners who tried to escape, if not shot dead in the attempt, worked thereafter in ankle chains.

In a second camp in the Blue Ridge Mountains, whose warden, Captain Tom Peoples, had a reputation for extreme severity, prisoners were chained to their bunks at night. Plumbing was so inadequate that during his entire stay of two months Williams never washed. "I knew I wasn't gonna make it in that place, after all," he says. "I planned an escape with some of the others. We bribed a guard to slip us a revolver." But before the plan could be executed, both Peoples and his charges were transferred to Caledonia No. 1, a camp for incorrigibles.

It was in 1923, during his second year of imprisonment, that Williams' technical interest in guns reasserted itself. He does not view the change as the result of moral regeneration. "It's like when a cornstalk gets to a certain height and just naturally tassels out," he says. "It would have happened wherever I'd been and under any circumstances." In any case, it was a reversion to what had made him happiest as a boy, and in it he found peace of mind.

The first idea he evolved was a riflebreech mechanism that would not jam in rain, mud or sand. This he presently set aside for the more challenging floating chamber and short-stroke piston principles. He devoted to them all his infrequent moments of leisure at night and Sundays.

At first he did so openly. The camp authorities did not interfere. Then some prisoners smuggled out reports of prison life to a newspaperman, and Captain Peoples banned all writing materials. Williams acquired a magician's adroitness at palming pencils. He did not, however, fool Peoples long. But though the captain was a martinet, he respected ability. In the spring of 1925 he wrote an unusual letter to Williams' mother: "I would like to say to you that Marshall is getting along fine. I have placed him in a good, easy job where he can follow his talent, work out his mechanical ideas, etc., and I shall do everything in my power to help the boy."

No More Striped Clothes

He kept his word. Williams was assigned to the blacksmith shop, later became a trusty and no longer wore stripes. In the shop, amid his official duties repairing farm equipment, he had time to build gun models. When he asked permission to test them, Peoples not only acceded, but furnished him with cartridges, a unique mark of confidence.

Through lawyers engaged by his father, Williams inquired into patent procedure, but the voluminous correspondence irked him. Despite the conceivable danger of being anticipated by some other inventor, he coolly elected to wait until he was a free man and could apply for patents in person. Rumors of Caledonia's prodigy, meantime, had leaked out in newspaper stories. They reached the Colt Company in Hartford, and Williams received a request for further information. He ignored it.

The newspaper stories also stirred up a clamor for his release. Early in 1929 Captain Peoples sauntered into the blacksmith shop. "Marsh," said he, "better order our farm machinery for next year right now. I don't think you're going to be with us long." The following September, the governor pardoned Williams.

Almost his first act after returning home was a gesture to show that he harbored no rancor: He paid Sheriff McGeachy a courtesy call. Then, with the help of his brothers, he built his machine shop, equipping it with the electromechanical tools he had lacked at Caledonia. For another two years he toiled patiently to achieve perfect models. When he was finally satisfied, he departed for Washington, filed his patent applications and located Hatcher.

In spite of his fundamental disapproval of Northern ways, Williams arrived at a temporary working tolerance in the years that followed. Like a philosopher forced by circumstances to sojourn among strange tribes, he resolved to make the best of it. He even managed, with some misgivings, to enjoy certain native social activities such as night clubs, theaters and parties at which people consumed "guv'ment liquor."

"The No'th," he says, "seems to bring out the Mr. Hyde in me." In addition to buying the New Haven mansion, which he staffed with servants and where he entertained ducally, he purchased two expensive automobiles. As a hobby, he collected diamonds, about half a million dollars' worth. He never wore any, just kept them around to look at. (His only jeweled adornment is a gold-inlaid belt studded with rubies.)

Cash for a Diamond Ring

His shopping habits reflected his lifelong aversion to debt. A bank check being a form of IOU, he always paid cash, carrying wads of it wherever he went. While he was exploring the Fifth Avenue jewelry stores in New York one day, his fancy was caught by an emerald-cut diamond the size of a postage stamp, set in a platinum ring. "How much?" he asked.

The salesman eyed him with lofty amusement, and murmured, "Forty-four thousand dollars."

Williams tossed 44 bills on the counter. "Don't bother to wrap it," he said. He dropped it nonchalantly into a pocket and walked out.

With his steadily mounting wealth, Williams made some colorful business investments. "Putting my money entirely in stocks and bonds didn't appeal to me," he says. Instead he bought into hotels, restaurants and night clubs, leaving the actual management to partners who knew the business. In New Jersey he financed a vitamin factory. With all of these ventures he had beginner's luck. "One night club we ran in Connecticut," he says, "sold more liquor than any other place in the state."

But the moment he prepared to return South, he shed most of his Northern acquisitions like so many ill-fitting garments. The only souvenirs remaining of his life with the Yankees are his phonograph records, his diamonds and several cases of vitamin pills. He takes the pills himself now and then and presses them upon friends for whatever may ail them.

At present one invention keeping Williams occupied is an aircraft machine gun. Still in an experimental stage, it fires more than 2,000 rounds per minute, exceeding the speed of any now in operation.

Winchester pays Williams an annual retainer for first look at all his inventions. Those they reject he is free to offer to other arms companies. One of these companies is considering building a factory-size laboratory on the Williams farm for experiments with automatic cannon, a project which would run into millions.

Williams never attempts to conceal his prison record. On the contrary, he mentions it freely and in a tone that defies anybody to look down on him. "I don't bow my head to no man," he says. Of the many public honors conferred upon him, he is proudest of having been elected deputy sheriff by numerous townships from New Haven to El Paso, qualifying him for membership in the National Sheriffs' Association —high recognition, indeed, for an ex-convict.

Not long ago, the warden of Central Prison at Raleigh, where Williams stayed briefly after his conviction, persuaded him to address the prisoners. Jaw jutting and voice steely with defiance, "Carbine" Williams told them: "Never forget this—because you're doing time don't mean you're a broken man." THE END

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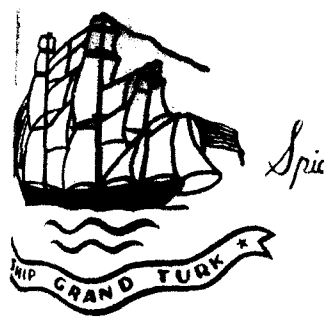

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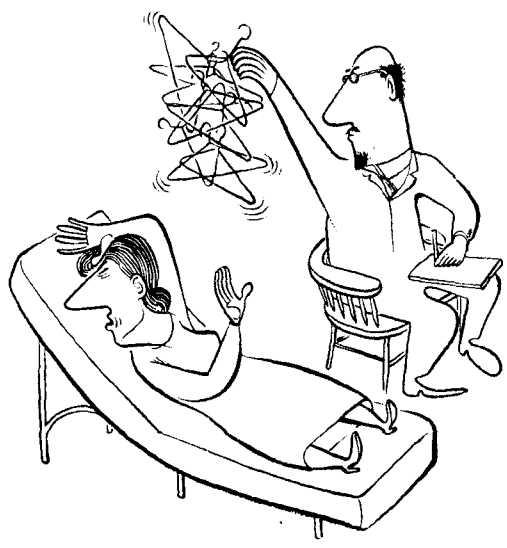

Their other neuroses vanish immediately

It would have taken too much patience

VIRGIL PARTCH

They wouldn't work out as archery bows

What about Wire Clothes Hangers?

By GURNEY WILLIAMS

An attempt to bring a common problem to a head—or at least *some*where

A FELLOW office loafer aroused me from my postluncheon stupor one day some weeks ago and asked me please could I do anything about the wire clothes-hanger situation. The wistfulness of his request galvanized me into action and I plunged into a research project that easily may never be completed, because right now I'm sick of it.

However, my report begins with three facts even a nudist knows.

Fact 1. Wire clothes hangers are no good for coats (or pants, either). Especially overcoats.

Fact 2. They accumulate in a closet at a frightful rate. (I suspect they actually multiply, but I can't prove it. After all, I can't sit around in closets all night just to find out.)

Fact 3. If half a dozen of them are hung on one hook they automatically entwine themselves into a puzzle no magician has yet had the wits to contrive, or unravel.

My first move in collecting data was to drop in and thrash things out with Tony, my local cleaner and cuff patcher. He was pressing my double-breasted blue serge.

"Tony," I began, "you do a neat job of pressing a suit, but by the time it's delivered and transferred by my wife to a good hanger, the pants have a horizontal crease, as though my legs were supposed to double sideways, and the coat looks as though it had been hung by the shoulders with clothespins."

"So you don't like epaulets," said Tony. "With each pressing job I'm supposed to include a polished ebony hanger?"

"Well, no," I said. "But who are you fooling with that half-round piece of cardboard over the trouser bar? They fall off and pile up on the closet floor and some people can't find their shoes on a cold morning. Also, why is tissue paper wrapped around hangers used for women's dresses?"

Tony shrugged. "The cardboard I didn't invent," he replied, "but the ladies like tissue and it dresses up the hangers."

"It dresses up the hangers," I snorted, "about as much as a linen vest would dress up a medical school skeleton."

"But who," asked Tony, "would put a linen vest on a—?"

"Skip it," I cut in. "But from now on kindly have your driver wear my suits when he delivers them, so they'll arrive in a condition resembling the human form."

"Ha, ha, some joke," said Tony slipping my suit onto a hanger (wire). "Excuse me now, please. I'm busy."

I went next door and had a beer.

Having thus reviewed Facts 1 and 2, let us now take up No. 3. (If you've forgotten it, you'll still find it up there at the beginning.)

One spring evening about 22 years ago, when I was an undergraduate at Michigan, I had just walked into a sorority house to take one of the girls to a movie when somebody screamed that a corner of the roof was smoking. After telephoning the Ann Arbor Fire Department I grabbed a hand extinguisher and ran upstairs to see if I could reach the fire from a third-floor window.

The sight that confronted me on the second floor stopped me cold. At least 18 frantic girls were clawing desperately in bedroom closets trying to remove their wire-hangered clothing from rods, hooks and nails. You can imagine the futility of their frenzied efforts. The more they tugged, the tighter the hangers doggedly knotted themselves together.

By the time the firemen arrived, most of the gals had given up trying to save their dresses and were dumping the intimate contents of their dresser drawers into suitcases. At this point, being both a fascinated and delighted spectator, I had forgotten the fire and never did get to the third floor (nor was I ever again permitted to enter their front door). Fortunately, the blaze was quickly snuffed out without great damage; but the experience made me resolve then and there never to keep my clothes on wire hangers in any closet in any structure that might catch fire.

As an aside, and because it's the only good thing I have to say about the scrawny subject at hand, I have lived to regret this decision. Since then, on two separate occasions I've lost two complete wardrobes through burglary in my home—a loss that might not have occurred had I been using wire hangers, since it would have taken too much time and patience on the part of the second-story men to get the stuff out of the closet.

In the course of my recent investigation I learned that a St. Louis psychiatrist apparently is the only person in any direction from Missouri who makes practical use of wire hangers in his professional work. He hands each new patient a dozen or so, tangled in a pattern unknown to geometry students, and gives him or her half an hour to resolve the cluster into separate hangers. The effort gives the patients frustration complexes that make their original neuroses vanish immediately. It is then only a matter of 10 more visits before the psychiatrist clears up the wire-hanger frustration and the couch recliner is able to walk out and confidently face a New Dawn.

Diligent research did not disclose who manufactures wire hangers. This is still a mystery and is of no great importance, except I'll bet one thing. I'll bet the manufacturers and their wives use wishbone-shaped wooden and plastic jobs instead of their own product. You want to bet?

Well, let's get down to business. What to do with the things? One associate suggested you could distribute them among the children in your neighborhood for use as archery bows, but this is manifestly ridiculous. You know perfectly well that if you fit the nock of an arrow into a wire-trouser bar and give it about a three-pound pull the hanger assumes roughly the shape of a diamond—and keeps it. The only merit in the idea is that nobody would have to worry about where the arrows might fall, because they'd never even start anywhere.

Another colleague reminded me that the bathroom medicine-cabinet razor-blade disposal problem had been solved by providing a colorful container labeled Daddy's Old Blades, so why couldn't . . .

I interrupted him by pointing out it would take a 50-gallon garbage can to take care of hangers; that it would not look well, no matter how gaily decorated, in bedroom or boudoir; and that anyway such a device would, in the average home, be filled in approximately 12 minutes. Then what?

The only suggestion I have to offer is that you smuggle your collection into the closets of cheap hotels. Cheap hotels love wire clothes hangers. Some expensive hotels do, too—and shame on them.

THE END

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Love Among the Savages

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 27

Matthew showed his worn carpetbag.

"But this is all I brought," he said.

"Ah, well," said Mrs. Greenleaf, motioning Harvey to his duty, and entering her carriage, followed by Matthew and Laura. Harvey entered the second with the carpetbag. The colonel's smart, paired bays took them over the cobblestones through shaded streets.

He looked at Laura and spoke to her silently. Whatever else might be strange, she was not. Her parasol cast shade over her but could not extinguish the radiance that she gave to him. When the sparkling carriages drew up before the red-brick quarters at Fort Porter, he gave her his hand to help her down, and his heart sank with doubts about his fairness to her after all.

Lieutenant Greenleaf said his father was waiting, and had a particular reason to see Matthew.

"Can you tell me what?"

"Not really, Matt. Come along."

Perhaps there was nothing in this to make him feel uneasy, but that was how he felt, anyway. The two young officers went to the headquarters building. Fort Porter held only a token garrison on its high bank of the Niagara River but all was splendidly maintained. The lawns were clipped and rolled, the flower beds were on parade, the white trim of the rosy brick buildings gleamed, the fieldpieces mounted in grassy plots were polished.

The commanding officer greeted Matthew with warmth. "Well, well, Matthew," he said, "we're glad to see somebody in the Army who's really doing something."

"Thank you, sir."

For the younger man was plainly a warrior and, without meaning to, by his mere presence brought shame to any man who was not.

The colonel turned to his son. "Harvey, if you don't mind?" he said, indicating the door.

"Yes, sir. I'll wait for you outside, Matt," Harvey said, and departed.

ALONE with Matthew, the colonel said, "Just a word or two with you, my boy. Difficult to put it well, but believe you will understand, later, if not now."

"Yes, sir."

"Let me ask you, first: You've been on those campaigns into Mexico, with Crook?"

"Yes, sir."

"Pretty dangerous, eh?" the colonel asked hungrily.

"Yes, sir."

"Yes, I've heard. Months of overland marches, deserts, mountains and so forth?"

"Yes, sir. Sometimes had to kill our horses for meat. Plenty of places we had to lead them on mountain trails."

The colonel looked Matthew over with a deep inward look at himself. Then he sighed. "Well, Matthew, just you remember to do one thing. Just you do what you make up your own mind to do, and stick to it, and don't pay no mind to anybody else. Hear? I'm pulling for you, son, and you do what you ought to do, regardless, and if you have to be a soldier spite of hell or high water, you just go and—" He waved his hand in the air vaguely.

"Well," concluded the colonel, "you will want to run along. You'll want to talk to Laura. Thank God you're here at last. She's been impossible. Harvey?" he said, opening the door, and turning his visitor over to his son again. . . .

The two young men returned to the family quarters where they would share rooms. Matthew looked for Laura, but was told she was being fitted for her dress. There were two dressmakers behind insubstantial barricades in one of the front rooms where women, including several he could not account for, came and went with impenetrable importance. Lacquered cabs rolled up to the door with messages, parcels, or visitors hour by hour. Decorators wandered around measuring in the air with finger and eye.

A personage with a German accent and a wheezing voice considered one place after another in which to install his orchestra. Pretty girls all exactly alike had charge of the rear drawing room where the wedding presents were being arranged for display. Harvey, who was to be best man, set a tone of affable distaste with all such concerns, and consumed time and beer with Matthew while they talked.

"Bismarck is coming," Harvey stated.

This was the classmate who had come two years ago to the house party at which Matthew and Laura were engaged. His real name was something else, but a self-imagined likeness to the Prussian chancellor, whom he admired, had earned him his nickname at West Point.

Matthew did not comment.

"He's coming from Washington, where he commands a desk outside the door of somebody in the War Department," added Harvey.

The two young officers smiled with the superiority of field soldiers.

"I don't know who invited him," said Matthew.

"You don't? You could guess. He's rich, and social, and a general's son, and my hunch is he's never given up, yet, on Laura."

"Did he really propose to her that time?"

"Yes, and again after you made it."

"The devil he did."

"Yes, she told me so. She was flattered. Besides, he had encouragement, I think."

"Not from Laura!"

"No, but you're warm. Mother. He's exactly what Ma wants for Laura. He could be managed in everything. Something like Pa."

"Your father?"

"This is between us, Matt. But my dad is a disappointed old soldier. He let me know it once. Every time he had an assignment to a real command, out in the West, or the Northwest, Ma made him ask for a transfer. They stayed in Washington, New York, Philadelphia, and once they were sent abroad with an embassy, and all for what she wanted. He hasn't really been with troops since he was before he was married. Think of that."

"Oh. I see. Yes, I see," Matthew said absently. He muttered an excuse to Harvey and then went roaming the house looking for Laura. In the wide hall he encountered Mrs. Greenleaf, who put out her hands to him and smiled at him charmingly, confident in her years and her position. She drew him into the silk-brocaded drawing room to sit with her in a ferny corner.

"Matthew," she said, "it is so good to have you. We must begin taking care of you. You look so thin and worn after all those impossible experiences out West. When can we expect the rest of your things to arrive?"

"My things?"

"Yes, I noticed your hand luggage; surely there must be more than that to ship from Arizona?"

"Why, yes, I do have a few other things, but I won't need them here."

"Perhaps not here, my dear boy, but surely at your next station?"

COLLIER'S

"The most wonderful thing, dear: *you* got a letter from the *President of the United States!* Shall I read it to you? It says: 'Greetings: — — — — — — —!' "

FRITZ WILKINSON

"Maybe I would, but we're going to be in Arizona for quite a while yet, Mrs. Greenleaf."

She put her hand on the lace at her bosom. "But why? But why?" she asked winningly. "You are only just here. And surely you have had enough service out there? Isn't it surely time to go someplace else?"

She looked about her at the order and beauty of her house; she had known order and beauty all her life, and she wanted them for her daughter.

Matthew felt a threat in her words, and so spoke more roughly than he wanted to. "I don't dictate my service, and wherever I have to go, so does my wife."

Mrs. Greenleaf said coldly, "My dear lieutenant, you do not need to lecture me on the Army. I have been in the Army all my life. I know perfectly well you could apply for a transfer; and with your new connections, I know perfectly well it would be granted."

New connections. He tightened his jaws. "May I see Laura?" he asked.

"And that's another thing," said Mrs. Greenleaf. "Have you no consideration for her? Can you imagine taking her back with you to a place like that? Why, I thought you loved her."

"I do." He stood up. "Maybe you're right. I don't know who's right. Maybe she does. Where is she?"

Mrs. Greenleaf suffered in silent refinement for a moment before replying. What rude force was this intruding into her established terms of life and threatening to take away something frail and precious? And then she said, almost pityingly, "Laura, my dear boy, is an extremely busy young lady just now. I will tell her you asked, and you may see her later." She put her hand on his arm. "And I am sure you will do the most considerate thing, Matthew?"

She left him with a rustle of silk.

BUT at last he stood with Laura, when the post turned out for retreat, which under Colonel Greenleaf was a ceremony of some style. The officers were in blue dress with epaulets and swords. The ladies were dressed for tea. The field music wore white pantaloons and gloves with their dress tunics and belts. An honor guard in dress uniform was drawn up beside a brass howitzer that commanded the river. Orderlies at the flagpole stood ready with the halyards. Over the bright figures reached the last, long rays of the setting sun, gilding in bright fire the edges of all things facing it.

When the gun pounded, and gave golden smoke over the dark-green river, the flag came slowly down as if with its own colors to join a brilliant, quiet garden. And then in a moment the picture moved, the guard marched briskly away to bugles and snare drums, and the grassy bluff above the river was animated with the released ladies and gentlemen. Long shadows were falling in Canada across the river and Matthew had her hand and took her with him to an old stone revetment grown with moss and violets.

He laughed, shaking his head. "You ought to see how we do it out there."

"Retreat?"

"Nothing but hard bare clay, and one trumpeter, and not a stir of wind, but you breathe the heat that comes up from the ground. You step out of your hut to salute the colors and then step back in to wait till dark before lighting a fire to cook with."

"It doesn't matter. However it is—we'll manage."

She smiled sweetly up at him, but it was plain that she had no real idea of what life was like at Fort Delivery, Arizona.

"I want you to understand, Laura," he said. "My quarters on the desert are a one-room adobe house with a hut out in back for cooking. You go in a door and facing you across the room is a square window. Right now there's nothing but a big bed, a table made of a plank, and a lamp and some candles, and a few books. The next house is 10 yards away. It has *two* rooms. The man who lives there is a *first* lieutenant. There's no grass, and the CO's house is the only one with a roofed porch. The men live in a long row of one-story barracks. The horses live better, almost."

"Shall I be able to ride?" she asked.

He looked at her gloomily; he was determined that she should know what she was getting into, and yet afraid of what her decision might be.

"Yes, unless the whole garrison is off on a chase. Then the women are alone with the maintenance people, and at such times the Apaches might raid. They know everything, such as what troop movements we're making. Do you know what we have to do when we leave? We have to leave guns and ammunition with the women. They have all learned to shoot. If there is any danger of their capture, they are ordered to use the bullets on their children and themselves."

"Oh!"

"Yes, it is hard. But not as hard as what would happen otherwise."

"Oh, Matt."

"Yes, we know. We have seen the things."

"Tell me."

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"I never could. Never. Laura," he said against her cheek, holding her, "I am asking a tremendous lot of you. Is it too much?"

"Matt, darling, you don't know how clever I can be. With all our things, you won't know your quarters when I am done with them."

"Things?"

"You haven't seen our wedding gifts. They're wonderful. Come see."

He could not help laughing, even while he felt desperate because she would not really believe what awaited her out West.

"But, my sweet child," he said, "we cannot take anything with us but what we can carry. How would we get them there? And where would we put them? Someday we can settle down with all your pretties, in some nice old Army post, but not yet."

"Oh, but when I show you—"

"Yes, we'll look at them this evening. I am sure everybody in the Army has showered us. Perhaps your father would store our things for us."

"But there must be *something* we could take—let me think."

Yes, he thought with a smile, some little thing; it is hard to ask her to leave every single thing behind—we'll see. Who could blame her for wanting to bring some small reminder of her life here, with its grace, its amenity, its beautiful possessions?

"Very well," he said handsomely, "you decide. But be sure you really want it, because one present is all we can manage to take along."

"Oh, but wait till you see. They are all *so beautiful.*"

He shook his head. She was like a child, insisting upon her view of the life before her, no matter what he said to prepare her for reality.

She read his troubled silence, and said, "Matt, my dearest, you don't have to convince me. I am convinced. Only, for everybody's happiness, could you do one more little thing? Could you just make Mama see how everything will be all right, and how you will take care of me, and I will be safe? She worries, you know, Matt."

He took a deep breath. "You would not come with me in spite of your parents?"

"I wouldn't want to make them unhappy. You see, it's such a shock to Mama. She thought you would be transferred—she can't believe you have to go right straight back West."

"I'm afraid she already knows my decision."

"Yes, but you can flirt with her, and make her believe everything."

So there was still danger. He hardened himself against it. She saw his love grow distant, and she whispered passionately, "Oh, Matt, without you, I could never—"

Never what? They had no words to say, but they knew what they meant as they kissed: never prefer safety—abandon the self, stare down danger, pursue the unknown, all in honor of life and making life.

IN THE front drawing room, later, they found a tableau. Sitting in a small silk chair facing a half-ring of ladies was a plump young man in uniform, with a yellow mustache cupping over his lively mouth. He was spellbinding his listeners with social reports from Washington, flipping a pair of lavender kid gloves as he talked. The other gentlemen were in the dining room talking about something else.

"Bismarck!" cried Laura, while Matthew took a deep breath, and shook hands.

"Laura, I could hardly bear to come, and then I could not bear not to," said the visitor, pleased that she called him by his nickname.

Matthew noticed jealously that she seemed genuinely glad to see his rival.

"Bismarck, you angel, it is too lovely, your gift."

"Oh, that," he murmured insincerely. "A mere fraction of what I'd like to give you." He turned to Matthew and said, "Ah, well, Matt, I'll have to forgive you, old fellow."

"For what?"

"For beating me out, of course."

"Oh? I wasn't aware," said Matthew.

Laura tactfully drew him away. They went to the mirrored room deep in the house, leaving the wedding guest to resume his thrilling news from Washington.

"Matt, you are dreadful."

"That pincushion."

"Yes, you are jealous," she said, and he laughed sandily. She was delighted. All things worked to make her happy.

"Now see," she said, and took him down the long tables where the bridal loot was arrayed. Silver in every form. Clocks. China. Lamps. Linens. Objects of obscure purpose but evident price. The raw materials of caste. She was innocently exalted by all of it.

"And look, these are wonderful," she said, indicating a beautiful decanter with 12 goblets. "Real Waterford, from England." She lifted a glass and turned it until it made prismatic flashes.

"At least you can drink out of them," he said. "Who sent them?"

"Bismarck." She smiled.

"Yes," he said, and spitefully used Army words, "he has money on the outside."

"Oh, Matt, don't be mean." She pulled him along to other exhibits. "See, this epergne is from General and Mrs. Crook."

That touched him. Perhaps he had some share in the intention of this gift. He saw Mexico again, and felt the reach of his old commander. His temper improved. They were both happy again when Mrs. Greenleaf came to find them.

"Come, children. It is time. We'll go ahead with dinner, anyway. Then we'll see—"

With a beautiful and somewhat unnerving smile she swept them back among the company, and presently dinner was going along rather in the manner of a stately concert, with the hostess as soloist and the host accompanying in a climate of candlelight. They drank suitable toasts with much rising and sitting. The men were all in uniform. The women rustled in their rich silks. In a chance moment of silence, Mrs. Greenleaf said to Bismarck, her left-hand dinner partner, loudly enough to be heard by all, and with deadly playfulness, "He is obstinate. A change of orders could be managed, but no. He is talking of taking her right back to Arizona with him. As I say, there'd be nothing there but love among the savages. The poor impossible darlings."

Laura caught Matthew's eye and pleaded with him for silence. With heavy heart, for he saw calamity coming, he shrugged and smiled at her. But something valiant in his thought reached her. He was thinking that what had been meant in sentimental mockery—love among the savages—was good enough for a life, if he was man enough to make it so, unless all opportunity was already lost this night.

AFTER the guests were gone in their carriages, Mrs. Greenleaf asked for her husband, her daughter and her expected son-in-law to accompany her to the blue drawing room. There she opened a family council, first addressing Matthew, and employing an official style.

"Mr. Hazard, have you possibly reconsidered our conversation of this morning?"

"I have recalled it, ma'am, but without a change of views."

Laura took her breath sharply. "Matt!"

Mrs. Greenleaf lifted her bosom grandly and sadly, forced, as she was, to a melancholy decision. "Colonel," she said to her husband with tragic undertones of satisfaction in her fine voice, "have you an orderly on duty tonight?"

"Yes, my dear, I have."

"Then may I dispatch a number of messages by him at once?"

"For what purpose, Drusilla, if I may ask?"

"By all means," she said generously. "I feel obliged to notify the seamstresses, and the decorators, and the caterers, and all, not to come tomorrow, as I feel further obliged to cease preparations for the happy event that must now be postponed—for how long, is still to be determined."

"Mama!"

"My poor child, we had better be clear about this now than sorry about it later. I have written my little notes, Huntleigh—if you will just have your orderly saddle up and call by for them?"

"One moment, my dear, if you please. Matthew, do you grasp precisely what this is about?" Colonel Greenleaf said.

"Yes, sir. I gather that my failure to ask, or to permit it to be asked, that I be given a transfer of station has led Mrs. Greenleaf to withdraw her consent to my marriage to your daughter."

"I see. Laura, do you still want to marry Matthew, and go West with him?"

Laura was in tears. "I do, I do," she sobbed.

Colonel Greenleaf tugged hard at his mustache. His face was a sudden mottled red. His pale eyes darkened with intensity. He stood, magnificently tailored in his uniform, gripping and ungripping his hands behind him.

"Yes, now that it is plainly understood," he said, "I will make a few remarks. Lieutenant, you are to be commended for devotion to your duty—dangerous duty, and I hope you will remain all your life as sure of your soldier's vocation as you are now. I wish with all my heart that I had been. If you are prepared to sacrifice everything to it, then be assured, everything will be yours."

"Huntleigh!"

"And now, to my wife, I will say that under no circumstances will she be permitted to send out any notes by orderly this evening for the purpose stated. There will be no interruption of preparations, and all will proceed as planned. That is an order."

Mrs. Greenleaf lay back against the blue brocade of her settee, breathless with dismay.

"Huntleigh Greenleaf, I have never in my—"

"And you, Laura, my child," said the colonel, taking his daughter in his arms, "you have now the chance to be a true soldier's wife, and I pray you will meet it fully, with courage and independence and faith. If there is hardship for your husband, it must also be yours, if by sharing it you can lighten his burden. God bless you, my dear girl, and keep you amidst the dangers that await you."

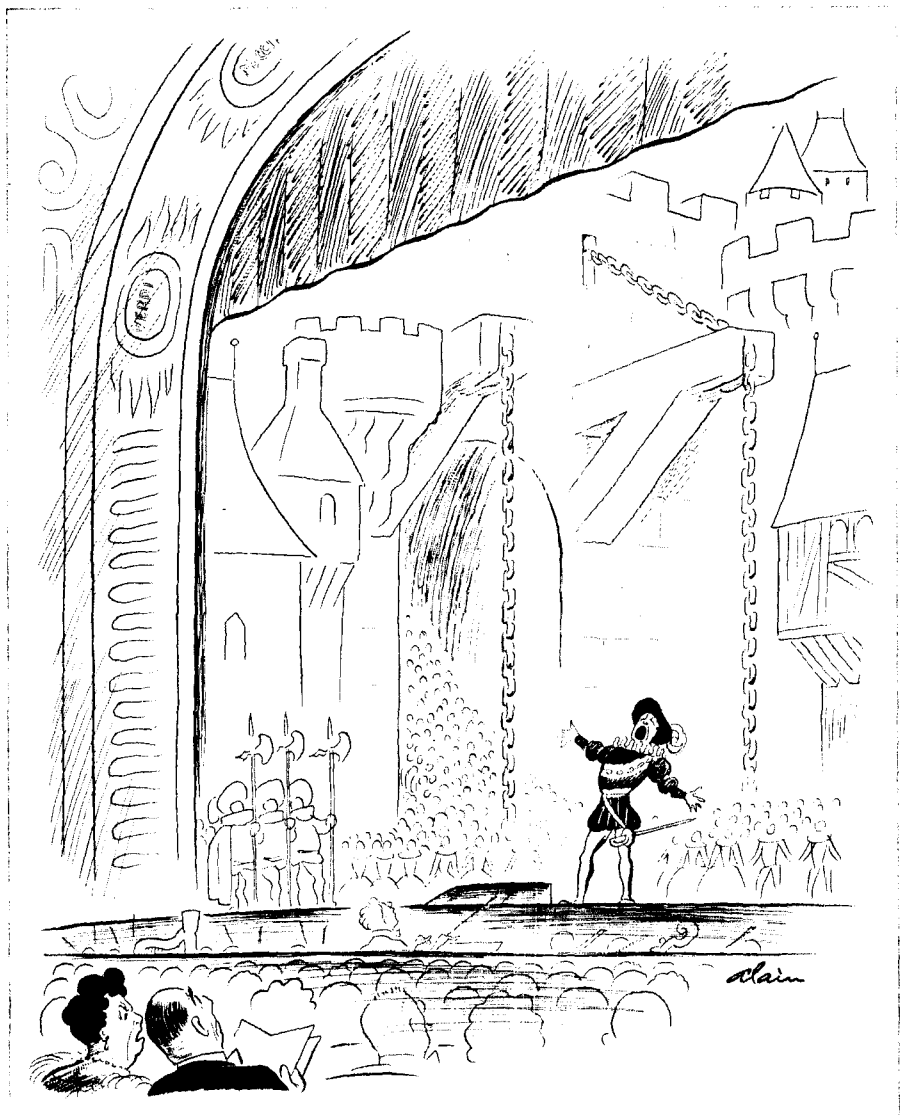
Then the colonel swept them all with a fierce and happy glare and stalked from the room, slamming the door righteously for the first time in 30 years.

THUS it was that, after all, some days later, Matthew stood with Laura his wife before a screen of white roses in the front drawing room, ducking his head and murmuring his thanks for kind sentiments to the slowly moving file of guests who passed on into other rooms for champagne, and tidbits, and excited conversation about the ceremony downtown in St. Joseph's Cathedral.

On the wide stair landing Mr. Schlumpfig and his orchestra, all in scarlet coats, played furious waltzes, while out of doors under the trees Colonel Greenleaf's band blew its way through a succession of concert galops and polkas. Guarding the wedding presents at parade rest stood two young soldiers with fixed bayonets—Colonel Greenleaf's single and eccentric contribution to the amenities.

But the side-paddle steamer Inland Queen sailed from the foot of Main Street at three o'clock for Toledo, and it was a long drive to the pier from Fort Porter. Harvey had their carriage at the back door, already loaded with luggage. If they hoped to get away unseen Matthew and Laura were disappointed, for as they met at the foot of the kitchen stairs, Bismarck brought a cheerful crowd out through the pantry to hail them and see them into their hack. But they made the best of it, and waved, called, smiled. Mrs. Greenleaf came forward and embraced them. To Matthew she said, "You will see. But I hope I am wrong."

But her effort to sustain her tradition was



COLLIER'S **"When we went to see *Guys and Dolls* you didn't want to leave early to beat the crowd!"** ALAIN

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a poor one, and she burst into tears and turned to her husband for comfort, as she had not done for a long time.

Harvey shook hands in the air at them as the carriage moved away. The string waltzes and the brass polkas mingled in the air. Everyone watched the carriage down the drive but as it reached the gates all were astonished to see it come to a stop.

IT DID so on Matthew's orders while he spoke to Laura. "What is this?" he asked, pointing to a large square box heavily corded that sat on the seat facing them.

"You said I might," she declared. "It is the present I picked to bring along."

"But, my sweet darling, look at the size of it. And all the rest of your things—we'll never manage. What is in it?"

"My Waterford glass."

"Your what?"

"The decanter and goblets that you saw."

"Glass? To take to Arizona?" He was dumfounded. And then he was further outraged at a recollection. "You don't mean the stuff that damned fool sent you?"

"I do, Matt. I certainly do, and I intend to have it. You said I could choose, and I did so. And if you think it is going to be easy to go ten thousand miles from here and live in a mud hut without one single decent thing in it, and if you—why then, I simply—" She burst into tears.

She is just nervous, he said to himself; but even so, what did she see in Bismarck that she should take his particular present, of all things?

"I think," he said, "that we'd better leave it off here. I assure you we'll never get it there."

"Oh! You promised!"

"That is true. I did. I expected, though, that you'd take out something more sensible. Easier to carry."

He gestured at all her other fine leather and brass portmanteaus, and his own single, worn carpetbag. But she was a woman of spirit.

"Very well," she said, and her eyes blazed. "*I* will carry it myself."

"Very well," he said frostily, "if *it* means something so very great to you, you may carry it *all the way*. God knows I will have enough to handle. Drive on," he called, and the carriage moved out through the gates, toward the Inland Queen, and their cabin; the vast lake and their honeymoon, with its mysteries, its prides and its fond, enduring compromises. . . .

She carried the box off the Inland Queen at Toledo. Whenever they rode on cobblestones she held it on her lap. In crowded railway coaches she held it again. In St. Louis her pride had a pleasure. With time to kill before taking the train for the West, they idled among shops, and at Lingenfelter's she was sure enough of him by then to share a discovery.

"Look, there is my same Waterford."

He saw a sample of a decanter and one goblet, marked:

Imported from England
Very Special
Decanter and One Doz. Glasses
$85.
Special Orders Only. Allow Six Months.

"Yes," he said. "Well, week after next, you'll see my Pennsylvania tin cups and plates."

"You'll be proud enough when we entertain, and use my fine glasses."

"Entertain!" He shook his head, and knew she would never understand until they were in quarters at Fort Delivery.

Before they boarded their last train for the long ride to Arizona he telegraphed to Driscoll, a station on the main line west, to have a message relayed to the fort, asking for an Army ambulance and an armed escort to meet them.

"How will they relay it?" she asked.

"You will see. It is wonderful."

He felt a curious eagerness at getting back. She was reassured by his happiness.

"Will we see any Indians?"

"I hope not."

"Are they all dreadful?"

"Oh, no. Not all. We use some Apache scouts in our troops. Mine is called Joe Dummy. He is a good soldier and tremendous on the trail."

But she shuddered, and he had to comfort her.

At Driscoll, Arizona, they had to wait two days for the escort, and then left early in the morning. She saw sunup on the desert. By noon they were in a baking wilderness. One after another, the party crossed flatlands like vast platters whose rims were mountains.

The ambulance was covered with canvas over bows, and she sat under the cover, clutching the box on her knees. Every lurch of the wagon threatened her cargo. It was not lost on her that the escort rode in loose formation, on constant alert. They watched for anything that moved, even rocks that would seem to waver in the heat; and otherwise the hungry spiral of carrion birds, and the jump of small game, and snakes in camp.

On the third day out of Driscoll, with four to go, she saw a thing that she watched for minutes before speaking of it, for she was not sure it might not be an illusion brought on by the heat. The sunlight was captured in repeated, tiny blazes on a high rocky point.

"That is General Miles's heliostat," explained Matthew. "It's relaying messages. Soldiers operate the mirrors fifty miles apart. That is how I ordered the party to meet us. The winks spell out words. It will take us nearly two days to cross the ground between us and that mirror. It may be saying that we are on our way."

Finally late one afternoon Matthew called to her to look, for they could see their goal: little piles of desert ground that were buildings, and something that faintly moved like a patch of sky that was the flag.

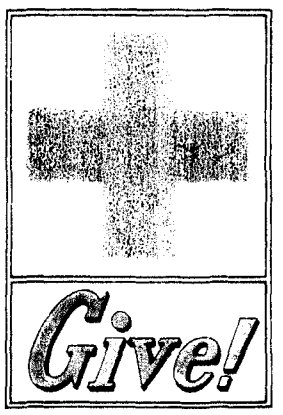
It was empty yellow evening when they pulled up before the last pile of adobe bricks in the row of quarters. Matthew helped her down and stood with her for a moment as they looked at their home with its door open upon dense shade within, broken by a brilliant square of yellow sky in the window opposite the entrance. Then as though to take a fateful step she started to the house a few feet away, holding the box. Matthew took after her and fetched her up, box and all, to carry her over her threshold.

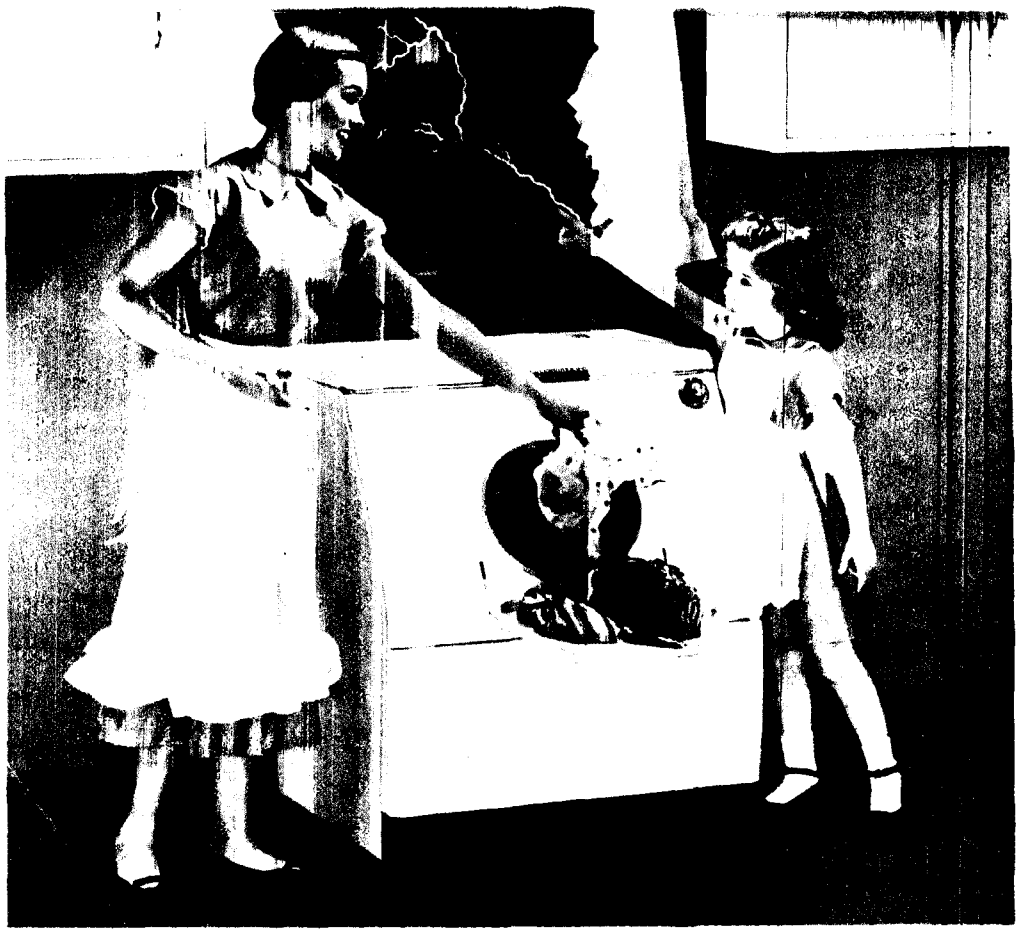
At that instant in the window opposite appeared a wild vision. It was an Apache Indian with two feathers in his headband, a silent shriek on his face, who jumped up and down making violent gestures with his arms.

Laura cried out in terror and threw her arms around her husband's neck. Her box crashed to the hard mud floor with the sound of a thousand breaking pieces of prismatic, imported glass. With it much else fay finally shattered. She sobbed against him like a child, and he caressed her dearly, but to save his life he could not help the laughter that roared out of him and roared.

ALL that, he recalled now. The Apache was only Joe Dummy, the scout attached to Matthew's troop, who had come to make the bride welcome.

And now Matthew late in that same night sat finishing his letter. It was addressed to the Messrs. Lingenfelter and Company, in St. Louis, to order for shipment as early as possible a set of decanter and one dozen glasses, of Waterford ware, to be imported from England (as per samples displayed) and consigned to the writer, at Fort Delivery, Territory of Arizona, if convenient terms might be extended to a second lieutenant serving on the Indian frontier with the United States Cavalry. THE END





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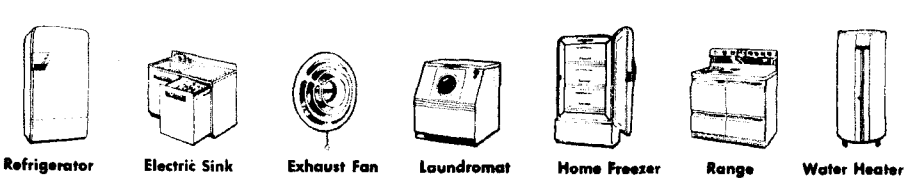

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A Picture for the Parlor

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 37

pried huge boulders from the ground, and lived from one carnival to the next, winning all the prizes for tests of strength. When there was nothing to be destroyed or won, they would fight—a couple of young bantams just getting to feel the wonder of growing up strong. They fought each other because no one else was a match for them and they had nothing better to do with their restless strength.

"Lafe lick him?" Shep said.

Della laughed. "Thas the funny part. Lafe always licks him."

"I don't wanta hear about it," Cora said.

Della came humming into the parlor that Friday night, wearing a new dress, a red bow in her hair, and red shoes which moved across the room like two small birds.

"Who's carrying you to the dance?" Cora said.

"Young Mark Cass."

"Well, now ain't that nice " Cora turned to the Farm Journal wall. "You hear 'at, Shep? Young Mark's carrying Della to the dance."

But it wasn't young Mark who came to the door that night. It was Lafe Manson. "Mark took sick sudden," Lafe said.

Cora groaned, and Della left with a laugh which stayed for a moment in the room.

"What'll we do?" Cora wailed.

Shep grunted. "Nothing."

"We can't let her take up with hill trash."

"You don't have to worry about Della."

"Somebody's got to worry. You don't."

"I worry about a lotta things, but not Della."

When Cora went for the mail next day, Mrs. Cass walked right past without speaking. Mark, Jr., was waiting outside. He had an eye swollen shut, and his lips were puffy and dark.

WHEN Della was dressing for the next schoolhouse dance, Cora said, "You surely ain't going with Lafe again tonight?"

"No."

"Thas good. Here, lemme tie your bow."

"I'm going with Nevil," Della said, and Cora's hands froze on the strip of ribbon.

Della swept downstairs in her dance dress and played some of the old songs on the organ, because that was the one thing that would bring Shep out from behind the Farm Journal. She played and sang, and kept looking at the clock.

"He's off somewhere fighting, him and Lafe," Cora said, and Della played the organ until ten o'clock, then went upstairs to bed. Cora hustled up to Gus Falk's store first thing in the morning and got the straight of the story. Lafe had waited for Nevil, and when they'd met, they'd started fighting. They had fought along a quarter of a mile of the Cassville road, trampling bushes, breaking off tree limbs, and after they'd ended up stretched out in a mudbank splotched with blood, they'd dug up some white whisky and got drunk together.

Cora waited until evening, after all the work of the house was done, and then she went up to Della's room. While Della was changing into her Sunday dress, Cora talked about what a fine farm the Casses had, and it was a good family name, the oldest in the hills, with a creek and a road and a post office all named for them. She reminded Della that her father wouldn't always be here to look after her, or her mother either, although Cora seemed less sure of that.

"I'd never make my peace," Cora said, "without I knowed you was well provided for."

Della turned toward her with a smile for which there could be no sane accounting. "Nevil oughta surely know by now he's never gonna whip Lafe."

"What you so dressed up about?" Cora said, suddenly realizing there was no call for it.

But Della had already started downstairs, and Cora went clumping after her, mumbling to herself. It was hard to plant any sense in Della's song-cluttered head, harder than making a garden where honeysuckle has taken root. Cora got as far as the parlor door, then stopped short. Lafe and Nevil were sitting on the blue couch in their church suits, fidgeting their huge hands. Cora turned and marched upstairs with a feeling like the sick dread of watching a blight fastening on the hills.

"It'll be the death of me," she said, and Shep sat on the edge of the bed listening to the dance tunes Della was playing on the organ. Then he blew out the lamp, because the darkness was another of his hiding places. . . .

After that night the three of them started going to the dances together, Della skipping up the schoolhouse steps as perky and proud as a redbird, Lafe and Nevil following her with face bruises and skinned knuckles.

Della, who stood hardly high enough to look over a sheep dog, seemed to take a special pleasure in ordering them around, as though she'd tamed and trained a couple of mountain lions.

"I'm thirsty," she'd say, and Lafe and Nevil would go charging across the floor. Everybody around the punch bucket would step back and make room for them, the girls switching around in a whirl of printed calico to smile at them. Neither Lafe nor Nevil was working steady at the time—they owned no land, had no prospects—but a single glance, the lifting of a finger, would have brought any girl running, her back turned on young men with town jobs and paying farms.

"Young Mark's calling on the oldest Bronson girl," Cora moaned, and Della went on laughing and humming and forgetting things. Lafe and Nevil went on fighting. They seemed to feel, the three of them, that nothing need ever change, neither Della's looks nor Lafe's and Nevil's strength. The older people sat back and waited, as though they were watching three young spendthrifts run through a legacy and not give a thought to the time when it would be gone.

"It's nothing I gotta answer for," Cora kept saying, although no one had accused her of anything, Della least of all.

Young Mark married the Bronson girl, and Cora took to her bed.

"The rest'll do you a world of good," Della said. She was sitting in Cora's rocker, mending a coat which Cora saw, as she sat up and peered more closely, was not one of Shep's. "Oh," Della said, "Lafe got it tore loose from the seams somehow."

Cora sank back feebly. She kept seeing Nellie Bronson, with her buckteeth and stringy black hair, sitting in the Cass parlor where Della should have been.

"She can't marry 'em both," people said, and were divided as to the one Della would choose.

One afternoon Cora crawled out of bed and limped downstairs. She saw Shep and Nevil sitting in the parlor, laughing and talking. Della came to help Cora into the room.

"What's happened to Nevil's mouth?" Cora asked anxiously.

"He's lost some teeth." Della laughed. "He talks with a whistle."

Cora turned back upstairs. "I'd best go lay down again."

OLD Mark Cass died and left everything to young Mark, whose wife was four months gone and acted as though she were the first woman in the hills, maybe in the world, to carry a baby. Cora left her deathbed long enough to attend Mark's funeral, and noticed that Nellie had put old Tuck Bronson in the walnut frame above the mantelpiece.

"I don't deserve such tribulations," she said, and offhand she could think of a dozen women who did.

When she got her strength back, Cora rode into Royalton with the mail, and bought a one-way bus ticket to Lawrenceville, where she had a married sister who was very fond of Della. Lawrenceville was a good sixty miles away from Lafe Manson and Nevil Sands.

"She forgets everything else," Cora said, as she and Shep watched the bus take Della away. "Maybe she'll forget them two."

"Della don't forget," Shep said. "Just some things she don't bother to fix in her head."

"She'll meet young town people."

Cora went home to dream of a town house with electric lights and hot water, and Della driving out of a Saturday to give the Bronson girl some of her old clothes.

"He buys Della so many new dresses and things," she explained to Mrs. Cass in her imaginary conversations, "she couldn't ever wear 'em all, so Nellie might as well get the good out of 'em, specially now young Mark's having such a hard time, the crop failing and all."

Three days later Della called up long-distance, her laugh traveling lightly over sixty miles of wire. She said she was married. Cora held onto the wall phone as though there were no floor beneath her feet. "Who?"

"Nevil."

Shep helped her up to the bed, and she lay with her hands folded across her breast. "I'll go with a clear conscience," she said. "I done all was in my power."

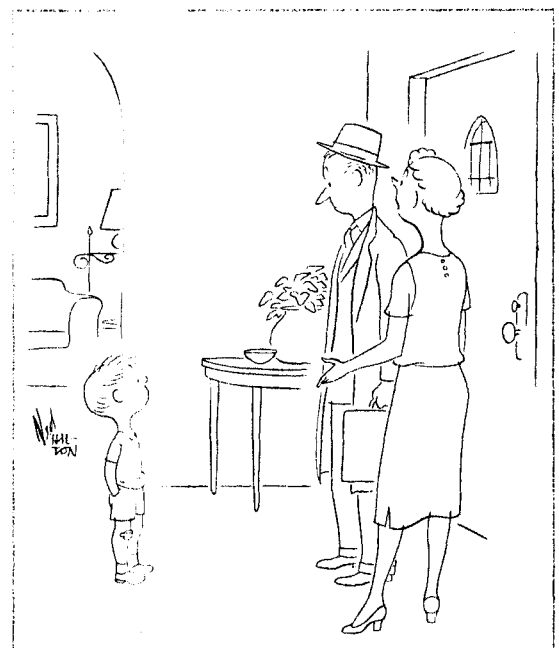
Shep sat down in the rocker, frowning. "I'd of figured her to take Lafe."

"It's no difference 'tween 'em."

"Della must of had a reason."

"Reason? She don't know the sense of the word."

Shep began to rock, smiling, and he said something Cora never forgot or understood. "Della don't lift a finger nor shut an eye without she's got a reason."



"When he bumped his knee I told him to act like a little man, and he ranted and raved and swore a blue streak"

COLLIER'S — NED HILTON

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Cora, after two days in bed, got up early on the third morning, and put on her best dress and her new summer hat. "I gotta go down there and start 'em off right," she said. She ate a large breakfast. "It'll save not eating on the way."

Shep reached for what was left of the sausage. "Dr. Lyle said it was time you got up."

"What's he know about it?"

She found Della and Nevil living in a small furnished apartment above the Lawrenceville Hardware Store. Della was painting the bathroom. The paint had splattered her hair and face and clothes. She didn't seem to mind.

"I'm a mess," Della said.

"It's nothing but what you've brung on yourself."

"Oh, I like to paint."

Cora looked around for Nevil, and Della said he was working. "He's got a job with the store downstairs," she said.

"And just how long do you think that'll last?"

"Until he finds something better."

Della took her into the kitchen, which was the size of a small closet, and Cora said she didn't feel she could eat a thing, but she'd have to take a little nourishment to get her back home. "Dr. Lyle's right worried about me," she said.

"You look fine. Got a good color."

"A fever, I 'spect."

Cora ate two lamb chops, some garden peas and mashed potatoes, and canned peaches with cottage cheese. Della wanted her to spend the night, but Cora said she'd better get on back home.

"I'd be a bother," she said, "sick as I am."

Shep met her at the bus depot and when he asked after Della, Cora made a sniffing sound. "Like I 'spected," she said. "Living in filth."

Cora got out of bed in the morning, because the house had to be cleaned and straightened, and if she didn't do it, nobody would. She was down on her hands and knees, scrubbing the kitchen floor, when Mrs. Mark Cass came to the house with some tomato preserves Nellie had put up.

"She's such a sweet li'l thing," Mrs. Cass said.

Cora got up and brushed herself off. "The housework's got ahead of me," she said. "I been sick, you know."

"Thas what I heard."

"Then I hadda go down to Lawrenceville."

"How're the young people?"

"Oh, they're doing fine. I was helping Della fix up her place, a 'partment. Thas how they all live in town, a rented place like that."

"Well, I suppose Della knowed what she was letting herself in for."

"Nevil's got a position with the hardware store. Manager, I think."

Cora made a polite fuss over Nellie's tomato preserves, and was pleased when Mrs. Cass left with a frown. She had come in smiling.

"Nellie Cass put 'em up," Cora said when she opened the preserves for supper. "They got no taste."

WITH Della and Nevil settled in Lawrenceville, Lafe Manson began to drink by himself and, for the first time, to fight in anger, senselessly. He got so moody and bad-tempered that once in a county-fair crowd he almost beat a man to death before he found out the man had only wanted to ask him the time of day. "He had a look about him," Lafe said in court, and he served thirty days for it. He served an extra thirty days for bending the jail bars. A peddler in Lafe's cell had bet him five dollars he couldn't do it.

"He's drunk all the time now," Cora said when she went down to be with Della when the baby came.

"Poor Lafe."

"I warned you 'gainst him, and maybe you're glad now you listened at me."

Della was off somewhere in her own thoughts. She looked up at Cora and smiled. "What'd you say, Mama?" and Cora told her.

Della named the baby Coradell, and Cora, in a moment of extravagance, sent Shep bus fare to come to see their first grandchild.

"She's right pretty," Shep said. "For a baby, I mean."

"I'll have the raising of her, I reckon," Cora said. "Goodness knows where I'm gonna find the strength for it, but whatever I've had to do, I've always did it." . . .

Nevil joined the church, wore white shirts, and went around town showing off pictures of Coradell. He was paying on a house and car, and losing some hair. It looked as though he was finally beginning to wear smooth, the way a man does when he has a wife and family and monthly payments, but Cora noticed that something was bothering him, and it worried her. She came down to Lawrenceville every other week, because, of course, Della couldn't be trusted with the baby and a blind person could see she didn't know how to cope with Nevil. Some nights he'd sit by the hour, staring at a wall, not saying anything, then he'd suddenly spring up and knock over his chair, and stalk out of the house.

"You know what it is," Cora said one night when he'd marched out like that. "He's just itching for another fight."

Della picked up the chair, and put the lace tidies back on the arms.

"If it was me," Cora said, "I'd give him a good talking-to."

Della shook her head, and what she said seemed to have no bearing on anything that had happened. "Nobody likes to get old." She said it very gently.

ONE night in early spring, a restless time of year, Nevil headed back toward the hills; people who saw him said he had the face of a drinker who'd been locked away from whisky for a long time. He met Lafe out back of the old Norfolk & Western depot, not far from the river. The night watchman, the only man who saw the fight, said they didn't say a word to each other, just shook off their coats, then started in. The watchman hid in the tall weeds, wriggling like a snake this way and that to keep out from under their feet, but staying close enough to see everything.

"It was a pure wonder they didn't both kill themselves," he said afterward.

Lafe had a broken nose and two broken fingers. Nevil had four cracked ribs, a split lip, and two more teeth missing. Both men had their eyes blackened shut. When it was over, they went down to the river, washed the blood off, and walked away.

"It was like tigers mating," the watchman said.

Nevil, after the fight, caught a ride back to Lawrenceville. When he came into the house, bruised and bloody, one hand clutched to his cracked ribs, Cora gasped. "Fighting," she said, and Nevil said no, he'd been hit by a car. Della put him to bed and called the doctor. The doctor asked a lot of questions about the accident, and Della, standing by the foot of the bed, listened to the answers, but she never asked any questions herself.

"Accident!" Cora snorted. "Maybe he can fool you, but he can't fool me."

Della just smiled, and the next morning she took her winter-coat money out of the bank and bought Nevil a little radio to put by his bed.

"The music will ease him," Della said, and Cora huffed out of the room, grumbling. . . .

A quiet change came over Nevil after he went back to work. He let his hair fall out and his waistline go from thirty-four to thirty-eight. He stopped staring at blank walls.

"It was like a fever breaking," Della said, and Cora watched with awe and an unnatural silence.

Lafe changed, too, after the fight. He took a steady job at the sawmill, stopped drinking, joined the church. He gave up fighting, and wouldn't even try his hand at the carnival weights, because he said the

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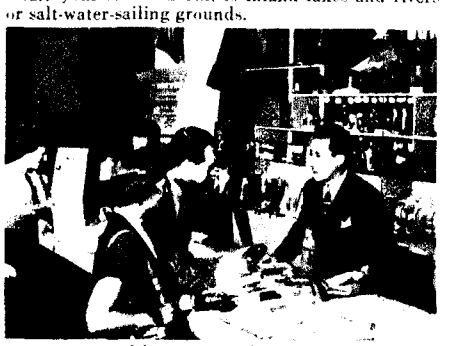

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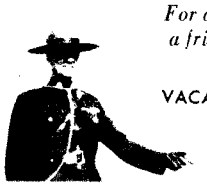

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prizes made it a kind of gambling. He boarded with a cousin, Tom Shore, and his wife. Amy Shore, the last person in the hills to talk to Lafe, said she'd given him his breakfast as usual the morning he disappeared, and he'd seemed in no way different from any of the other mornings in the years since he'd got religion. Later she remembered that once or twice, when he thought she wasn't watching him, he'd looked down at his hands, holding them up in a strange way, studying them.

"It was like you'd pick up something broken," Amy said, "and try to see what's went wrong with it."

Lafe didn't complain of anything, just ate his breakfast and quietly took his leave of the house. It was the last anybody saw of him.

"It was something to do with his hands," Amy Shore said.

"Of course it was," Della said when Cora told her what had happened.

"He's likely got in some trouble," Cora said, trotting upstairs to take Coradell's temperature because the child had cried in the night.

SHEP took sick that winter and lay in his bed like an old house cat, motionless and uncomplaining. Nothing roused his interest except Coradell. He kept the child's picture on the table beside him, and managed to hold onto life until Christmas, when he knew Della would be coming home with Coradell.

"She's such a good-natured little thing, like you," he told Della the day after Christmas, when Coradell had run downstairs to play with her new things.

"We're gonna have another this summer," Della said.

"I don't 'spect I'll get to see that one." Shep raised up to make sure Cora wasn't in the room, and then he motioned Della to come closer, within whispering distance. "I'm right worried about Mama."

"Why?"

"Once I'm gone she won't have a thing to fret about, and the only thing keeps her going—"

He broke off abruptly as Cora came bustling into the room and popped a pink pill in his mouth. Della started to lift Shep's dinner tray. Cora snatched it from her hands. "How many times I warned you not to go lifting things?" She marched out of the room, shaking her head.

Shep lay back, smiling, and said, "Now what come over me to ever worry about Mama?". . .

Della and Nevil, a few years after Lafe walked away, moved back to the hills and bought a farm just west of Cassville. Cora, who lived with them now that Shep was dead, worried about Coradell and little Nevil, Jr., because Della was apparently content to let the children run wild and Nevil was too busy to look after them properly. He had become active in politics and church affairs, sat on the county school board, and spoke weightily of community problems and a man's responsibilities. Della, plump and bright-eyed, with a still-young laugh, settled comfortably into middle age, mellowing like a house where people have lived in happiness.

"Nothing won't ever bother her," Cora would say as she clapped on her straw hat and whisked the children off to town to have young Dr. Lyle thump their chests and peer down their throats.

Cora was afraid—and was alone in her fear—that Coradell would drown in the creek, and when Nevil, Jr., was allowed to have a bicycle, she was sure he'd be run over.

"I won't stand for it," Cora said when Della talked of getting Nevil, Jr., the .22 rifle he wanted for his birthday. "He'll shoot us all dead."

Della bought the rifle anyway, and Cora appealed to Nevil, but he was so wrapped up in the primary campaign, he just said, "It's up to Della."

Coradell had a phonograph and six stacks of records which she played all day and half the night. Cora, by this time, was too deaf to hear the music, but her eyes were still sharp enough to see how much the girl enjoyed them, and she said it was a shame Coradell sat up so late of an evening, when she should be getting her sleep.

"It's up to Della," Nevil said, rushing off to a picnic rally.

"I don't ask for much," Cora went around telling anybody who would listen, "but I hope the Lord'll let me live just long enough to raise them children right, 'cause it's for sure nobody else's gonna do it.". . .

Sometimes on rainy days and winter nights, or a slow summer Saturday, people fell to wondering what had happened to Lafe, and they recalled the things he'd done, the weight-lifting contests he'd won at carnivals or the time he'd lifted a Model T by the front axle. It was a measure of his hold on the people that his name was fresher in their minds than those of men whose graves had barely got a start with yard grass. Like all men who are talked about long after the days of their greatness, Lafe was remembered differently. The cruel, recalling his bloody fights with Nevil, remembered him as a towering ox, staggering up the Cassville road, drunk, spitting curses from his twisted mouth. The kindly remembered him as he'd been after he'd got religion, a hard worker and a teetotaler. Lafe, at the time he'd disappeared, had been a young man, still in his prime, and was so remembered, the way a dead child is remembered.

"Nobody'll ever know what I went through," Cora snapped from her sickbed whenever Lafe's name penetrated her deafness, "getting Della married to the right one."

NEVIL and Della were invited socially to the Senator's house in town, and Cora sat up until after midnight, waiting for them to come home and tell her about it. She was up before dawn next morning, scrambling into her best black dress, and was out on the Cassville road with the first rays of the sun, pattering down to the Cass house to tell Nellie what the Senator had said to Della and what Della had said to the Senator. Neither Nellie nor Mark had ever been to the Senator's house.

"He's coming out some Sunday to take dinner with us," Cora said, on impulse.

"We've got a new tractor," Nellie said.

"The Senator called her by name. Della."

Cora, on the way home, was so light on her feet she felt almost like dancing, and the look of envy she was sure she'd seen on Nellie's face, although Nellie had tried to hide it, was a strangely beautiful and rewarding thing to remember. Cora, as the house came into view, stopped short. Dr. Lyle's car was out front. She quickened her short, brisk steps, wondering who had been hurt—one of the children probably, and Della had nobody to blame but herself, because Cora had warned her, and she hoped it wasn't too serious.

"It's Lafe," Della said when she met Cora at the door.

Cora was out of breath, and she didn't understand, it was fixed so hard in her mind that one of the children was hurt.

"Lafe's come back," Della said.

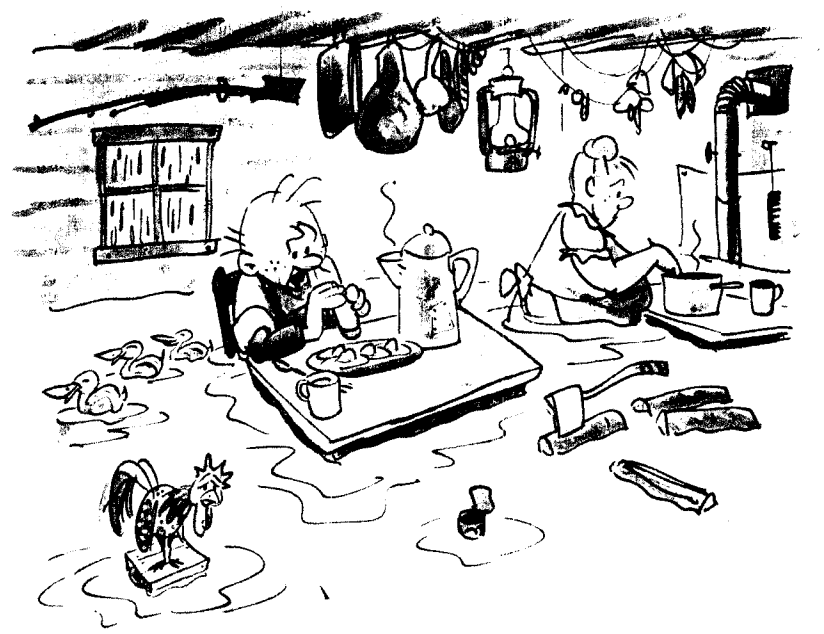
"*Here?*" Cora gasped and Della nodded.

"He's got no place to go, and he's sick."

"But you can't take on tending a sick man," Cora said. "You got your chickens and children. Thas enough to carry."

"He won't be any trouble," Della said, and Cora limped upstairs to bed. Later, Dr. Lyle came to see her, and she worried about his charging her for a house visit.

KENNESAW



"This rainy weather's got the salt all clogged up, Bessie!"

COLLIER'S — REAMER KELLER

Lafe lay in the company bed, drugged with medicine. He had shrunk with age, his yellow hands shriveled and thickly veined. His eyes, when he woke up, had the look of a possum just before the dogs get to it.

"I got no right to bother you," he said, and Della brought him a broth of chicken, fed him with a tablespoon.

"We've wondered what'd 'come of you," Nevil said, standing at the foot of the bed, trying to connect the old man Della was feeding with the young man he had tried so hard to beat.

"Don't make him talk now," Della said, and Lafe seemed grateful.

Later, when Della had gone, Lafe motioned Nevil to sit in the pine chair beside the bed. "It's a nice place you got here, Nevil." Lafe's voice had a rasping heaviness.

"It pays," Nevil said. "It's clear."

"I never owned land. I've worked it, but I never owned it."

"It's a different feeling, owning."

Lafe lay picking at the blanket hem. "I wanted to get clean away."

"It's a feeling you get sometimes. I know."

"Something happened at the mill the day before I left. I went to pick up my end of a pine log. I couldn't lift it, not at first—had the devil's own time with it, finally got it up, though, and the man I was working with, can't recall his name, anyway he looked down the log at me and he said, 'What's the matter, Lafe? You feeling your age?' "

"The first time it come on me like that I was running up some steps," Nevil said.

"I got to studying 'bout it that night, and I figured I had four, maybe five good years left at the mill, then they'd start moving me to light jobs, and if I was lucky, I'd end up a night watchman."

"It generally works out that way," Nevil said. "More or less."

"I didn't want it to happen to me, not here, not where people all knowed me."

"It happens to everybody."

Lafe roused up and for an instant a flash of what he'd been shone with a fierce pride in his eyes. "Not everybody done the things I done."

CORA worried about the money Nevil was spending on Lafe's medicine and the example a man like Lafe would set Nevil, Jr., who only the week before had come home with a black eye and a likely story about bumping into a wall playing hide-'n'-seek. She worried, too, about Coradell, who seemed to have nothing on her mind except music and boys and apple-butter boilings. Like Della, Coradell laughed a lot.

"What's gonna 'come of her?" Cora kept asking, and Della would no more have tried to stop her from worrying than she would from breathing.

One night, when Della had taken the supper trays from both sickrooms, she found Nevil sitting by the stove with an absent stare, and she left the dishes undone to come sit with him.

"Lafe told me why he run off like he did," Nevil said.

"'Cause he felt age coming down on him?"

"He tell you too?"

"No, I've always knowed it."

They sat quietly for a moment, listening to the storm sounds outside the house. They stared at the open slit of the stove, which glowed like a red grin.

"Honey," Nevil said, "you remember that time I said the car hit me?"

Della laughed, a warm sound in the warm room. "I remember."

"Once, just once, I wanted to lick Lafe Manson." Nevil leaned back, remembering that night back of the depot the way a man might remember a woman. "It was something I thought I had to do, or anyway try."

Della smiled at the man she'd chosen because he'd grown used to getting beaten, but had never given up trying. "Poor Lafe, he never had your strength."

"But he always whipped me."

"He ran away. You didn't.". . .

By winter, when Lafe died, Cora's mind had begun to wander, straying through time to fasten on such needless worries as Shep's carelessness about taking his pink pills and Nellie Cass having her babies too close together. The cloudiness would come and go, like the haze on the hills, and Della could never fully distinguish between what was clear to her and what was cloudy.

"Where's Lafe?" Cora asked one day, and Della explained they'd buried him in the place set aside for the family, because, in a way, he belonged with them. "What'll it ever get him, all that fighting?" Cora said, as though Lafe were still alive, still faced with the gnawing emptiness which had come when the strength was gone from his hands.

"He just never got the good out of himself," Della said, but Cora had gone to worrying about Coradell.

"I hope I'm spared," she said, "just long enough to get her settled and provided for."

Cora died in her sleep that winter, without apparent pain or apprehension, with, if anything, surprise. She died, as she had lived, with a frown for the future and a comfortable disregard for a perverse past in which nothing she had known should be done had been done and everything she had worried about happening had happened, somehow for the best. In the spring, when Coradell married the oldest Cass boy, Della went to Nellie Cass to ask a favor.

"So's Mama can take her rest," Della said, and she put Cora's picture in the walnut frame above the mantelpiece in the Cass parlor. THE END

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Letter to a Child

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 33

"Oh, I'm so glad you decided to come."

"I don't know exactly how to begin," she said, uncertainly. "I suppose you'll want to know things about me."

I had been getting ready to tell her about myself; ever since Dr. Rob had instructed me, I had been rehearsing what I would tell this woman when she came. After all, I was the one who must prove that I was suitable.

She said rather glibly, "Of course you'll have Dr. Robbins' word about the physical background and record, and all that. As nearly as anyone can guarantee such things, I suppose."

"Of course."

"We're both exceedingly healthy," she said. "My husband, in fact, has made such a god of his own health—that's one of the things, I suppose, that has always been wrong with him."

So she was married! Then why—

"Have you any other children?" I asked, for something tangible to grasp.

"Yes. A boy. Arthur will take him." I saw then that she was assuming that Dr. Rob had given me a synopsis of this situation. But he had wisely left it for her to explain, knowing that her own account of it would tell me more about her than anything else could. The facts would not tell me the true situation; it would be the way she thought about the facts that would tell me most about the kind of physical mother my child had. And that would be important for me to know.

"We've never been happy together," she said. "But I had no particular life to go back to, and Arthur has never earned enough to give me a respectable allowance to live on alone." Her lovely face quickly fell into what was probably its most familiar expression, one of brooding righteous complaint. Then she smoothed out her expression deliberately and resumed telling me about the situation. "Anyway, without tiring you with a lot of details, things have drifted along for six years. I don't want to bore you with it. Heaven knows, it's bored me enough to have to live it."

THEN, in spite of her intentions, her face once again became sharp and her voice flattened to a delicate whine and she began to tell me about Arthur.

"The plain fact is he gets on my nerves, and he always has. He is a very tiresome man, Mrs. Seville. He's got his health and his business, and between the two of them—well, it's a wonder I have any nerves left."

I tried to look sympathetic, and made a little murmuring sound which I hoped would mean encouragement to her.

"And besides all that, he teaches Sunday school. That's one reason he's fought the divorce, though he won't admit that. I don't think he cares about me so much as he cares about his pride and what those mealy-mouthed little men at his Sunday school will think of him. I wish you'd see them—Well, no matter about *them*. I won't have to be hearing about them any more, will I?" She laughed nervously at that and, after a few seconds, began again.

"You see, when we started, I really thought Arthur was going to amount to something. He's smart in a certain kind of way, and God knows he ought to be, because he certainly doesn't think of anything besides that putrid little middle-class business of his. A roofing business! But he's never made it grow into anything big. It'll always be just like himself, small and petty and satisfied with everything that's second best and marked down."

She glared into space angrily, thinking about his business, and for a moment she seemed to have forgotten me.

"And now you've decided to get a divorce."

"Well, it's hardly a matter of *deciding*. If it were merely deciding, I'd have had it long ago. But now I *can* get it. Something much more advantageous for everybody concerned has come up, within the last five months. I'm going to tell you frankly. I think we ought to be frank, if we're going to work together on this."

I nodded eagerly, so she went on. "Well, I've met a man who wants very much to marry me," she said. "He's a little older than I am, and he's very well established. He could give me what I've always wanted, and not have to be measuring out every dollar as if it were gold. He's very generous." She glanced toward her handbag, and I knew I had been right about it. "He's jolly and easygoing, and it wouldn't be at all difficult to get along with him."

"Are you in love with him?"

She looked startled, as if she had never heard such a question before. "Yes, I suppose I am," she said. "Or I imagine I would be, when I have time to think about it."

"Looking back on it now, I can see that we allowed ourselves to be frightened into panic stealing"

COLLIER'S — JEFF KEATE

She got up restlessly and walked over to my big window and looked out. "This is a lovely neighborhood, isn't it? I've heard it was quite fashionable."

I could see that she was revising her expectations of what I would be able to pay when we got down to that part of the transaction.

"Mrs. Seville, I've always wanted nice things. I don't know how I got myself caught in such a shabby little mousetrap as I've had to live in since I've been married. I've always loved nice things. Cheap clothes just make my skin crawl. Some women don't care. But I care terribly."

She said that complacently as if it were greatly to her credit. In a few minutes she sat down again, and continued laying bare her life for my approval.

"I suppose you're wondering, after what I've told you, how I got myself into this—this condition." She flushed bitterly and glanced down at herself with disgust. "But wouldn't it just happen like that?"

She snubbed out her cigarette angrily, and then she said, "Well, in all fairness to Arthur, *that's* the only side of him that's been worth bothering about."

Try as I did, I could find nothing to reply to this comment. I tried to keep my face from revealing the quick adjustment I had had to make about the fatherhood of this child she wanted to give away. Up to this moment, I had had to assume it was the generous fun-loving new friend who had brought about this embarrassment. But now I saw that Arthur, with all his other offenses, had been to blame. I clutched at something I could ask: "What does your new friend think about it?"

She looked at me in horror. "You don't suppose I've told him! I certainly wouldn't be stupid enough to take my risks about that, Mrs. Seville." She looked at me almost as if I were pulling her leg, and then her self-pity overcame her, and her lip trembled. "I'm—I'm simply so humiliated! Just when it looks as if something has opened this little mousetrap, and I'm going to get out, this miserable joke has to be played on me! And it wouldn't have happened, either, if I hadn't been trying to be decent about Arthur's birthday. I had asked some of his stupid business friends up to dinner, and afterward I'd had a few drinks. Only way I could get through an evening with Arthur's tiresome friends. And afterward, of course—"

"Perhaps your husband wouldn't want the baby adopted."

She looked at me again as if I were not very bright. "Naturally I haven't told *him*," she said. "It's none of his business, at this point. What I want to do is to go away on a visit somewhere, and just not come back. I'd have the papers served on Arthur immediately after I get out of the city."

Clearly, this was the part of her dilemma to which she had given the most thought. "I'd try not to make it any more expensive than necessary for you, Mrs. Seville. I know how to live quite economically. But I'd have to have a little apartment somewhere."

She had it all worked out, and she went on cheerfully sketching in the details, leaning toward me eagerly as if we were two jolly conspirators. She was quite sure she could manage the whole thing without her next husband realizing that what she called "this mishap" had occurred. In a year, she would have everything adjusted, and be on her way to a cozier existence. And I'd have the baby and it would cost me only a very few thousand dollars, all told.

"One thing you won't have to worry about," she said at the end of this. "I'm sure it will be a very attractive baby. Arthur and I are both fairly good-looking, and our other little boy is a doll."

I said I was sure he must be.

"And if you have any prejudice against illegitimate children," she pointed out, "you'll be getting a child who was certainly born in wedlock. Such as it is, it at least has been terribly legal, Mrs. Seville."

I tried to look as if that, also, would make the child more desirable to me. At last she got up to go, evidently seeing that I couldn't commit myself at once.

"You think about it," she said generously. "But I'd like to know as soon as possible. And if it's the money that's worrying you, we can certainly come to some mutually satisfactory agreement about that. Arthur would have to give me *some* allowance while I was getting the divorce, I should think. So that would help you, Mrs. Seville."

WHEN she was finally out of my house, I opened the windows wide. Then I put on my coat and went out, and walked and walked, trying to get the memory of her words out of my mind. I walked down to the crowded poor streets, and saw the placid mothers standing in friendly knots, talking together, while each jiggled a baby carriage absent-mindedly with her foot. I looked at the abundant crop of babies, their heads toppling on their chests while they slept sitting upright in their strollers. I'd rather have one of these children—but probably none of them could be parted with, however unwelcome they might have been before their births.

The hard bitter words of the woman were still in my ears, and I couldn't seem to shake them out of my memory. A child, as she spoke of it, was an ugly accident. "Wouldn't you know this would happen to me?" she had said disgustedly. And I had to sit there quietly and listen, remembering that night when I had lost my own child, because I had lost everything else. I had become a beggar before a woman like this, who out of boredom and a moment of desire had been the unwilling receptacle of the most precious thing on earth, a new life.

I remembered the day nearly four years before when Mark and I had walked along such a street. He had been so disturbed by the poverty that he had grown angry. I had not understood him then as I understood him now. He had loved these people; he had wanted so much to see them freed from their ignominy and helplessness that he had been gruff and angry at them. "Someday all such streets as this will be cleaned up. I know that. But in the meantime, I hate waiting," he had said.

"But they often look quite happy, Mark. They have each other."

"That they do. They know something that more fortunate people often overlook."

I remembered I had been too shy to ask him what they knew. But then, not gruffly any longer, but quite gently, he had told me. "They know that when everything is said and done, there's nothing on earth of any importance except the people around you."

For several hours I had felt soiled and shamed by the memory of that encounter in my studio. But now, because I had been thinking of Mark and had felt his goodness here about me, I was suddenly free again. This woman was no part of me and my world. I felt strong and buoyant and happy again as I hurried back home, thinking about what I would say to Dr. Rob when I asked him if he couldn't send another woman to me.

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I telephoned him at his dinnertime, and he listened and knew I was suddenly crying.

"Forget her, Chris. You go back to work and just wait a while. I'll look around and you'll hear. Is that okay?"

"That's fine," I said tremulously. "After all, you managed to find a lot of babies for yourself."

"I did," he said. "But of course I had no choice, Christine."

"No choice? What do you mean?"

"I had to take my babies where I found them."

"But—"

"Never mind," he said. "You just wait now, and see what happens."

He came himself with the next one.

"You'll like her, Chris," he had said. "She's honest and jolly, and she's got brains. She's a bit stampeded at the moment by all this. But you'll see she's good stuff."

She was good stuff. She looked like a tall and healthy farm girl, except that she was dressed in exactly what the fashion magazines had told her a successful young career woman should wear. She had nice hair and eyes and teeth, and I'd have enjoyed painting her. She said she came from Ohio and had had three years at the state university, and would have been graduated except that her father died.

"Then Mom married again, so that was all right," she said cheerfully. She was crazy about New York, and she hoped she could go on living here forever. She thought it must be just wonderful to be an artist. "Gosh, I don't see how you do it," she said. "I haven't a scrap of talent myself."

"You've probably got something special," Dr. Rob said.

"Well, if you could call a real good disposition a talent. That's why I'm a good secretary, I s'pose."

She liked everything about my studio, and went around frankly admiring it. "But where on earth will you keep a baby?" she asked. "It could sleep in the bedroom, but wouldn't it be in your way while you worked?"

Then she got down to talking about the baby, and that made her look quite serious and worried.

"Dr. Robbins has been so nice to me," she said, smiling at him. "I don't know what I'd do, if everybody wasn't so nice about everything." Then she had to amend that, significantly: "Practically everybody."

I COULDN'T help asking her why she wanted to give up her child, and she said, "Good gosh, what else can I do? I have to go on working. Naturally I hope I'm going to find somebody nice to marry sometime. But in the meantime, I certainly couldn't manage with a child. And besides—"

I could see the "besides" was going to be the really important consideration. "Besides, I just hate the child's father. I never did like him too much, and since this thing happened, I just can't bear him."

In spite of myself I reached out and stopped her.

"Don't say such things with the baby in the room," I said. Then I'm sure I blushed because I thought it must have sounded like nonsense to the other two. But Dr. Rob came to my rescue.

"You've got to stop thinking about this child's father with loathing," he said. "You have to try to understand his side of it. You have to find a way of forgiving him, and yourself too. If possible you've got to remember what there was about him you liked. There must have been something."

"There was," she said with a gamin grin. "He's got a heart as big as his pocketbook."

"Does he know about the baby?"

"Darned right he knows. And he's perfectly willing to pay all the expenses, Mrs. Seville. So you don't need to think we'll have to scrimp on those. I'm going to take off a whole year, and after I get through with all this, I'm going to have myself a nice trip someplace. Maybe I'll go to Europe. Or take a cruise. I've always wanted to travel, and I might as well get *something* out of this. Don't you think?"

After she had gone, Dr. Rob and I sat a long time without speaking. He got up finally and began pacing up and down the room with his hands in his pockets.

"Christine, there's something I've thought for a long, long time."

"What is it?"

"Parenthood comes too easily. It ought to have to be earned."

"The way I'm trying to earn it," I said.

"And the way I did."

WE WERE both quiet another few minutes, and then I asked, "Dr. Rob, was I just a silly woman talking, when I told that girl she mustn't let her baby hear her say she hated his father?"

"You were speaking out of the folk wisdom of the race," he said.

"Do you think they really do know when they're not born out of love?"

"I'm sure they do. A woman cannot keep a really important secret from the child in the womb. All the hidden things in her seep through to the child, so that it knows the sum of her. The fear, the hatred and the grudges. Or else the security of a man and an honest woman loving together."

He walked a few paces and then came and stood before me. "I've watched faces for nearly seventy years now, looking for the signs. I often see that hunger for love in people."

"People like Mark?"

"And Eve, too," he said.

"Their mother did everything she could to make it up to them. She nearly ruined their lives trying to make it up to them."

"Out of her own guilt," he said. "Nearly everything in Millie's treatment of her children was a 'protesting too much.'"

"Yes, I think it was," I said, remembering a dozen instances.

"Millie was always trying her best to make them forget."

"They finally got free of it," I said.

"Mark did, Chris. Because you loved him. And Eve might have, in time."

He walked up and down for a few more minutes, then he said, "Chris, I wish I had another twenty years ahead of me. I'd go back to college. I'd learn all there is to know about the human mind. Then I'd go to work on research into prenatal psychology. I'd study it in criminals and in the insane. And in the well people. The few really well people you find in a lifetime. Maybe I'd need more than twenty years, and maybe I'd need another century."

He cocked his eyebrows and went on talking excitedly.

"We have all kinds of fellowships to encourage research, in almost every known department of science and art. All except one. And that's in the department of helping all babies to be born with a welcome waiting for them. With a welcome built in, so to speak, so that they never will doubt they have it."

He was saying now what I in my ignorant way had been groping toward ever since the first moment I understood what the lack in Mark was.

"Whatever money is left after my children have been educated," Dr. Rob was saying, "I'll will to start such a foundation, Chris. Maybe it will be just a newspaper joke for two days after I've died. But on the other hand, maybe it will start a few people thinking."

I had no words to tell him what his saying all this meant to me; so I went and put my arms around his neck and kissed his cheek.

"I'll leave the money, but I'd like to have a life to give too. I had my own work to do, I guess, and it took me too long through all the years to piece the clues together. I just got too old, Christine, before I understood there was another job for me. And now it's too late."

Then he said something wonderful. "You know, I used to believe Mark might take it on when the war ended. I talked about it with him a little before he died."

"What'd he say, Dr. Rob?"

He held my face in his hands a moment to make sure I could bear hearing his next

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Wonderful Green Tablet Contains Nature's Deodorant, CHLOROPHYLL! Safely Eliminates Offensive Odors At Their Source, Inside Your Body —For A Full Day!

An article in Reader's Digest reports an amazing "green medicine" that can safely stop bad breath and body odor, *both at same time!* It's chlorophyll, Nature's own deodorant. Chlorophyll is available now at drug counters, in tiny tablets, called **"ENNDS"**. One or two tablets every morning can end your worry about offensive odors, *for a full day!*

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"ENNDS" do far more than just cover up odors temporarily. They actually *eliminate* most unpleasant odors at source, inside your body! Quickly, safely stop mouth odors and halitosis. (For extra breath protection, dissolve another tablet on tongue after eating, smoking or drinking.)

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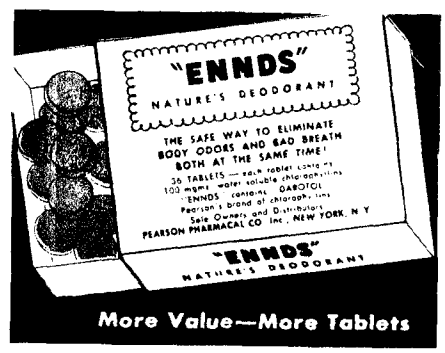
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words. "Mark said, 'Let's bring our child up to do it, Dr. Rob.' " . . .

For a few weeks I thought I was continuing to search for the mother of my child. But at the very back of my mind a new idea was forming.

I went calmly about my work day after day; I made arrangements to see several girls who wanted to place their children for adoption before they were born. The interviews I planned never came about. Something at the last moment seemed to postpone or prevent them. I knew why, but I could not acknowledge it yet, for it was too new and too strange a thought.

THEN, early in April, I suddenly decided that I wanted to go down to Dr. Rob's house and talk to him again. I got up very early and drove through the bright morning, through the gentle meadows coming to life again, past the lacy yellow birches of New Jersey, through the rich fields of Pennsylvania, and the red barns opened to the Maryland sun, and all the way I was exulting.

It was only a little after noon when I turned in between Dr. Rob's big stone gateposts. Painters on scaffolds were working on the fine old house, and there was a sound of hammering and sawing from the barn, and down in the vegetable garden I could see the tall bent figure working with a spade.

I left the car in the drive, and ran down the slope. His red setter saw me and came loping up to greet me. Dr. Rob turned and shaded his eyes with his hand to see who was coming. Then he dropped the spade and threw out both arms to welcome me.

"Whyn't you say so?" he called out. "Give a feller a chance to expect you. And get himself dressed up."

"I like a feller the way he is," I said.

"Come on over and sit on a rock. Best part of working in a garden is sitting down and surveying what's done."

We went over to the rambling wall around his orchard, and he hoisted himself up cautiously and planted his feet safely on two protruding stones. But I couldn't sit down; I had to stand and face him, because what I wanted to say had to be said full-face, so I'd know exactly how it struck him.

"How's the hunt coming, Christine?"

"Not at all."

"You mean you've given up the idea?"

I shook my head. "I'm just not sure that I want someone else's baby," I said carefully.

"Oh?"

"People seem to have babies so carelessly, so inadvertently. They're the cheapest thing in the world, it seems. All kinds of people who haven't bargained for them suddenly find themselves in possession."

"And?"

"Well, that isn't the kind of baby I want, Dr. Rob. I want a baby that *was* bargained for. And wanted."

"You're not apt to find that kind of baby being given away," he said. "That kind of baby stays where he's born."

"But that's the only kind who could do what my child has to do," I said stubbornly. "That's the only kind that could carry on for Mark and for you, and for all of us."

"What are you saying, Christine?" he asked.

"I'm saying I want my own child. Not somebody else's. My own. A child that's wanted so fiercely and so deliberately, from the very minute it begins to live— You've got to help me find the way, Dr. Rob. You've got to help me."

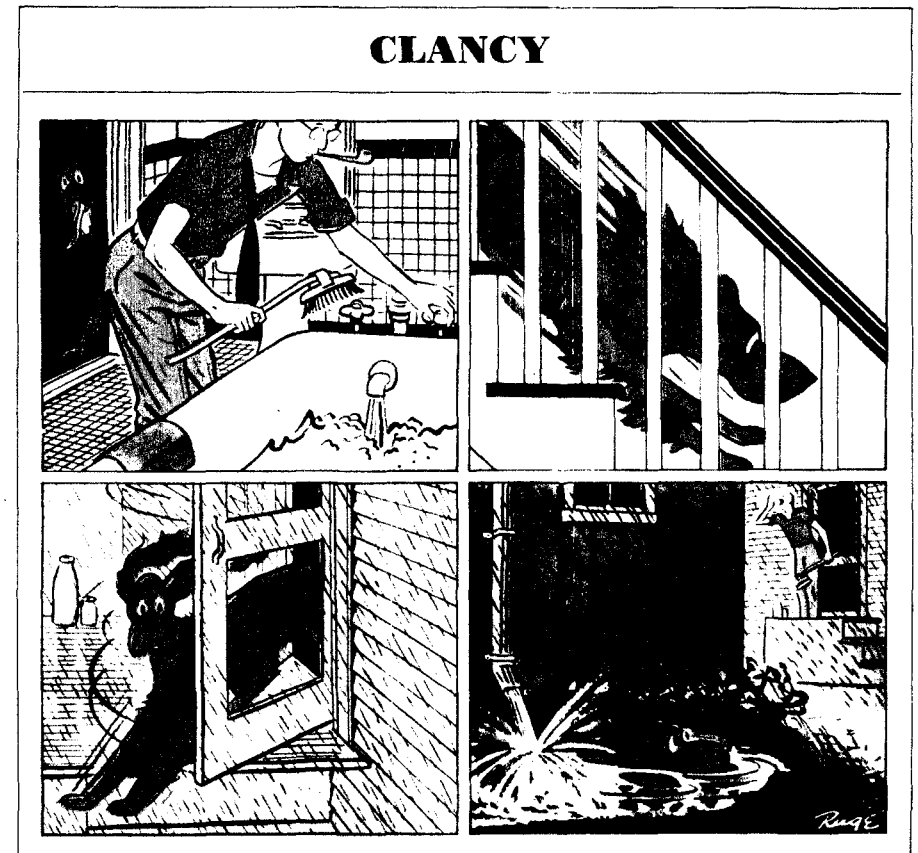
He said gently, "It might drive everyone you know away from you."

"I'd find new people to know, then."

"It might set up such a buzz of whispering that all the rest of your life you'd never be free of it."

"Other women have children because of carelessness, and *they* manage to hide it. Surely there ought to be a way I could have a child because I *want* a child, without ruining my life, and my child's life."

"Who would he have for a father?" he asked softly.



"He'd have as much father as any illegitimate child has. If I adopted someone else's illegitimate baby nobody would hold his father against the child. Why can't I have my own illegitimate son? Deliberately? Because I want him. Because I've a good life to give him."

"You could," he said bluntly. "Have you someone in mind to be his father?"

I shook my head. It was not easy for me to tell him the fantastic notion that I had been thinking about, but I plunged into it.

"I'd want a man who would have no claim on either of us, Dr. Rob. I was wondering if maybe you might help find him. Maybe he would be a student who needed financial help, or some young professional man who needed some money. You might know where you could find such a person."

"I see," he said soberly.

So I tried again: "It wouldn't be necessary that we know each other," I said. "It would be just a—a business arrangement."

"And you'd be willing to go through that, Chris?"

"I'd do anything. I'd do anything to have my own baby."

Then he got off the stone wall, and took me in his arms. "There are ways, Christine. If you've got enough courage, I'll help you find them."

"I've got courage enough."

"I believe you have."

Then he talked to me like a doctor. He explained in as matter-of-fact a way as he could the process of artificial insemination by which many thousands of childless marriages have been given a child. At the conclusion of this explanation, he said, "It's not the best method, Christine. But men and women who care deeply enough can make it good."

"It—sounds so surgical."

"Yes, it does," he said. Then his face brightened. "But if you care enough, you can make any method good that must be used to accomplish a good purpose. The whole thing means seeing past the method to the ultimate goal."

"I could do that," I said. . . .

There is little more now for me to write, for the days have flown to the end of the waiting.

It is February now, and my letter to you is nearly finished. You have grown out of sorrow and loss and uncertainty; but mostly, my child, you have grown out of hope and the wild strange joy of loving whatever is here to be loved.

Out of these unsorted circumstances which I have tried to tell you, you must find some kind of wisdom. When we are friends, you and I will walk together over some hill as Mark and I used to walk. Then will you give all this back to me?

Laura, Dr. Rob's doctor daughter, has come to be with me now. And Dr. Rob has moved into the big front bedroom. Margit and Monty have laid out everything we shall need, and they hover over it importantly. Laura's car was packed with supplies when she drove up our hill two days ago—an electric sterilizer, and instruments enough to start a small hospital.

Dr. Rob said sheepishly to me, "We have to humor Laura. She's out of the brand-new crop of baby doctors. Me, I hardly need any instruments. Know how I used to do my work?"

"About the way you do it now, I suppose."

"I used to ride around the countryside on a bicycle, with a shiny galvanized iron pail full of instruments swinging on the handle bars. A doctor had to be a resourceful man in those days, especially a baby doctor. Had to be doctor, nurse, father confessor, and sometimes even the cook in a family that had flown all to pieces just because its mother was birthin' a new baby. But they had fine babies. About the best babies I've ever seen got born out of very simple circumstances. They're forty years old now, and some of 'em even more."

"This year's babies are good, too," I said loyally.

THE art class I started for the children has won the friendship of this town in which your will be born. At first the mothers were doubtful. But now they have agreed that it is culture. Now our town is boasting about it. The fathers, too, have been drawn into it, and painting has become a town project. Any suspicions the town may have felt toward us, my child, have been allayed.

The best room in our house has been taken for the studio. No age limit is imposed. Anyone who is big enough to come is welcome.

So the bridge of understanding has been raised between the town and our hill, and I walk it proudly, with contentment in my heart, and wait for your coming.

Everyone in the town is watching for news from our house. Margit has had to answer the phone all day, not grumblingly, as you might expect, but with much satisfaction. She says she has been offered everything from a kitten to keep me company until the baby gets here to a pressure cooker guaranteed to make cereal in a matter of seconds.

"And what would we want cereal in a matter of seconds *for?*" she asks quite reasonably. "If I'm so far out of my head that I can't remember to begin cookin' the oatmeal a good full hour before we're going to need it, you'd better find it out and send me out of your house before I do some damage here."

The tide of giving has run swift and strong up our hill, and I love everything that it has brought.

We have enough hand-crocheted bootees to outfit a family of centipedes. We have gertrudes and flannel sacques and bonnets.

But the loveliest gift of all came tonight, just at twilight. It came in a horse-drawn sled up our hill, as I was standing at my window looking down at the lights of the town coming on one by one. The horse was wearing bells which jingled and chimed as he pulled his load over the glittering hard-packed snow.

I heard him coming a long way off, and when he turned into our drive, I went downstairs. I cannot run downstairs now as I used to. I proceed with great pomp, like a float in a parade. But I get around, and when I catch sight of myself in a mirror, I salute my dignity respectfully. For I look like nothing so much as a woman doing a woman's work.

Margit shouts from the kitchen, not even seeing me, "Put your coat on, Missis." Margit takes no chances: I may disregard my own welfare if I wish, but she is going to take good care of the new baby.

"I am putting it on," I say.

"*And* overshoes. Or else don't go out."

MONTY saves the day for us. It seems this is to be a surprise for me from the children in the village. I mustn't come bursting out of the house to greet them and spoil everything. I'm to stay decently upstairs and see what happens. They have arranged with Monty that he is to smuggle them into the parlor, and when I hear their voices floating up to my room, I am to believe that it is an angel choir come down to earth to bless me.

I get back upstairs just in time. I can hear the children tiptoeing in and whispering loudly as they arrange themselves around the piano. Then the children's thin voices unfurl like banners. It is all beautiful, for I know what has gone into this moment.

They sing nursery rhymes first, the smallest children too loud and the older ones and the leader quite powerless to hold them down.

Dr. Rob has gone down to watch, and I, leaning over the balustrade from my floor, see the whole lamplighted scene like something old and precious out of a picture book. It has in it many of the most simple and eternal elements that can make our earth good. It has the round-faced children with their mouths all like O's; it has Margit, standing behind them where they cannot see that she must wipe her eyes on her white apron; and Monty chewing very hard on that wad, so that his Adam's apple bobs up and down furiously. And then, the scene has Dr. Rob, listening and nodding.

We have traveled a long and difficult way, but we have arrived.

And then at last they sing the Brahms Lullaby.

"Lullaby and good night,
With roses bedight,
And with lilies o'er spread
Thy baby's wee head,
Lay thee down now and rest
May thy slumber be blest.
Lay thee down now and rest
May thy slumber be blest."

Their voices are soft. They fade away at last, and the children, solemn and silent, button up their coats and tiptoe out, the eldest shushing the youngest.

I love them all so much that my body, large as it has become, feels too small to hold such wealth. And you, my child, too, must have heard, for I think I feel you eager to be born. THE END

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48 States of Mind

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 8

led the limping and haggard senators into a large conference room where a particularly heavy-tongued nuclear physicist barraged them with two hours of abstruse scientific gaga. When he had finished and the senators were revived, it was suggested that if they craved proof of what the speaker had been saying they had only to walk two miles with him to a certain building yonder. The senators who could still shake their heads shook them. They looked at their watches, got their feet back into their shoes and hobbled off to the plane that was to take them back to dear, comfortable Washington to report that everything was lovely at Oak Ridge. It won't be long now before Congressional committees will again be inspecting munitions plants. Can't say we didn't warn them.

★ ★ ★

Of course you know that deer tails are highly prized by manufacturers of flies. And naturally we're talking about the flies used by trout fishermen. Having got that out of the way, we proceed to tell you that the kids in Park Falls, Wisconsin, operated a neat little racket during the late hunting season. Deer were plentiful and obliging in northern Wisconsin and scarcely a southbound car passed through Park Falls without at least one deer on its fenders. The kids, armed with sharp knives, merely waited for traffic to slow up a so-laden car. Then they swiftly cut off the animal's tail and ran. Later on, they sold them to fly-tying firms for a dollar apiece.

★ ★ ★

We pause to applaud Mr. James L. Dilley, civilian defense publicity director in Marion County, Alabama. Mr. Dilley deplores the hysteria-promoting rumors, hues and cries, hear tells, and horror chants about "imminent" atom-bomb attacks. He properly suspects that the handful of American friends of Stalin contribute to this sort of thing largely and gladly. He cites the false rumor that recently all but panicked Birmingham, Alabama. Someone started the story that the city's water supply had been poisoned by the Communists. Then there was the pressure blast in Los Angeles caused by a jet plane pulling out of a supersonic dive. Fantastic rumors spread when the Russian embassy in Washington announced that it was installing special fire-fighting equipment. Of course everybody knew what that meant—whatever it was. Mr. Dilley is right. But if you want to help Moscow all you can, start screaming every time you hear a motorcar backfire.

★ ★ ★

One of Seattle's unquenchable orators was holding forth about something or other at a Tuesday meeting called to make plans to do something or other. The important thing is that one of his audience, after three quarters of an hour, whispered to his neighbor: "What follows this guy on the program?" His neighbor buried his face in his hands and whispered back: "Wednesday."

★ ★ ★

So far as we know there is no movement afoot to have the school children in Arlington, Virginia, decide by vote who is the most popular adult in that city. But Mr. William Early would have a smooth chance of winning. Mr. Early is superintendent of schools. He has made it public that he thinks report cards are "silly," adding that "the only thing on which report cards could possibly be correct is on the number of days present or absent." To illustrate, Mr. Early cites an experiment in which 95 teachers were given the identical geometry paper to grade. The marks varied from 30 to 92 per cent. "Report cards don't mean a thing," he says. "One of these days we'll wake up and throw them out the window."

★ ★ ★

At the University of California at Los Angeles, a professor has let a few close friends know that he is working out the details of a new and practical six-week course—Useful and Profitable Things to Do Between World Wars. Says his only worry is whether the course isn't too long.

★ ★ ★

We've heard of two restaurants in Chicago which have abolished Russian dressing from their menus. Until further notice they're calling it Tito sauce.

★ ★ ★

Political Note: No fewer than 19,536 Americans visited the boyhood home (the house) of General Dwight D. Eisenhower in Abilene, Kansas, during 1950. They registered from 39 states. Estimates put the 1951 figure at more than 25,000. Nothing on 1952 yet.

THE END

COLLIER'S

"So I sez to myself, O.K., Uncle Sam wants you again, but don't be no dope this time . . . you know the ropes . . . all about goldbrickin' . . . be smart this time . . ."

GREGORY D'ALESSIO

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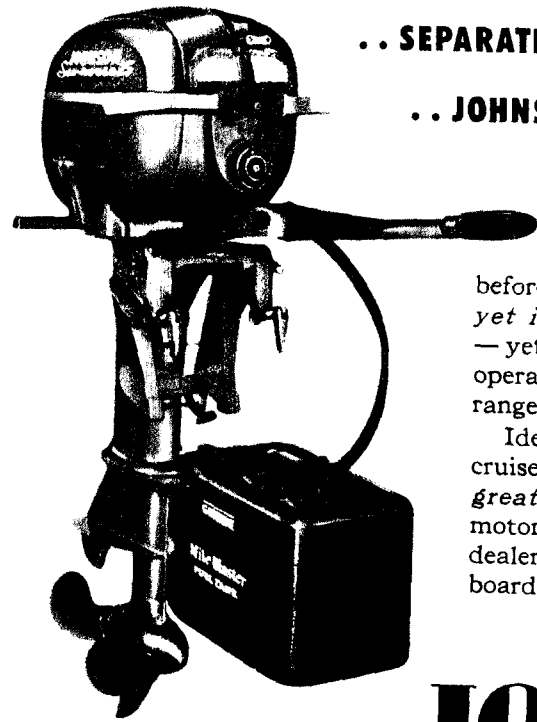

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The World's Most Horrible Crime

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 29

new wave of barbarism was rolling up.

The War Department sent a colonel to Duke to listen in, and soon there came other jobs for the refugee scholar—teacher at the School of Military Government at the University of Virginia, chief consultant to the Board of Economic Warfare and the Foreign Economic Administration, and finally adviser on foreign affairs to the War Department, where he helped plan for the Nuremberg trials.

The lectures and supporting documents grew into a massive volume called Axis Rule in Occupied Europe. Published in 1944, it gave a detailed picture of how the Nazis were organizing Europe. The word genocide appeared for the first time in this book. Lemkin had coined it after hearing Winston Churchill on the radio, speaking of Nazi atrocities, refer to *this crime without a name.*

That worried Lemkin, for you can't legislate against a thing that's nameless. He himself, back in '33, had dubbed it the crime of barbarity, but *barbarity* wasn't sufficiently precise. He talked to friends. One suggested *mass murder.* But Lemkin pointed out that when a man comes home drunk and kills his wife, mother-in-law and seven children, that's mass murder, too, but not the kind Lemkin had in mind.

Right Word Proves Elusive

Somebody suggested "race murder." The nameless crime, though, was directed not only against races but also against religions, cultures, nations.

Lemkin decided that a new word would have to be coined. Rereading Plato, he found it in the Greek *genos*—clan or religious group. To this he married the Latin *cide,* or killing.

By this time Lemkin had a personal interest in getting genocide acknowledged as an international crime. In June of 1941 he had received a letter from his parents, written a few days after the German armies had crossed the Russian frontier. Instead of the usual happy account of family affairs, this was short.

"We are well," it said. "We hope you are happy. We are thinking of you." He never heard from them again.

After the war, Lemkin found his brother, Elias, and Elias' wife and two children in Berlin. They could tell him nothing except that the Russians had moved them to a factory town beyond the Urals, leaving the elder Lemkins on the farm, and that now the farm was gone, and the village, and everyone who had lived there.

"And the rest of your family?" an acquaintance asked Lemkin recently.

"I have no family," he said bitterly.

"But there were uncles, aunts, cousins?"

"Yes. Altogether there were 49, counting my mother and my father."

"And you don't know what happened?"

"If you mean, do I know which went into the German gas chambers, and which the Germans starved in the ghettos, and which the Germans shot or beat or worked to death someplace else," said Lemkin, "no, I don't know that."

When Lemkin went to the Nuremberg trials with Supreme Court Justice Robert Jackson, chief American prosecutor, he was eager to make genocide part of the indictment of the trials. It got into the indictment—against Goering, Streicher, Von Neurath and all the other leading Nazis and organizations.

During the trial, in the summer of 1946, Lemkin flew to England to attend an international legal conference at Cambridge, urging it to adopt a resolution against genocide. Delegates told him he was trying to push international law into a field where it didn't belong. "But piracy," he retorted, "is an international crime, and nations with their culture are more important than a ship and its cargo. Surely Shakespeare is more precious than cotton." The convention took no action.

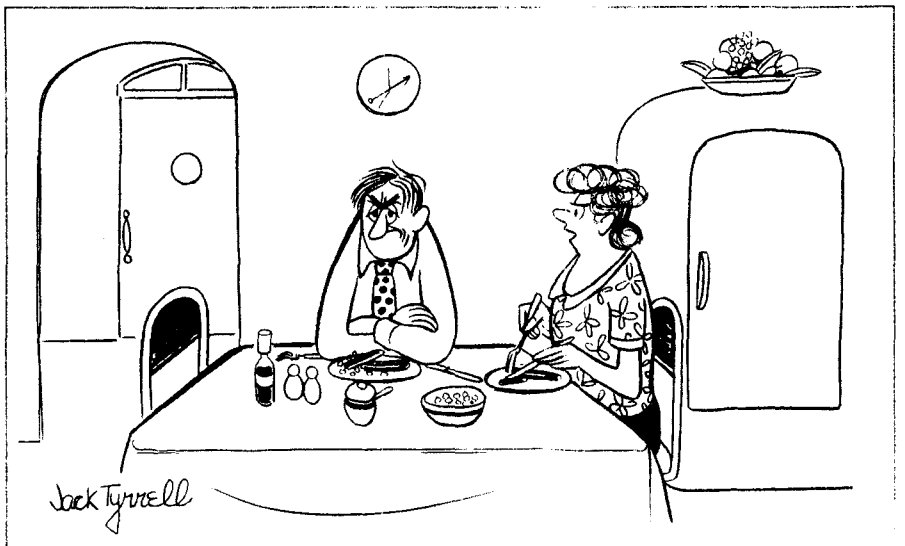
He decided to stop off in Paris, where the first World War II peace conference was being held. Maybe he could get the conferees to mention the crime in the treaties. "Good heavens, man," said an American, "don't you read the papers? Don't you know we're having a devil of a time with the Russians as it is, without dragging in another issue?"

"As a man," said a French conferee, "I'm all for your idea. But as a diplomat, how can I bring it up? It's not on the agenda, you see."

"Highly interesting," said an Ethiopian, "but what can *we* do? We're too small."

Heartsick and weary, Lemkin hurried from delegate to delegate. The story was always the same: Everybody was against genocide, but—

On the morning of his third day in Paris, too ill to get up, he was taken to the American Military Hospital.



"You should have heard the bridge club girls today. They simply went wild over my Southern fried chicken with yams, and for dessert I gave them . . . Well, what's wrong now? Frankfurters cold?"

COLLIER'S — JACK TYRRELL

A few days later, on September 30th, came the verdict of the International Military Tribunal. The judges had thrown out crimes against humanity committed before the war. Lemkin was right back where he had started.

Then, one sleepless night, he turned on the radio and heard that in New York the agenda for the first regular session of the UN was being drawn up. The session would open in three weeks.

Lemkin arrived in New York in mid-October and went directly to Lake Success. He had set himself an enormous task. On the boat coming over he had drafted a resolution declaring genocide an international crime. But it would have to be sponsored by an official delegation, and he knew hardly anyone. He had just five days before the agenda closed. Five days—and he had been trying to sell his idea for 13 years.

The United States delegation gave him to understand it would support the resolution if Lemkin would get someone else to sponsor it. The British, though less enthusiastic, gave him a similar answer; and the French.

Lemkin decided to switch tactics. Instead of looking for a big power, he would try to interest a small one—but one that could swing a lot of votes.

On the second day he recognized Dr. Ricardo Alfaro, authority on international law and former President of Panama. Lemkin introduced himself and handed Alfaro a copy of the proposed resolution. "Large countries can defend themselves by arms," Lemkin reminded him. "Small countries need the protection of laws." The next day the Panamanian smilingly handed him the resolution—signed.

Two and a half days to go. Lemkin told his story to the Cuban delegates. "For an idea of how important genocide can be," he said, "consider this: More Jews were destroyed by genocide than there are people in all of Cuba." The Cuban delegation signed.

Lemkin thought the resolution would be more likely to pass if its sponsors included an Asiatic nation. He wangled an introduction to Vijaya Lakshmi Pandit, sister of Nehru, head of the new all-Indian government. Mrs. Pandit referred him to an Indian judge, who agreed that action against genocide was in the Indian tradition. Mrs. Pandit added her country's endorsement to those of Panama and Cuba.

On the fifth and last day, Lemkin filed the resolution in the office of UN Secretary General Trygve Lie, and hurried off to Washington, where at the War Department's war crimes office he asked for and got two months' leave—without pay—to push his crusade in the UN.

His $8,000 government salary had enabled him to live at Washington's Wardman Park Hotel. Now he returned to New York and took a shabby $25-a-month room up near 102d Street in Manhattan. He hung around the press room at Lake Success, prowled the corridors, and within a few weeks was on speaking terms with almost every delegate.

Evenings he spent in the library, digging out historical material for the statements he drafted for 30 countries. The one he handed to a Peruvian delegate declared that Peru historically stood for religious freedom and tolerance of minorities. For a Czech delegate, he described how his country had been destroyed by oppression during the Middle Ages. For the French, Lemkin referred to the French Revolution and quoted Voltaire: "A day will come when out of these crimes a great benefit will come to humanity."

Russia worried him, for he hoped for unanimous action by the UN, but could not forget Vishinsky's attack on the crime of barbarity idea back in 1935, and Russia's UN delegate, Gromyko, had initially opposed including the genocide matter on the Assembly agenda. So Lemkin went to Jan Masaryk, the Czech Foreign Minister.

"As a student I knew your father," Lemkin told him, referring to old Thomas Masaryk, founder of modern Czechoslovakia. "It is too bad he is not alive. He would be a great fighter for this idea of preserving national culture."

Jan Masaryk agreed. Then Lemkin begged him to approach the Russians. "Tell Vishinsky," he urged, "that *some* good things come from the West. For example, tell him that penicillin is not an intrigue against the Soviet Union, and neither is this resolution against genocide."

What Masaryk told Vishinsky, Lemkin doesn't know, but nobody in the Soviet bloc openly opposed the resolution. On December 11, 1946, the General Assembly of the UN unanimously resolved that genocide was an international crime and that a treaty should be drawn up against it.

The exhausted shepherd returned to his little room, pulled down the shades, and didn't get out of bed for two days.

Back in Washington, Lemkin felt that until the convention had been drawn up, passed by the General Assembly, and ratified by the nations, there would be many opportunities to smother it. He quit the War Department and returned to New York.

Then in May, 1947, Trygve Lie suggested Lemkin might like to help draft the treaty. Lemkin began seeking group support for the genocide convention. American organizations backing the treaty that finally emerged include Catholic, Protestant and Jewish bodies, the AFL and the CIO, women's organizations and national groups.

Lemkin's fears that the baby might be smothered before it could walk were almost realized in 1947. He helped draft a genocide treaty, which then went to the UN's Codification Committee, then to the General Assembly. But a move developed to have the Assembly call the whole business premature. It was led by Russia and, to a lesser extent, by Great Britain, which was then still involved in India and Palestine.

The morning the issue was to come to a vote, Oswaldo Aranha of Brazil, then president of the Assembly, found a grim-faced Lemkin waiting for him.

"Mr. President," said Lemkin, "who is making international law for the world—Vishinsky or the General Assembly? I ask this now because in 12 minutes you will begin presiding over a meeting which may decide to destroy the genocide convention by postponing it indefinitely. I appeal to you to hold off the vote."

Aranha held it off. Meanwhile, Lemkin lined up sponsors for a substitute resolution directing that a genocide treaty be submitted for action in 1948. Passed with 38 votes out of 54, it kept the baby alive another year.

Job Did Not Retard Crusade

A few months later, Yale invited Lemkin to join its law-school staff, lecturing on foreign exchange and on the law of the United Nations. Penniless by now, Lemkin accepted only on one condition—that he be permitted to give the genocide fight priority over teaching. Yale agreed, giving him a light lecture schedule and supplying him with research assistance and secretarial facilities for his crusade.

He took a $5-a-week room in New Haven and spent the winter and spring of '48 there, teaching and working on a book, The History of Genocide. In the summer he flew to Geneva, where the UN's Economic and Social Council was considering the treaty. Then he went on to Paris for meetings of the General Assembly.

In Europe he faced a new hurdle. Some persons, both in and out of the UN, wanted to add the genocide convention to the one on human rights. Lemkin foresaw that this would create confusion and delay, so he argued that while human rights—to talk freely, to worship, to vote, go to school, not be discriminated against—were highly important, they were not life itself. "First we make existence safe," he would plead. "Then we work to improve it."

When the treaty was presented to the General Assembly in December, 1948, it

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represented a victory not only for the one-man crusader but also for an American delegate named John Maktos, an assistant legal adviser with the State Department.

Maktos had been chairman of a seven-nation committee which redrafted the genocide treaty and American member of the Legal Committee, where all the nations argued about it. He had skillfully fought attempts to sidetrack and weaken the treaty.

The Soviet bloc, for instance, had wanted the preamble to identify genocide as a Nazi and Fascist crime. Instead, it states that "at all periods of history genocide has inflicted great losses on humanity."

Political Groups Excepted

However, Maktos and Lemkin did make one big concession. They had intended the treaty to apply to genocidal acts against political—as well as against national, racial, cultural and religious—groups. The Russians objected, doubtless remembering what had happened to certain political groups in their country—and they were joined by some Latin-American delegates.

"On our continent," one of the South American leaders argued, "we are always having a revolution; then we dance a rumba and forget it. But if this treaty includes political groups, the loser of the revolution can claim before the world that the winner violated the genocide pact and must be punished."

Lemkin now proved himself intensely practical. He asked Maktos, "Is it better to get everything we want and then have it ratified by only a few countries, or to compromise and get most of the world behind us?"

Maktos laid the question before the full American delegation, including Secretary of State Marshall. They agreed that "political groups" should be withdrawn.

On the afternoon of December 9, 1948, Lemkin's crusade, then fifteen years old, reached its first climax when the genocide convention finally came to a vote in the UN General Assembly in Paris at the Palais Chaillot.

Nervously Lemkin stood on the floor of the Assembly as the roll was called. One by one he heard the nations of the world vote *yes*. The count was 55 to 0.

Delegates rushed up to shake his hand. The French Foreign Minister thanked him in the name of France. Dr. Herbert Evatt of Australia, the Assembly president, congratulated him. Lowell Thomas referred to him on the radio as "the happiest man in Paris."

He was probably also the weariest. He spent two days rounding up signatures to the treaty (43 nations eventually signed); then once again he entered the American Military Hospital, this time for six weeks.

Today Lemkin is still weary and ill, his blood pressure still high. For after the Assembly's approval, he set himself the not inconsiderable task of seeing to it that the treaty was made effective by the formal ratification of at least 20 nations. Since October 14th, when the number of formal ratifications passed that figure and the protocol was signed, more nations have ratified, a total of 28 in all: five with reservations, Bulgaria, Romania, Poland, Czechoslovakia and the Philippines; 23 without reservations, Australia, Norway, Iceland, Liberia, Costa Rica, Haiti, El Salvador, Ethiopia, Ceylon, France, Turkey, Israel, Saudi Arabia, Yugoslavia, Ecuador, Panama, Guatemala and six non-UN members, Korea, Monaco, Cambodia, Viet-Nam, Laos and Jordan. Four more UN members—Brazil, Nicaragua, Uruguay and Iran—are expected to ratify soon.

President Truman transmitted the convention to the Senate in June, 1949, with a message strongly urging its approval. But a few months later the powerful American Bar Association went on record as opposed. Its spokesmen at public hearings of a subcommittee of the Senate Committee on Foreign Relations made clear that it was not against a genocide convention, just against this particular convention.

ABA arguments—and answers by Lemkin and State Department officials—ran like this:

1. The convention is too weak because it omits "political groups."

Still, said the treaty's proponents, most cases of genocide—even by that archgenocidist, Hitler—have been committed against racial, religious, cultural or national groups rather than purely political ones.

2. It is also too weak because it doesn't define genocide as a crime committed "with the complicity of government."

But Article IV of the convention clearly states that genocidists shall be punished "whether they are constitutionally responsible rulers, public officials or private individuals."

3. At the same time, the convention is too strong because it says anyone shall be punished who commits genocide against a group "in whole or in part." Doesn't that mean that if even one Negro is killed, the U.S. can be accused of genocide?

Nonsense, say those who wrote the treaty; if Smith kills a Negro because Smith is drunk, or angry, or insulted, that's homicide. It is genocide only if a substantial number of Negroes are killed as part of a plan to exterminate all the Negroes in America.

4. Furthermore, it violates State rights because it imposes domestic law by the treaty method.

But Article V states plainly that countries shall enact legislation against genocide *in accordance with their respective constitutions*.

5. Finally, the treaty is too strong because someday it may make it possible for an American citizen to be tried before an international court for a crime committed in his own country. That would be unconstitutional.

Treaty backers point to Article VI, which provides that a person shall be tried in the country where the crime was committed—"or by such international penal tribunal as may have jurisdiction with respect to such contracting parties [nations] as shall have accepted the jurisdiction of such tribunal."

Problems of a Trial Court

There is now no international criminal court for dealing with genocide cases, but the UN is considering whether or not there should be one. It may recommend either that a new court be set up or that the present International Court of Justice be used. In either case, the court could not act unless the country concerned had accepted its jurisdiction.

The question most often put to Lemkin concerns the treaty's practicality. For instance, what if Russia commits genocide? Is it realistic to suppose she will try the responsible officials in her own courts? Can we even hope she will accept an international court?

"Even Russia," says Lemkin, "has some regard for public opinion. For instance, she's been advertising herself as a protector of the rights of colonial peoples. Now if it should come out that she is not a protector but a destroyer of peoples, she would certainly have a harder time penetrating those areas in Asia and Africa she has her eyes on."

How much has his crusade cost Lemkin personally? The question surprised him; he had never thought of it that way. "All I know is that everything I have made has gone into it, and then some."

No man to rest on his laurels, Lemkin plans to continue to fight for universal ratification of the treaty. When this is achieved he hopes then to retire to the country for a while, do some fishing, play some checkers, and take up again—for the first time in years—painting in water colors.

But he adds: "I am hoping also to continue my study of genocide and to bring cases of it before the United Nations." In what capacity would he do that? "In the capacity of a human being," he declares. "I consider this treaty an epitaph to my mother. I want to keep it bright." THE END

BICYCLE QUIZ no. 12

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New York's Tin Shields Become an Iron Curtain

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 19

were blackened; he was stabbed between the shoulder blades.

In Brooklyn, John Giordano was mugged as he came home from a Boy Scout fund-raising meeting at the Towers Hotel. Mrs. Minnie Freeman was mugged on her way home to Kosciusko Street—grabbed around the neck, punched in the eye, thrown to the pavement, kicked in the chest, robbed of her purse.

Albert Mesick, a man of sixty-three, who couldn't run because he had arthritis, was mugged on Willow Street—rabbit-punched, then kicked when he was down. One kick broke his wrist.

A Brooklyn physician said resignedly, "I've been practicing medicine here in Brooklyn Heights for 14 years. There is little or no police protection. I expect to be mugged or beaten up any day now. When that happens I'll stop making outside visits and only receive patients at my office." Will that protect him? One can't be sure. A Queens physician, Dr. Sebastian Giarratano, was mugged right outside his office in Glendale—robbed, beaten up, his ankle broken.

Mugging has become a generalized fear among New Yorkers. The police department may not tell you—but pick any neighborhood at random and talk to the people. I picked a West Side section in Manhattan—Amsterdam Avenue in the West Sixties. I sat down with a family and they called in some neighbors. "What do you know about mugging?" I asked them.

Horror Stories of Real Life

They all started talking at once. I could hardly take notes fast enough—"One man in our neighborhood—a man with two young children—was coming home from work early in the morning. He never did get home. When they went to look for him they found him dead in the street. His head was bashed in and his pay was gone. There was nothing about it in the papers. All the family got from the police was, 'Struck on the head with a blunt instrument by person or persons unknown . . .'

"Then there was another neighbor, a father coming home from the movies. He was beaten up, his eye was blackened, and his watch and money were taken. He didn't even report it to the police. He was afraid the muggers would get him again . . .

"Another man—a big man six feet two, and weighing 200 pounds—was coming home from radio school. One hoodlum asked him for a light and another mugged him from behind . . .

"Even a boy of twelve was mugged by a bunch of teen-age hoodlums when he was coming home from school."

Don't ask the police. Just knock on any door.

I tried a similar sampling among the small merchants along Eighth Avenue between Fifty-first and Fifty-second streets, just two blocks from Madison Square Garden. There was Mrs. Betty Flatow, proprietress of a dress shop, who was held up three times at gun point.

There was the frail, gray-haired lady who runs The Little Shop. A thug and his moll came in last July, dragged her to the back of the shop and warned, "If you scream we'll let you have it"—while the little old lady pleaded, "Don't hurt me."

There was the Madison Square Pet Shop, where thieves made so bold as to come into the shop during business hours and walk off with the adding machine!

There was William Greenberger, the delicatessen man around the corner, held up at three o'clock in the afternoon by a "customer" who came in and locked the door behind him, then unlimbered a gun.

There was the beauty shop next door, also held up at gun point.

All this in a single square block. Some of these merchants drew up a petition and sent it to the mayor and the police commissioner last year. They wanted more protection.

"Did you get it?" I inquired.

"We didn't even get an answer," they replied.

How safe is *home* in New York? Ask Leon Saul, who lives on Marcy Place, in the Bronx. Saul came home one night to find his wife beaten up and in a state of hysteria.

"My wife was sitting up watching television, waiting for me to come home from work," he relates. "She dozed off. This thug walked in the door—he must have had a passkey. At first my wife thought it was me. He flashed a light in her eyes. Then he began to punch her. He kept punching her on the side of the head. She begged him to take the money that was on the night table and let her alone. He wouldn't. He kept punching. He was a maniac."

The ferocious beating ended only when the Sauls' twelve-year-old daughter, awakened by her mother's shrieks, came screaming out of her bedroom. The assailant fled.

In Queens two thugs entered an apartment, bound a woman, her daughter, a neighbor's child and two visitors with adhesive tape and held them captive for an hour and a quarter. "The children are still scared," the woman's husband told me. "They're afraid to go to sleep at night."

In the Bronx a man forced his way into an apartment and raped a fifteen-year-old girl who was baby sitting. In upper Manhattan, Marcus Lieberman and his wife, Rose, were beaten with gun butts by thugs who had posed as telegraph messengers. "I had 30 stitches in my face and head," Mrs. Lieberman told me. Her husband was beaten into unconsciousness. The thugs were kind enough to revive him with a spray of carbonated water they found in the icebox.

But a good many of New York's victims cannot be revived.

William Henry Hupe, for example.

Hupe, a young air-line radio operator, left his home in Flushing, Queens, to mail his income tax, dutifully reaching the post office before the midnight deadline. On the way home he stopped at a stationery store on Northern Boulevard to pick up a morning paper. As his car pulled up, three young hoodlums confronted him at the left door and ordered him to get out. Hupe hesitated, not because he was trying to defy the thugs, but simply because the door handle on the left side was out of order. He slid toward the right side.

The thugs thought he was trying to escape. A shot cracked out and a bullet burrowed into Hupe's chest. Hupe managed to open the door of the car and stagger out. A storekeeper and a passer-by came running to him. From his quivering lips they heard, "Get me a doctor, quick. I'm shot." He died before reaching the hospital.

Two Conflicting Reports

Death at the hands of hoodlums has studded New York's calendar of crime. Yet at the very time New York's police department was hoodwinking the public with phony statistics, Commissioner William P. O'Brien, who later resigned under fire, *admitted* what the score was. Buried away in the archives of New York's Board of Estimate is a report which O'Brien filed last April 12th (when he was asking more money for the police department). It reads:

"The *increased* (italics ours) number of crimes committed does not adequately present the gravity of the situation; it is rather the sadistic nature of the modern criminal and the brutal methods employed in the commission of recent crimes that has struck terror in the minds of the people."

This was the same police commissioner who, in his annual report to the mayor a few months earlier, had said, "The records of the department, I am happy to report, show a *decrease* (italics ours) in crime . . ."

The morass of phony crime reporting in which New York became mired was explained to me by a high police official who

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"How can you dislike a hat without seeing the price tag?"

KATE OSANN

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COLLIER'S

"Pardon me for laughing. It's just that I never heard sodium ethylmercuri thiosalicylate pronounced quite like that before"

AL JOHNS

insisted, understandably, on remaining anonymous. He put it this way: "When Fiorello La Guardia was mayor, he insisted that the police reduce the incidence of crime; and when Lewis J. Valentine was police commissioner they succeeded. When other commissioners followed Valentine, they were darned if they were going to let the rate go up! In short, the word went out to keep the figures down."

Thus, a battered citizen would go into a precinct station to report a mugging. "Go upstairs and tell it to the detectives," the desk lieutenant would tell him. He'd go upstairs. A detective would make a few notes and then, as the citizen left the station, the case would be consigned to the wastebasket. Or it might be "investigated"—carried around in a detective's pocket for weeks, never being reported. Or it might be entered in a "squeal book"—to be reported *only* if an arrest were made.

A man named Philip Courtney was mugged in the Bedford-Stuyvesant section of Brooklyn and died five days later. The Brooklyn Eagle dug into the case and found that the crime was hidden not only from the public, but even from neighbors who went to inquire. There was no blotter entry at the precinct station, no teletype record, no "aided card"—no record whatever. When a reporter confronted the desk lieutenant at the Gates Avenue Station and asked why, he was told, "Heck, if we had to enter every little thing that happens we wouldn't have time for anything else."

Is murder a "little thing" in New York?

When I asked a top FBI spokesman in Washington why New York's figures were left out of the Uniform Crime Reports, he bluntly replied, "Because New York statistics are so lousy we won't even print them!" In calmer terms the FBI patiently tried to help New York. It pointed out to the police department that its figures were defective and incomplete for every year since World War II. Twice it offered to come in and help New York set up an honest and effective system of crime reporting.

But the FBI got a cold shoulder. New York wouldn't face up to the truth of its crime situation. At one meeting with the FBI, former Commissioner O'Brien made the curious statement, "I will not have a crime wave put over on my department as long as I am commissioner."

Meanwhile, management consultant Harris, who had surveyed a number of police departments throughout the country, went to work to blast the statistical hoax. He really blasted it. He laid before the amazed eyes of New York's business leaders an analysis based on the rock-ribbed records of the National Bureau of Casualty Underwriters. It proved that in 1948, insurance companies *actually paid claims on 13,832 more burglaries, larcenies and robberies than the police department had even reported.*

The police reported 11,954 such crimes. The insurance companies paid claims on 25,786! Where crime statistics are honestly kept, there is an average of 6.6 times as many crimes as there are insurance claims paid. By this gauge, New York would have had well over 150,000 crimes in categories where it reported 11,954!

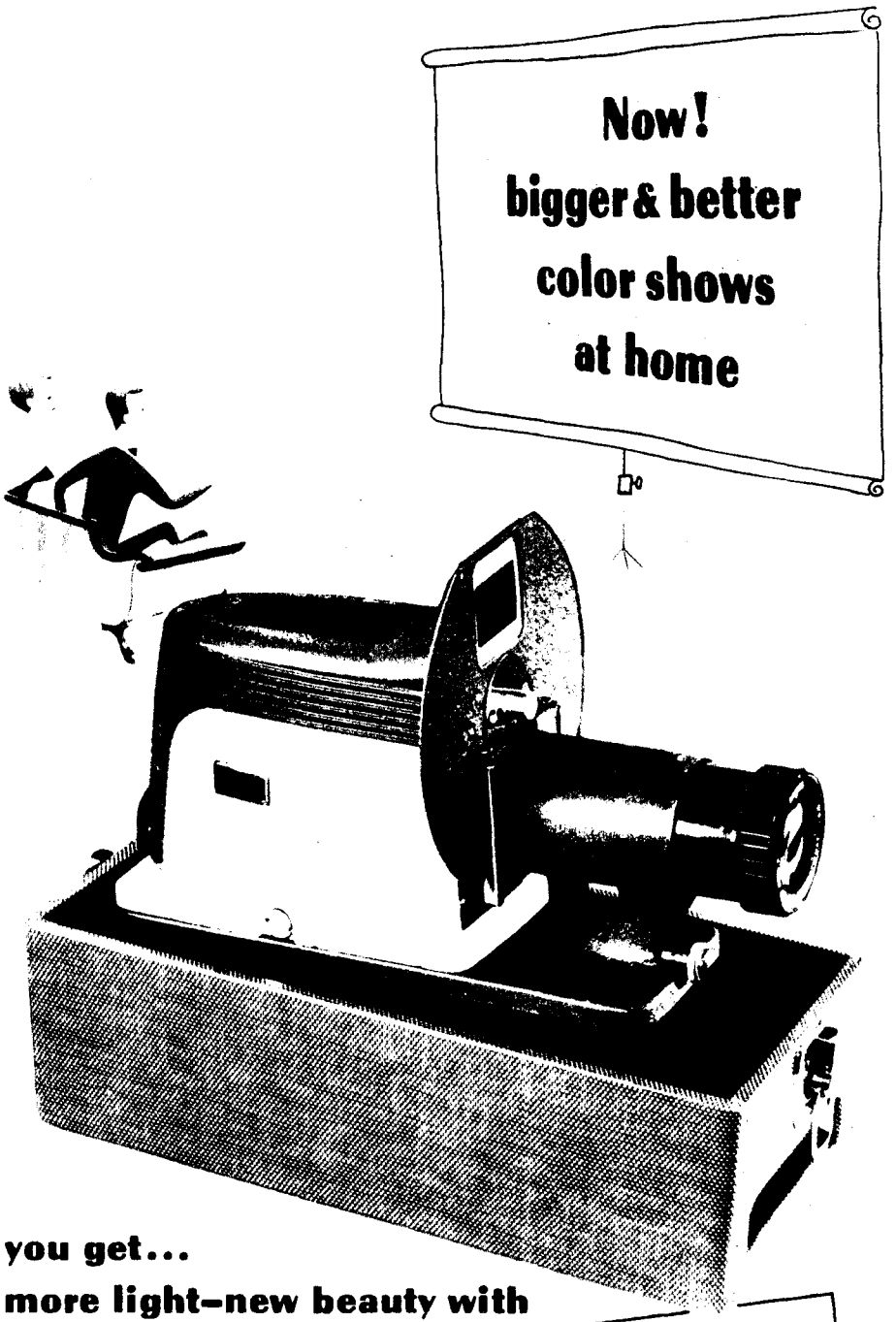
Civic Bodies Rebuke Police

Harris' findings were speedily confirmed by New York's topflight civic organizations. The City Club of New York, after sponsoring an independent study by Professor Samuel Joseph of City College, pointed with alarm to "a continued, deliberate and systematic concealment of complaints of crime." The Grand Jury Association cited the police department's "alarming failure to report properly crimes that have occurred in this city." The New York State Chamber of Commerce fumed at police reports which "have been grossly inaccurate and inadequate."

New York woke up with a start, a kind of double-take. It suddenly realized that its police force, which for years it had proudly called "the finest," was a strong contender to the claim of being "the worst." It heard authoritative experts say, "New York police reported only 2,520 burglary complaints for the entire city in 1949. Actually, there were probably that many in a single precinct!" Sidney G. Kingsley, chairman of the board of the City Club, summed up the feelings of many New Yorkers when he remarked:

"My feeling is primarily one of being insulted. I resent police officials pushing around millions of people, including me . . . When the police conceal crime, they're selling out our safety!"

With the district attorney and the grand jury about to dig their teeth into the statistical scandal, New York's affable police commissioner, Thomas E. Murphy, who took over from O'Brien, dug his own teeth in first. He announced, in the midst of the



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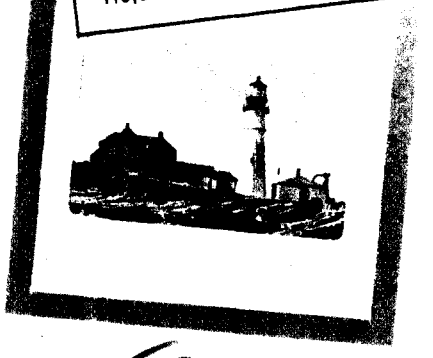

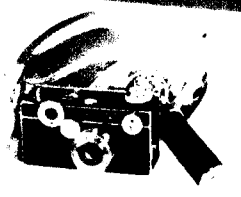

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Big October Shake-up, a new system of record keeping intended to end skulduggery.

This appeased the public, but the truth is—this method is hardly better than the old. New York's crime recording is still feeble. There is no independent record bureau, interested only in the truth. The "Statistical, Correspondence and Records Bureau" is still under the thumb of the Detective Division.

I found statistical work being done in a way more suited to a delicatessen store than to the New York City Police Department. The use of microfilm was unheard of. Business machines, in use in other cities for years, were just being explored. There was no checkback whatever on the thousands of reports of crime which citizens make by phone to the headquarters switchboard. (Some cities monitor these by means of serial numbers, some with magnetic tape recordings.) Worst of all, New York had not made a single worth-while statistical study for guidance in combating crime.

Contrast this with St. Louis, where a *professor of economics—a specialist in statistics*—was brought in from St. Louis University to make crime analyses and reports; where records are microfilmed; where *all* reports of crime are channeled to a central, independent record bureau; where punch-card machines make possible a virtually instantaneous check on crime of any type in any part of the city.

Tom Murphy's New York reform boiled down to this: Two copies of the original complaint would be made in the precincts (one copy for headquarters), and the precincts could have 72 hours instead of 24 to get their reports downtown (to allow more time for investigation).

Harris, on examining the "new system," commented:

"The only effect of Murphy's order is to extend the time in which the police can phony up the statistics. They now have 72 hours in which to lose a report!"

An Error in the Publicity

New York's police department, by skillful publicity over the years, has sponsored the impression that it is the best in the world. It is, after all, a $100,000,000-a-year organization, more than 19,000 strong. "But it makes a slight error," one expert on police administration remarked. "It confuses magnitude with greatness."

Far from a slick organization fighting crime in a streamlined manner, the department is actually a cumbersome antique. Two years ago the Citizens Budget Commission, in an authoritative study sponsored by the city itself, reported, "The organization of the police department, particularly in the upper levels of administrative responsibility, is neither orderly nor logical. It is a relic of the past which challenges bold revision."

The brass-heavy organization, modeled after the Army during the Spanish-American War, is described by G. Gordon Tegnell, research director of the New York State Chamber of Commerce, as "a fantastic hodgepodge, a hopeless muddle." He adds, "No business could run that way." The department's own organizational chart, a virtual rat-maze of intertwining responsibilities, eloquently proves Tegnell's point.

Recently, in exasperation, Assistant District Attorney Julius Helfand paused in his grand jury fumigation of police-bookmaker partnerships to say in court, "If any business conducted its operations the way the police department did, it would be bankrupt in 48 hours."

"With 19,000 cops, you'd think we'd see one once in a while," mused a family man in Queens. But the fact is that even with 19,000 cops the city is pitifully bare; that is, the *big city* where the eight million live, not the little city where the four hundred dine and go to the theater.

Last May the molestation of Queens school children became so grave that mothers themselves went out on foot patrol. Said Mrs. Margaret Hargreaves, P.T.A. president at Public School 149, "Until the police do something, we mothers intend to stand guard over our children." The Queens Federation of Mothers Clubs sternly resolved: "We are now not asking, but *demanding* that immediate protection be given our children in the schools."

In Forest Hills, residents are tired of having their neighborhood called "Burglar's Heaven." "If we had enough policemen to become really acquainted with the neighborhood, they would be alert to any suspicious characters," said Mrs. Josephine Streader. Another resident, Mrs. Harold Cartlidge, took a more resigned view. Her home had been burglarized 10 times in 15 years. When burglars finally backed a truck into her driveway and stripped the house virtually bare, she said:

"The poor fellows. They really didn't get much after all that work because we have been robbed of about everything valuable we ever owned. Knowing the kind of police protection we're getting, we just haven't bothered to replace them. Why buy things for a burglar to take?"

In Brooklyn, Judge Samuel S. Leibowitz, in whose courtroom the police-bookmaker scandal unfolded, recalled that his own home had been burglarized three times. "The foot patrol is so thin—" he said. "Just take the Snyder Avenue Station, in the heart of Brooklyn. All they turn out is a handful of men to walk the beats at night. The neighborhood streets are deserted."

Listen to some of the Brooklyn neighborhood folks:

Morris Freeman, whose wife was mugged— "We never see a cop on the beat on our block."

Mrs. Anna Maloney, an apartment resident in Brooklyn Heights— "Everyone coming home in this building at night is really afraid. We never see a policeman on the beat. . . . Many people are afraid to come home on payday with a week's salary in their pocket."

Mrs. Marie Catalano, who marched with 60 women and children in the Williamsburg section carrying signs, *"Protect Us From Prowlers," "Protect Our Children—"* said: "The police are never around. It just isn't safe living here any more. One of my neighbors was hurt fighting off an attacker. A molester tried to drag one of my little daughters into a hallway. Women are terrified to go out unescorted."

At a neighborhood meeting in the crime-ridden Bedford-Stuyvesant section, one harried resident put it succinctly: "Decent citizens are prisoners in their own homes."

At a similar neighborhood meeting in upper Manhattan, a young mother rose and said, "I was born in the toughest part of town, but I've never been afraid of anything. Now I'm afraid for the first time in my life. When I go to a movie, I phone *my husband and tell him* I'm ready to go home. I'm scared to death to walk even one block."

What kind of protection is New York *really* getting? A spot check of 16 of its precincts, selected at random, showed a foot-patrol coverage of 28 per cent! In this substantial area of the city there was a total of 663 foot-patrol posts. Only 186 were covered—477 were empty!

Some precincts were so bare, in fact, that police officials asked me not to identify them, lest a wave of crooks move in for easy pickings. In one Manhattan precinct with 52 foot-patrol posts, only 10 posts were covered. In a Queens precinct with 44 posts, only 4 were covered. In Brooklyn, a precinct with 41 posts had only six covered. A Bronx precinct with 29 posts was nude except for eight.

One precinct captain, with over 40 posts to cover, summed it up for me, saying, "You know how many men I can get out on beat, on the average? About six. Sometimes even less. Once I had no men at all on foot patrol in the entire precinct!"

Commissioner Murphy acknowledged the situation when he submitted a new police budget on January 19th of this year. He referred to sections of the city "where residents have not seen a patrolman." His solution was to dun the city for 1,622 more police personnel.

However, in a city with over 19,000 policemen already (a larger force per capita than most of our big cities), many citizens may well wonder what happens to the man power. Why aren't more cops out on the beats protecting citizens?

No one has answered that question better than the Citizens Budget Commission. In its official city survey, it found "more than 800 able-bodied uniformed men" in the police department working not as policemen at all but as clerks, typists, auto enginemen, stenographers, telephone operators and the like. It found 212 detectives working as clerks.

"The policeman, performing the same tasks, ofttimes less effectively than the trained civilian, frequently draws twice as much salary," the Budget Commission declared. Its survey chairman, Harold Riegelman, told me, "If work that could be done by civilians actually *were* done by civilians, we could have a lot more cops out fighting crime."

New York's boast that its physical qualifications for cops are tougher than for the U.S. Marines leaves a public-spirited citizen like the Reverend Frank Peer Beal, president of the city's Community Councils, somewhat baffled. "Is there any sense to having a policeman measure up to such rigorous qualifications—just to pound a typewriter?" he inquires.

Jobs Civilians Could Hold

The police department could release scores of men for patrol by adopting a civilian guard plan for some of its school crossings, as the Budget Commission urged. Other cities have done it with notable success. New York could save $650,000 in cash and 714,875 man-hours for much-needed foot patrol, the commission survey showed. But nothing was done.

The sidetracking of beat men for "special details"—covering parades, ball games, strikes, conventions, visits of VIPs, Union Square gab fests and Broadway first nights—is another major reason why so many neighborhoods are nude. Can't New York fill some of these details with men off duty, working voluntarily at extra pay (as they do in Boston), or cut the crippling burden of payroll details by declining to use public police as private guards (they did it in Philadelphia), or get the big sports arenas to defray at least part of the costs of extra policing (as they do in Washington)?

Facing the city's dire need for foot patrol, Commissioner Murphy on November 1st ordered 22 precincts to put one man in their radio cars instead of two. The second man went out on foot beat. This must have pleased at least one radio cop—the one who wrote to the Brooklyn Eagle last February 12th:

"I cannot afford to have my name published because I am a policeman. . . . I prefer foot patrol rather than being just an errand boy for the bosses who sit and eat, drink, and answer the phone—then order coffee and food brought in by the radio cops who have to leave their post and car to get it. . . . I want to patrol on *foot*, rather than fall asleep up some back street waiting for a crime to happen. . . ."

Actually, however, cutting into the radio car forces will avail the city little. It is robbing Peter to pay Paul. Many a seasoned police expert believes that one man in a radio car is inadequate and dangerous, that radio cops are shock troops and must work in strength. The core of the matter is that radio cars and foot patrol are two complementary branches of the crime-fighting army. They must not be played off, one against the other. For years we overrelied on radio cars. Is New York now going to commit the reverse error?

If New York is to be a safe city, its police department must be overhauled thoroughly, not merely patched up with baling wire and mucilage. The advent of Commissioner Tom Murphy, thrown in to save the department from the stench of its own scandal, has been viewed as a dubious blessing by many knowledgeable observers. Their fear: that Murphy's patchwork repairs might stave off the thoroughgoing reconstruction the department needs.

"Murphy's 'reforms'—though he has the best intentions in the world—represent a net gain of zero," says management consultant Harris.

"Nothing has been done to clean out and revamp that cloudy region known as Head-

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COLLIER'S — STANLEY & JANICE BERENSTAIN

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quarters," says City Club Chairman Kingsley.

"It is essential that the police department be completely reorganized," says the New York State Chamber of Commerce.

Step number one, many feel, is to rip down the iron curtain. Rarely has any unit of government erected such imperious barriers against the public as has the New York Police Department. Just as it hornswoggled the public with fake crime statistics, so it has spoon-fed the public its own brand of propaganda and tried to throttle every critical voice.

Even Colonel Earle W. Garrett, who conducted the Citizens Budget Commission police survey—at the city's own request—was, as he puts it, "hedged in, not permitted to get the facts freely." Says Garrett, "The police hierarchy has been so powerful it has rejected everything from the outside. It has closed its mind to legitimate criticism."

"The police department is a closed corporation," Budget Commission Counsel Riegelman declares. "Much of its strategy is aimed at keeping it a closed corporation—to prevent the public from knowing what's going on."

Even fiery Fiorello La Guardia couldn't penetrate the iron curtain. In 1945, when New York was lapping up propaganda about its best-in-the-world police department, Mayor La Guardia quietly admitted to his Commissioner of Investigation, Louis E. Yavner, "The two failures of my administration have been education—and the police department."

Six Thousand Cops at Funeral

Step number two is to return the department to the people. The public must *rule it*, not be *ruled by it*. Milton M. Bergerman, chairman of the Citizens Union, decries the "theatrical demonstration" last July, when 6,000 policemen marched at a police captain's funeral in an obvious attempt to thwart a grand jury probe of police graft. Yet this very demonstration was later hailed by a high police official as a fine example of "aggressive public relations." He called it a march against the public, and he added that the New York Police Department did not believe in the old-fashioned "soft" attitude of bowing to the public; in short, it would not put up with public criticism.

A comedian clowned on television in a cop's costume. The same high official, again illustrating "aggressive public relations," said, "When he gets back from Hollywood, we'll pick him up."

He was asked, "Are you going to arrest every vaudeville clown who wears a cop's costume?"

"Not arrest them," the official replied. "Haul them in on the carpet and give them a talking to." In other words, "Scare 'em."

There is something formidable in such police attitudes. As formidable as the near riot at City Hall on October 19th, when police mobbed a councilman in what was described as "an attempt to intimidate the Board of Estimate."

Step number three is a cleaning up of the brass. The rank and file of New York cops are, mostly, hard-working, clean-cut fellows trying to do a job. It is the brass which is tarnished—the "hierarchy," or what Yavner, now president of Survey Institute, calls "the vested interests."

Honest Policemen on a Spot

In the Big October Shake-up, and its attendant scandal, the individual New York cop took it on the chin. He knew what it was to get the jaundiced glances of a neighbor, who wondered if he, too, were a crook. He knew what it was to have his kids taunted in school. This was the price he paid for tarnished brass. Harris, in speaking to the Young Men's Board of Trade on "administrative lethargy and official self-contentment" in the police department, said, "The collateral tragedy is that a vast number of the rank and file of the force may, as is here the case, be honest energetic and well-schooled officers, held impotent by policy and the subservience of their supervisors."

Step number four—and it is futile to try it until the first three steps have been taken—is reorganization. The muddled chain of command must be streamlined. Administration must be put on an efficient, businesslike basis. Modern methods must take the place of antique ones. Man power must be freed to fight crime.

It is naïve to think that this reorganization can come from within the department. As Bergerman, of the Citizens Union, put it, "It is high time the police department stop investigating itself and coming up with a whitewash. This job must be done from the outside. The department must be gone over from top to bottom."

The idea of chopping a few heads and letting the scandal blow over is as old as politics itself. New York has had scores of police "shake-ups." It keeps shaking up the same old ingredients. It has never had a decent reorganization.

Lee Thompson Smith, president of the New York County Grand Jury Association, thinks it is a job a grand jury ought to supervise. Technical experts can be brought in to give advice; a grand jury, with proper enabling legislation, can see that the advice is heeded.

Finally—step number five—New York needs a vigilant crime commission. Its crime-racked neighborhoods have had only their lone, unorganized voices to raise in protest. Its citizens, preyed on by the mugger, burglar, rapist and despoiler, have had no arm to raise in their own defense.

It was to fill this breach that the New York State Chamber of Commerce recently resolved, "In view of the shocking disclosures in New York City, the time has come . . . to form, in our community, voluntary organizations of outstanding citizens . . . which will recognize criminal operations at their very beginning and see to it that the police take adequate steps to cope with them without delay."

A citizens commission—a crime commission with power and the courage to use it—could do much to guard America's biggest city from the incursions of the criminal. It could restore to the police department that vigor and strength which any department of government enjoys when it is close to the people. THE END

MARTHA BLANCHARD

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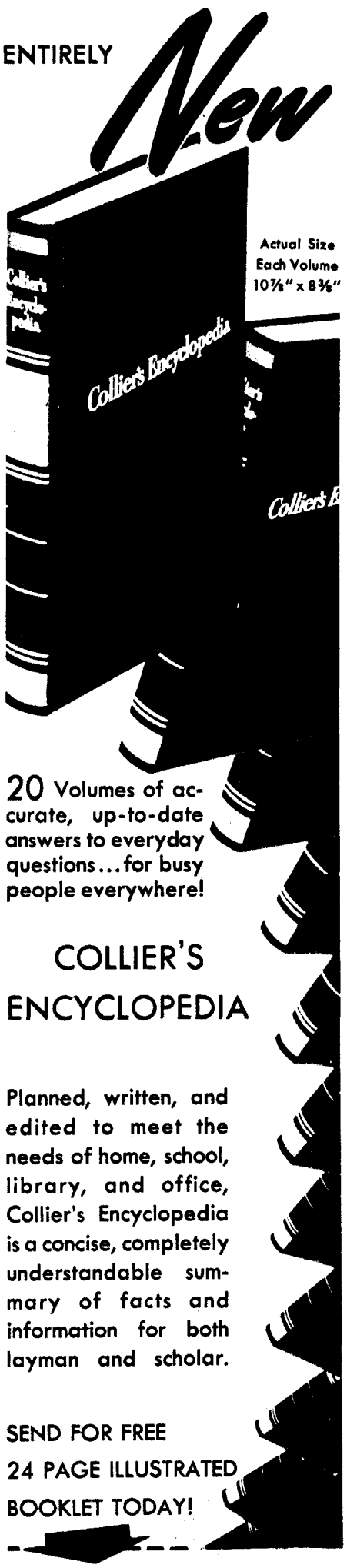

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The Corpse Was in the Countinghouse

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 14

left fist into the banker's stomach. He hadn't really intended to hit him but only to keep the banker from pushing him back. His sudden anger turned a defensive gesture into a swift punch.

Crenshaw straightened up and started a roundhouse swing.

Anson moved his head, and the blow whizzed harmlessly past his nose.

"Why, damn you!" Crenshaw said. "I'll have you arrested for assault and battery! I'll have you thrown in jail. I—" He stood up and started another vicious swing. This time Neil Anson stepped inside of it.

He felt a deep satisfaction as his fist hit Crenshaw's jaw, jolting the banker backward so that his legs became entangled with the swivel chair and he fell sprawling to the floor.

"And I guess that just about does it," Neil Anson said, picking up his topcoat from the floor.

He saw Crenshaw fumbling at a drawer in the desk and realized that in all probability there was a gun in that drawer, but Neil simply didn't care. He was too disgusted with the whole situation.

NEIL closed the soundproof door behind him, then paused for a moment. He was standing facing the door when Ellen Jasper opened the door of the outer office. She saw him, and, looking embarrassed, said, "Good—good morning, Neil."

Neil waited for a second or two, then, deciding that Crenshaw had probably given up any idea of pursuit, walked over to Ellen.

She looked very pretty as she stood there, her unruly dark hair, under the brimless hat contrasting with her gray eyes.

"We got your letter," Neil said coldly.

She looked hurt. "It wasn't mine. It was his." She jerked her head toward the door marked Private.

"Yes," Neil said, "*his* letter said that in view of information he had received which made him question the value of the security, he had advanced the due date. *We* hadn't given him any information." He regretted saying it when he saw the look in her eyes.

"Good heavens, Neil, you don't think *I* gave him any information!"

"I suppose he's tried to pump you about our affairs?"

"Neil, do you think I'd stand for anything like that?"

"Well, he's tried to, hasn't he?"

Her gray eyes flashed angrily. "He's *tried* lots of things."

"Meaning what?"

"Meaning that I didn't know—I was foolish enough to suppose that other jobs would be like working for—for you and Colby."

"And that's not the case?"

"Definitely it isn't the case, but I'm not going to talk about it, Neil. If I can't be loyal to the man I'm working for, I can at least be loyal to the job."

"Why don't you quit?"

"I'm going to."

"Well, why not tell him that—?"

"Oh, Neil, please don't. I can't talk about it."

"Well," Neil said, "we did everything we could to try and make you happy and—"

"Neil, you—Neil, do you know the reason I quit my job and went to work here?"

"No, I don't."

"Why don't you ask Colby?"

"It's none of my business."

"I *had* to quit, and when Frank Crenshaw offered me a job—he was one of the firm's best friends then—I thought he—"

She was close to him. "Neil, if you only knew. I thought you might have guessed."

Suddenly there were tears in her eyes. She turned away, jerked the cover off the typewriter and walked over to the coat closet, keeping her back toward him.

Neil accepted her gesture as a dismissal. He waited for her to turn and say good-by. When she didn't, he opened the door, stepped out into the main part of the bank and walked toward the side door on Fifth Street.

The guard was not at the door at the moment, but his key chain hung from the key that was in the lock.

Neil twisted the key, unlocked the side door and stepped out, pulling the door shut behind him. It didn't occur to him that he was leaving it unlocked.

He turned and started back down Fifth Street toward the railroad station, then remembered that his train wouldn't leave until late that afternoon and he might as well go to the Commercial Club. He turned into the alley which ran parallel to Front Street.

Just as he was nearing Sixth Street he saw a big convertible pull up to the curb and slam to a stop. The girl was obviously in a hurry. She jerked open the door on the side nearest the curb, twisted out from behind the wheel and slid across the front seat.

She was a very trim-looking girl, and as she slid along the seat her light tan skirt rolled up under her, disclosing a neat pair of legs, commendable knees and the tips of garter clasps.

Automatically Neil stopped to watch her.

She noticed his look and with an exasperated gesture grabbed at her skirt to jerk it down. Then she was on the sidewalk, slamming the door of the car. With her chin tilted at a haughty angle, she marched up Sixth Street toward Front Street.

At that moment Neil Anson heard a muffled clanging noise which, mingling as it did with the noise of traffic, might have just started or might have been going on for some time without his noticing it. He had the impression too that some truck back in the alley was having motor trouble and that the engine had been backfiring.

Neil shifted his folded topcoat and suddenly realized with dismay that his right hand was empty. He had put his brief case down on the floor in Crenshaw's office and had left it there.

That brief case had been crammed with data on the financial structure of the Anson brothers' manufacturing plant. Neil Anson was damned if he was going back for it. He had so hopefully loaded the brief case with papers that would persuade Crenshaw to reconsider his letter, and it was too humiliating to face the banker again. He'd wait until he got home, then write a curt letter asking Crenshaw to please send the brief case express collect.

Neil had turned down Front Street before he realized that the ominous clanging he had been hearing was a burglar alarm.

He saw people running and a moment later he heard a police siren. Across the street someone was shouting about a stick-up. Neil Anson saw a policeman tugging at his holstered gun. A radio car, with its siren screaming, skidded around the corner.

Anson drifted into the crowd of curious spectators. Almost immediately, an officer began pushing them back.

"Get going," the policeman shouted. "Break it up. This is a stick-up. There's going to be shooting."

Neil Anson ducked into a doorway and waited, looking across at the front doors of the bank.

Policemen with submachine guns trained on the doors, were moving slowly forward, apparently expecting someone to come out.

Nothing happened. The doors of the bank remained shut. The streets became strangely silent, then deserted. Traffic was being detoured. Pedestrians had either run to safety or were jammed into doorways where they would be out of the way of flying bullets.

The burglar alarm continued its ominous clatter.

Police went in through the front doors. After a while the burglar alarm was shut off. People moved tentatively out to the sidewalk, ready to duck back. Then, after a few moments, when nothing happened, they were grinning at one another.

"False alarm again. Somebody must have stepped on the signal by mistake."

Neil didn't wait for an official verdict. He accepted the false-alarm theory without thinking very much about it and walked back toward the Commercial Club.

THE afternoon paper carried a large picture of Frank Crenshaw on the front page. The banker had been shot down at his desk, evidently during a holdup.

The paper also carried a picture of the cashier, George Durant, who had turned in the burglar alarm. According to the story, someone had managed to get into the heavily guarded counting room of the bank where George Durant was making up the morning cash. The man had worn a very effective disguise—a plastic mask which entirely concealed his face.

Durant had been forced to lie down. The bandit had gagged him, neatly trussed his wrists and ankles with baling wire, then had helped himself to the cash which had just been taken from the vault.

The loss was estimated at some two hundred and fifty thousand dollars. Cash on hand was unusually heavy because the bank

COLLIER'S "Just a little something I picked up at a rummage sale, my husband thinks" BOB BARNES

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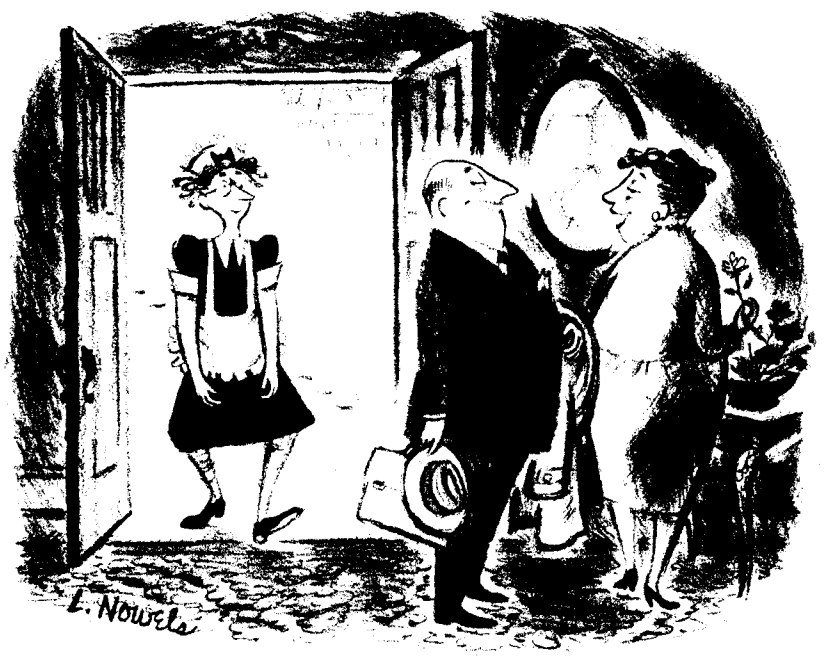

COLLIER'S

"Certainly the new maid is French. That's what you wanted, wasn't it?"

L. NOWELS

was to make a payroll shipment to the Pleasantville foundry by armored truck that afternoon.

Since the counting room opened from the vault room and was closed off from the rest of the bank, the other employees had no idea anything out of the ordinary was going on until George Durant, although his wrists and ankles were still wired and a gag was almost suffocating him, had managed to roll over on the floor and kick the burglar alarm.

This had interfered with the bandit's plans. When he heard the burglar alarm, the bandit had unbarred and unlocked the steel door which opened into the alley, where shipments of cash were transferred to and from armored trucks.

At that moment, Nathan Edwards, the bank guard, heard the burglar alarm, and seeing that everything seemed in order in the main banking room, had gone to the door of the counting room. To his surprise he had found his own key in the lock, the other bank keys hanging from his key chain.

He had jerked open the door and surprised the masked man escaping through the steel door leading to the alley. The guard had promptly shot at the bandit who had returned his fire.

Edwards was certain he had wounded the man as he ran into the alley, and the police found a well-defined trail of blood drops leading from the door to the alley.

However, they were completely baffled when it came to following the bloodstains. The drops, shaped like exclamation points, showed that the man was running. The police explained that blood drops assume a distinct pear shape with motion and that when the motion is fast, they take on the shape of exclamation points. A detective can tell a great deal from a trail of blood.

These blood drops led to an ash can in the back of the alley, some twenty feet from the steel door. There were traces of blood on the galvanized iron cover. A revolver was inside.

There were three discharged shells in the revolver, and ballistics experts had found that the three bullets embedded in the woodwork of the bank were identical with the bullets discharged from this gun. There could be no doubt that this was the weapon which had been used by the bandit.

However, there were no traces of blood leading *from* the ash can in any direction. The trail vanished as though the man had been whisked up into thin air.

The police theory was that the bandit must have been shot in the hand or wrist, which would account for the trail of blood drops leading to the ash can; that, when he had disposed of the gun, which he had been holding in his right hand, he was able to wrap a handkerchief over the wound. This would have stopped the bleeding temporarily and he could have escaped by going through the alley door of one of the shops which fronted on the next block. There, a getaway car probably had been parked.

Edwards, the bank guard, stated that he had left his keys in the side door of the bank which opened on Fifth Street. While this door was closed and locked, any bank employee on the inside could use the keys to open the door if he needed to. Edwards had then gone to the basement, where the safe deposit vaults were located, to be on hand when the huge door swung open at nine fifteen. This was his daily routine.

SOMEONE who evidently was familiar with this routine had simply gone to the side door leading to Fifth Street, unlocked it, removed the key chain, and used the special key to unlock the counting-room door. George Durant had his back turned while he counted out money into packages, and apparently the bandit had time to slip the mask over his face and proceed with the holdup.

When the bandit had stopped shooting, Edwards had run to the alley door through which the bandit had escaped. But to do this, he had had to open a steel-meshed door and run around the corner of a huge table. By the time Edwards reached the door, the bandit had disappeared.

Edwards had noticed then that Durant was choking on his gag. He removed the gag, and was undoing the wire on Durant's wrists when the police arrived.

At first the police had thought they were dealing only with a clever and daring holdup, but they soon discovered that a murder had been committed too.

The body of Frank Crenshaw had been found in his soundproof private office. He had been shot in the forehead and had died almost instantly. The gun which had been used, however, was not the one with which the bandit had shot at Nathan Edwards.

Since someone on the inside must have unlocked the Fifth Street door of the bank and then transferred the keys to the door of the counting room, the police were investigating the possibility that an early visitor to Crenshaw's office might have set the stage for the bandit.

Beyond saying that this visitor was a young upstate manufacturer, the police would make no comment.

There was no mention of Neil Anson's brief case.

Neil folded the newspaper, got up from his chair, stretched, glanced at the clock

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on the wall of the reading room at the Commercial Club, and walked out.

Unless he could prove that he had left the bank well before that burglar alarm had sounded, he knew he was in for trouble—a lot of trouble. He could go directly to the police, but if they didn't believe his story—and they easily might not—they'd probably hold him. Neil knew that when he talked to them he'd better be able to prove what time he'd left the bank.

Neil thought his problem over as he walked along. There was one person who could help him. She could testify that he was a block away from the bank at the time the burglar alarm started ringing.

Beyond the fact that she was a good-looking blonde with beautiful legs, Neil didn't know a single thing about her.

He decided it was very important that he see this girl before the police questioned him. He headed back to the block near the bank where she'd parked her car.

He smiled, remembering how she'd got out of the car. She must have been in a terrific hurry to get somewhere. The question was, where? She had started walking east on the north side of the street, going toward Front Street.

How far had she gone?

Anson walked slowly, looking at the stores. There was a stationery store, a haberdashery, a candy store and then a beauty shop, the last door on the side street. He went in.

A young woman, in a short-skirted white uniform which originally had been neatly starched but now at the end of a hard day looked rather bedraggled, came quickly toward him.

"Yes?" she asked.

Anson smiled and said, "I'm trying to check up on what happened this morning. Do you remember when you heard the burglar alarm down at the bank?"

The girl, redheaded, blue-eyed, slim-waisted and quite plainly anxious to get back to her job, shook her head and said quickly, "We didn't hear it. We were busy and the hair drier was going. The first I knew was when—"

"Well then, perhaps you can give us a list of your appointments for this morning," he said, "particularly the—let's see—the nine-fifteen appointments."

She shook her head. "We didn't have any."

"You mean you weren't busy? You—"

"Oh, yes, but we open at nine. We had appointments at nine, at ten and eleven."

"Can you remember," Anson asked, "if one of your nine-o'clock appointments was a little late?"

"Yes. Miss Gloster was about twenty minutes late. She'd had to wait for a long-distance call."

"Can you give me her address?"

"I think it's the Redfield Apartments."

"Thanks. Miss Gloster is the blonde, isn't she?"

"Yes."

"Drives a cream-colored convertible?"

"I never saw her car. She's a blonde, though. She had an appointment for a permanent and a manicure. Now do you want to see any of the other appointments?"

"No, I don't think so. Thank you. Good night."

The redhead turned away even before Neil had finished speaking.

SOME whim made Neil Anson press the pearl push button in a series of three short buzzes, a long buzz, followed by two shorts.

Almost instantly the door opened and the blonde stood on the threshold. She was smiling cordially, a smile which promptly left her face, giving place to a look of astonishment and indignation.

Neil suddenly realized that he had made no preparation for this interview, that he had not even planned an opening sentence, and the thought that the wrong approach could be disastrous for him left him stumbling and halting.

"I beg your pardon," he said. "I don't know if you recognize me but I—"

CHARLES HAWES

RAISE MY TAXES

Dear Editar:

I read in a copy of a newspaper the other day which a north wind blew in from my neighbor's house—I get his trash in the winter, he gets mine in the summer, no use wastin energy when the wind will do it for you—where a lot of people are complainin that taxes are eatin em up.

Of course everybody agrees we got to spend money to get ready, but nobody agrees where the money ought to come from. People all join in in complainin sayin opportunity has been banished from this country, initiative stifled, and it don't do no good to make any money because taxes take it all, but I can't help noticin the money goes on pilin up in the banks and last year more new cars were made and sold than ever before. In fact, I noticed the financial statements for big business last year revealed the highest profits, after taxes was paid, in the history of the nation, and only yesterday read where individuals' incomes was also at the highest peak in history, and I been thinkin.

Now my income ain't in that shape, it ain't quite enough to suit me, the same as it's been for years, and I have decided I would like to swap places or move over and get into that group bein taxed to death.

I guarantee I will holler just as loud and long, complain just as much, predict the end of civilization if somebody will manage to get my income up to the level of these people bein taxed to death. In the meantime, until I get there, I aim to holler about taxes anyway. I'm in practice. I got the know-how, if I just had the income to go with it.

Speakin of taxes, this is somethin rare for this part of the country, but the other day I was wanderin around over my pasture not thinkin about anything in particular, might as well have been in the legislature drawin a salary for all the good I was doin, when I stumbled on a magazine, at least I thought it was a magazine, but when I went ahead and bent over and looked at it I discovered it was a copy of the Congressional Record, but to make the most of it I sat down right where I was instead of straightenin up and while I was leafin through it came to a fiery address by some congressman who was denouncin what he called "hidden taxes." Said it was outrageous the way Congress didn't have the nerve to come right out and tax the people in plain daylight, but was always figurin out ways to hide the taxes, slip em over on the people without us knowin anythin about it. Said if you was buyin a pair of shoes you paid at least fifteen different hidden taxes on em and this is bein deceived by the government.

Now I ain't in favor of taxes, except as a general proposition for other people, but I just don't believe that congressman knows anything about human nature. It ain't a question of deceivin the people, but a matter of keepin public offices filled. If everybody had to pay all their taxes in one lump sum, the life expectancy of the average officeholder would be three weeks.

It won't be long before the folks out here at Circleville will be payin their farm taxes and their income taxes and there ain't nothin more depressin than a tax notice, one that comes right out in the open and says shell out.

The way I see it is, the more hidden the taxes are, the better I like it. Can't hide em too much to suit me. Politicians may not be so smart, but on the other hand they ain't so dumb.

Yours Faithfully, H. B. Fox

HAWES

And then he saw that she did recognize him.

The expression of scorn in her eyes was quite different from the smooth, almost toneless voice.

"Ah, yes," she said, "you're the man who happened to be looking directly at me as I got out of my car this morning. I imagine it took quite a little detective work to find me?"

She stepped toward him.

Neil said, "I admit I had to use a trick to find out who you were. You see, I'm anxious to—"

"I know," she finished for him, "to get a final answer. Very well, here it is."

Without warning she swung her right hand, landing a stinging slap on Neil Anson's left cheek.

"Now," she said, as Neil stepped back in surprise, "a girl's legs really shouldn't be such a novelty, and for your information, Mr. Masher, women don't like to have men stare quite so pointedly."

NEIL ANSON stepped forward, caught her off balance and pushed his way into the apartment.

"All right," he said, kicking the door shut. "If you want it rough, we'll have it rough. Now shut up and listen to me."

For a moment she looked frightened. Then she was cold and defiant. "I'll thank you," she said, "to get out of here right now. Otherwise I'll call the police."

Neil Anson said, "Whenever you get done with the dramatics, which, incidentally, you don't do well because you're frightened—your voice almost broke on that last one—we'll sit down and talk."

"All right," she said, "if you think I'm bluffing . . ." She started toward the telephone.

Neil said casually, "My name is Neil Anson. The police are trying to find me to question me about a bank robbery and a murder. If you've read the afternoon paper you'll know all about me."

She whirled to look at him. *"You!* You're the man the police are looking for? What—what do you want?"

"I want to ask you some questions."

"Why?"

"Because the answers are important to me. I want to know if I can count on you to help me."

"To help you what?"

"Establish the truth. I need to prove my innocence. You can help me."

She sat on the curved arm of the overstuffed davenport and looked at him interestedly. "Perhaps," she said, "I was a little abrupt."

"Abrupt is no word for it," he told her.

"Your methods," she pointed out, "are pretty informal and apt to be misunderstood. What do you want to know?"

"You had a nine-o'clock appointment at the beauty shop. You were about twenty minutes late."

"How did you know?"

"And you were in a hurry," Neil Anson went on. "You slammed your car to a stop and scrambled out of it without—"

"Without bothering about how much leg I showed," she finished for him.

"That wasn't exactly the way I was going to put it."

"Well, it will do. Go ahead."

"You saw me coming out of the alley?"

"Yes."

"You know that I wasn't carrying anything."

"But you were."

"I had an overcoat over my arm."

She frowned and said, "I didn't notice what it was. I just noticed you had your arm up and were carrying something that looked a little bulky."

"That's not going to help," Neil said.

"I'm sorry."

"Now we come to the big question. Can you swear that the burglar alarm in the bank did not start ringing until *after* I had left the alley?"

She looked at him thoughtfully. "What does that have to do with it?"

"It may have a great deal. You see, the

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police are going to question me. They probably suspect me of murder and robbery. I was in the bank discussing business with Frank Crenshaw, the president—the man," he explained, "who was murdered."

"Go on."

"And the evidence shows that the man who had been bound and gagged by the bandit was able to turn on the burglar alarm *before* the burglar left the bank. The burglar had to run through a back door and out in the alley. Since it seems pretty well established that the burglar alarm at the bank was turned on *before* the burglar left, I guess you can see the point I'm trying to make—and how important it is."

She puckered her forehead in thought.

"Well?" he said.

She spoke slowly. "There might have been two men, according to the papers. The bank guard left his whole key chain on the inside of the Fifth Street door. One man killed Crenshaw, then went to that door, unlocked it, took the keys, went to the door of the counting room and unlocked *it*, then walked back out through the Fifth Street door.

"In the meantime the other man slipped in through the Fifth Street door, put on a mask, and went into the counting room. So if you were the first man—"

Neil flushed. "You're trying to find some way of making me seem guilty just because of a personal grudge."

"What personal grudge?"

"You thought I was a masher and you were mad because I looked at your legs."

Her eyes softened into a smile. "I did think you were a masher when you came here," she said, "but I wasn't mad because you looked at my legs. Women never are, really."

"And I suppose," he said, touching the red place on his cheek, "this was really just a love pat."

"No," she said thoughtfully, "that was a slap."

"That's what I thought."

"It's one thing to admire my legs when I'm getting out of a car, and quite another thing to trace me through the license number, come to my apartment and try to make something of it, as though you thought I was asking for a visit which under the circumstances could only be obnoxious."

"So I gather."

"Now wait a minute," she said, smiling easily, "don't be so touchy. I don't mean that you're really obnoxious. I just meant that the idea that you'd mistaken me for a—oh, good Heavens!"

She was staring at his wrist watch. "Is that watch right?"

"Yes."

She held out her own to compare the time. "You can't be right. You—oh, Heavens, my watch has stopped!"

"Well, don't be so worked up about it," Neil said. "You act as if it were really important."

"As a matter of fact, it is. You'll have to go."

Neil raised his eyebrows. "You mean you're expecting someone?"

"Would you mind leaving please, at once? Where's your hat? Oh, here it is. Please, Mr. Anson, *please* leave."

SHE seemed really panicky as she hurried to the door and held it open. Neil let himself be all but pushed into the corridor. The door slammed. He walked over to the elevator, pressed the button, waited until the elevator came rumbling and rattling to the third floor, got in and pressed the down button.

He left the elevator, crossed the lobby, and stopped to take a good look at the street before he went out.

He had started walking down the street when a light roadster slowed down as the driver looked for a parking space.

Neil had a good look at the driver's face. He stopped in surprise and watched while the car backed into a parking place a few doors down the street. A moment later the driver hurried toward the apartment house, pressed one of the buttons and went in.

This was the man whose picture had been in the paper, and whose face he had seen once or twice at the bank. George Durant, the man who had managed to kick the burglar alarm and spoil the bandit's plans to hold up the main banking room and get away with the thousands of dollars in the cashiers' cages.

Katherine Gloster seemed to be connected with the events of the day by a chain of remarkable coincidences.

And since Katherine Gloster seemed to think that he had been carrying something, that he might have opened the Fifth Street door for an accomplice, Neil didn't dare go to the police until he could find some way of proving that she was wrong.

The best way to do that was to find out more about the woman herself and her connection with George Durant.

(To be continued next week)

COLLIER'S "I know it's a dirty trick but if they all stayed for dinner there wouldn't be enough roast" LARRY HARRIS

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The Girls Get Ready to Serve

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 17

that figure might be upped to 30 per cent.

None of the services is aiming that high, of course. The Air Force is figuring higher than the Army or Navy, but the Air Force feels it may have fewer over-all personnel. The armed services have been raising their over-all personnel sights so rapidly of late that it is difficult to keep up, but it is possible to make some assumptions. For instance, Mrs. Rosenberg forecast a total of 3,462,205 men and women in the services by June 30, 1951. And she warned that this figure might be increased.

Five per cent of that total comes to more than 173,000, and 10 per cent, of course, to 346,000-plus WACs, WAFs, WAVEs and Women Marines. Figure out your own possible percentages if the military strength goes to 5,000,000 or 6,000,000—or in a military organization such as we had in 1945, to 12,000,000.

Colonel Mary Hallaren, boss of the Army women, is at least as scrappy as the other women leaders when it comes to fighting for her gals and for appreciation of what they can do for, and in, the service.

She is small, wiry, personable, direct and the youngest of the four directors. She has more energy than most women, hikes, climbs mountains, has toured four continents—third class as well as first, because she has a terrific interest in people. Born in Lowell, Massachusetts, she attended Lowell State Teachers College and Boston University. She took the first contingent of WACs overseas—to England in 1942—and was appointed director of the WACs in May, 1947. Her military efforts have brought her the Legion of Honor with cluster, the Bronze Star Medal and the *Croix de guerre* with gold stars. She is known as the "Little Colonel," for she has to stand straight and tall to make the required five feet.

Her Opinion on Woman Power

Colonel Hallaren is a good soldier and she knows that what may be desirable is not always practical or even possible, at least not at the moment. So she prefaces her remarks:

"This is my opinion as a WAC officer who has seen what the women in the service can do. During the war, we had 100,000 WACs at our peak strength. This figure, of course, included both the Army and the Air WACs. Now the Air Force is separate and has its own WAFs.

"During the latter part of the war (after the WACs had proved themselves, and the Army commanders were requisitioning for them by the hundreds) some of our planners believed that we could use a million and a half WACs. Whether we could have recruited that many is a question. The war ended.

"That was a larger percentage of women than is now planned. But the ratio will go up, probably, if the Army gets larger. As man power becomes scarcer, woman power must be used more extensively.

"Right now we have 8,000 WACs in the service. I believe that we could use 10 times that number. The jobs are there for them to do—hundreds of jobs for which they are well qualified."

The one great unspoken question, of course, is whether or not women are to be registered. Mrs. Rosenberg has said she feels there will be no need for it and there are no present plans for it, any more than there are plans for drafting women into labor. But a lot of thought has been given to the problem.

During the last war the services had difficulty getting the voluntary enlistments they wanted as quickly as they wanted them. The recruiting effort necessary proved expensive. The Army failed at times to make its quotas. The Navy and Marines never set quotas, but were more than happy to take all the qualified women they could get.

Recruiting in all services is easier now for a number of reasons. First, the women have proved themselves in military positions and the public's attitude has changed. Second, a majority of the women who were in service during the last war liked what they did, where they went, what they saw.

But most of all, it is the men themselves who have changed the situation. In 1942 the GI wasn't sure he wanted his sister or his girl friend in the service. Now he's had a little more experience seeing the girls on the job—and doing a good job. Also, he has lived in isolated bases, and sitting in the camp movies with just the other guys in the platoon isn't the best way to enjoy a show. Most GIs, in fact, will admit, when pressed, that women are nice to have around. And instead of discouraging the women from entering the services, the GIs are now encouraging them.

In spite of these factors, however, there are some who feel that if we suddenly had to get the women fast, when they were wanted and in very large numbers, voluntary enlistments might not produce them fast enough—just as it doesn't produce enough men at times.

"He says he likes me just the way I am—so I have to be careful to be just the way I am every time!"

COLLIER'S — TOM HUDSON

Oddly enough, the recruiting people find that many women would prefer to be drafted. Maybe it's feminine, maybe it's human, but apparently the women want to be pursued and caught—not surrender.

New enlistees in all four services spend from 10 to 12 of their first weeks in indoctrination centers where they are given a thorough and basic military training. And when they have finished that basic training, unless they are qualified in one or more of the many service assignments open to them, they are sent to another school to be trained.

The four indoctrination centers are Lackland Air Force Base at San Antonio, for the WAFs; Fort Lee, Virginia, for the WACs; Camp Paul Jones, Great Lakes, Illinois, for the WAVEs, and Parris Island, South Carolina, for the Women Marines.

The new recruit gets excellent and considerate treatment from the moment she arrives (she is met at the train, incidentally) because a well-oriented, happy girl makes a better soldier than a bewildered discontented one. For the same reason, her barracks, dining and recreation rooms are pleasantly painted and have curtains at the windows, her new uniforms are carefully fitted and she is told and shown quickly what this new and strange life is all about.

When her classes begin she goes to courses in history, map reading, military science and tactics, first aid and safety measures, personal and social hygiene, basic communications, supply and administration, military letter writing, chemical warfare, citizenship and safeguarding military information, among others.

Finished with the basic indoctrination course, the service girl probably will not yet be ready for actual duty. If she were obviously competent at one of the more skilled professions—comptometry, stenotyping or stenography—she might be directly assigned to duty. But not normally, because there are still too many facts peculiar to the military manner of operation that she would have to learn. So, usually, she goes on to another school where she can learn to become effective in any of half a hundred fields.

After several months—the time differs in the services—she may take exams and qualify for officers' candidate school. Here, if she successfully works and studies harder than she ever dreamed it would be possible or necessary to do, she will come out as a second lieutenant or an ensign.

After that there are few jobs in the military which are not open to her, commensurate with her rank, which is limited by law at the present either to full colonel in the Army, Air Force and Marines, or to the equivalent in the Navy—captain. She can be an aide to a four-star general, head woman of her service, boss of a top-secret communications unit or be the public-relations, post-exchange or mess officer of any military organization anywhere. Her pay is the same as her colleagues' (this is true of all women in the services, enlisted or officers) and so are her privileges and responsibilities.

But before all that she has had calisthenics until she does knee bends in her sleep, has learned to throw a snappy salute and to stand at attention. She knows you say "sir" and "ma'am" to commissioned officers but not to the sergeant; she groans at reveille and grins at pay call. She can drill and stand formation; "bed check" and "hit the deck" are familiar terms along with numerous others she never heard of before. She can sing a lot of new songs, gripe like a veteran and has had her first three-day pass. She's looking forward to her Pfc stripe. She's a rookie no longer.

The majority of assignments made to women in all four services at the moment are in administration, medical service and supply—from 60 to 80 per cent, varying with the service.

For administration this means they are assigned to recruiting, legal branches, general, company or personnel administrative work, postal service or personnel managements, among others.

In the medical-career field they are in hospital wards, eye, ear, nose and throat clinics, operating rooms, psychiatric and neuropsychopathic work, occupational and physical therapy, X-ray, dental offices and dental laboratories.

Supply takes them into dozens of jobs, from handling records to handling M-1 rifles in unit, quartermaster, ordnance, signal, medical and chemical supply.

In Air Force Communications

After that the four services differ somewhat. A large chunk of Air Force women are in the Aircraft Warning Service, serving as radio, radar and telephone operators, clerks and plotters, with others in allied jobs in the Air Force's world-wide communications network. Some are in the Air Force Weather Service, on duty in control towers.

The Army splits the remaining 30-odd per cent of its women among about 50 assignments—mapping, motor transport, photographic, food service, scientific service, laboratory technicians, public relations, accounting, intelligence and personnel.

The WAVEs during the last war served only in the continental U.S. and Hawaii. Now, however, there are no legal restrictions as to areas where they may be sent. Although in comparatively small numbers, they are stationed in England, Alaska, Hawaii, Occupied Germany, and Guam. In addition to administration, medical service and supply assignments, the WAVEs list communications as one of their major duties. Another sizable group of the women in blue is assigned to naval aviation, where they pack parachutes, collect weather information, act as Link Trainer instructors in flying, gunnery and navigation, direct air traffic, track aircraft and otherwise help maintain the service-flight schedules.

Limited even more than the WAVEs by the "shore duty only" rule, the women Marines were and are the smallest of the four feminine services. They, too, served during World War II in the U.S. and Hawaii, but now are not legally restricted from other foreign assignments. They fill assignments divided about evenly into two categories, aviation and nonaviation. In both, their duties are largely administrative and clerical.

The Coast Guard SPARs were disbanded after World War II, although any who wished it were accepted into the WAVEs reserve. The SPARs are now showing signs of revival.

That, then, accounts for the work being done in the armed services by more than 19,000 women in the four branches. Some 8,000 of those are in the WAC, more than 5,000 in the WAF, about 3,500 in the WAVEs and more than 1,000 in the women Marines. The totals are increasing daily.

(This number does not include the approximately 6,500 nurses and women medical specialists in the Army, Air Force and Navy.)

Captain Joy Bright Hancock, boss of the WAVEs, is as Navy as John Paul Jones. Born in Wildwood, New Jersey, on the day the news of the victorious battle of Manila reached the United States, her first uttered word, the captain insists, was "Dewey." She is the widow of two naval aviators, both of whom were killed in dirigible crashes. She has auburn hair and gray-green eyes. Boundless energy directs her 110 pounds. She was a yeoman in the first World War, commissioned a lieutenant at the start of

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second and became head of the WAVES 1946.

"The Navy is inclined to move cautiously hen thoroughly," said Captain Hancock. July, 1942, the Navy started out to re- uit 10,000 WAVEs to fill four types of ty.

"Three years later we had 86,000 WAVEs duty serving in 900 shore activities rang- from law to radar. WAVEs handled per cent of the administration and super- ion of the Navy mail service for the en- fleet. In Radio Washington, the 'nerve nter of the entire Navy communications stem, WAVEs made up 75 per cent of the rsonnel. They composed 70 per cent of Bureau of Naval Personnel, and at the lian Head rocket-powder plant WAVEs mpletely operated the laboratory and did proximately half the ballistic calcula- ns. They even manned one of the two ng bays."

And the Marines. Tall, graying Colonel wle, the director of the women Marines, s born in California, took a B.A. and naster's degree in political science at the iversity of California, studied later at olumbia. She was one of the first three men officers in the regular Marine Corps, ved in several capacities in the woman arine training setup, became assistant di- ctor of the lady leathernecks in March, 45, and director in December, 1945.

In 1946, she returned to civilian life as sistant dean of women at the Univer- y of California, returning to active duty the fall of 1948.

WAF Director's Fine Record

Soft-spoken, gracious Colonel May, di- ctor of the WAF, was born in Albany, ew York, attended high school in Tacoma, ashington, at the Baldwin School at Bryn awr, Pennsylvania, and has a B.A. degree om the University of California. During e war Colonel May directed the activities 6,000 WACs with the Air Transport ommand, was awarded the Legion of erit for the good job she did and in 1948 came the first director of women in the ir Force.

The women of the Air Force feel they are st coming into their own. Although WACs ere assigned to the Air Corps during orld War II, they were, like the Air Corps, rt of the Army. Now the Air Force is a parate service and the WAFs would be oud and happy to branch out.

"We know," said Colonel May, "that omen can do the work. They proved that om 1942 to 1945. But servicewomen not nly can do the job—they are mobile, too.

"Demands for skilled labor change and ift. Five hundred women who were vital t Point A today may be much more vital t Point B tomorrow. If those women are ivilians it is impractical if not impossible to move them. If they are WAFs you can move them on a moment's notice. The WAF units, like the rest of the military, are all mobile."

Military leaders had this fact demonstrated to them graphically last June when the North Koreans invaded and General MacArthur was moving every available American soldier from Japan to Korea. Immediate replacements were needed. Army WACs were not only mobile and ready to go, they were eager to go, just as some 18,000 of them went happily overseas during the last war.

Give Free Time to Hospitals

Several hundred were sent to Japan, beginning early in July, and the reports which come back from the Far East headquarters say the women not only do their replacement jobs during the day but they go into the hospitals as volunteers during their off-duty hours, helping to remedy a constant shortage of workers there.

The heads of the women's services know what women can do and must do if the going gets tough. Some of them saw it firsthand in the last war—in England or elsewhere.

The male military leaders know it, too, and at least some of them were convinced from the start. General Wade H. Haislip, Vice-Chief of Staff for the Army, takes credit happily for being the "Father of the WAC." In 1940 he was chief of the Army's budget and legislative planning branch and in 1941 became boss of G-1, Army Personnel. They were key spots from which to advance the legislation and sponsor the organization of Army women.

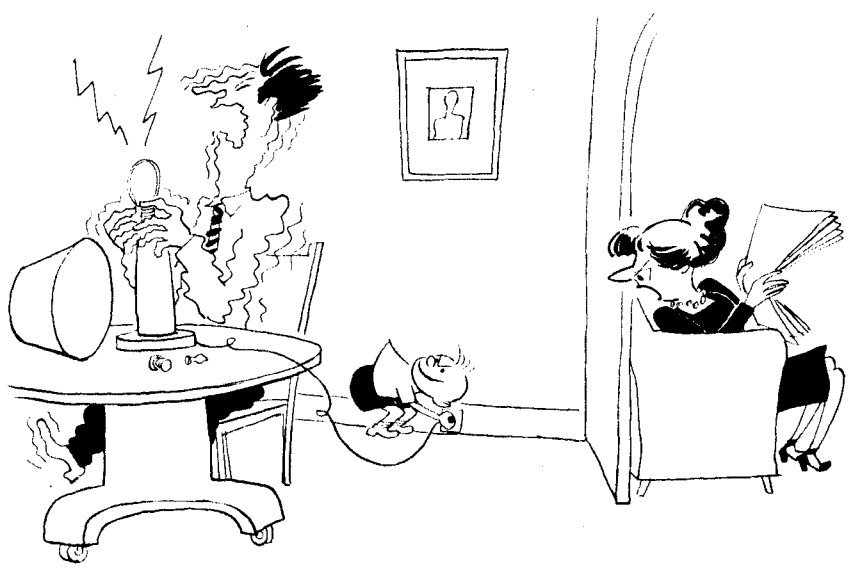
"I remember one day back in 1941 after I had been trying to convince everyone that we needed and wanted women in the Army. This day we were waiting for a staff car. We waited—and waited. One officer said, 'What would we do with women if we had them?' I said:

"'They could run this motor pool a hell of a lot more efficiently than the men are running it now.'

"I think that may have sold the WAC right then. We got 'em and they did run the motor pool more efficiently, too."

General Haislip feels that the servicewoman wants to be accepted into the military at her face value and on her merits, without fuss, feathers or fanfare. She knows that she is not qualified for all of the jobs soldiers, sailors, airmen or Marines must do, nor would she change that. She also knows that in some for which she is mentally and physically qualified she is not as good; that in many she is equal and that in some she is better.

The general said: "It is a fine thing to know that now, and if war should come, the women are ready and prepared—and that we are prepared to use them." THE END



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Engineering's Golden Age

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 31

accommodate their wishes. And engineers earn an annual income from pronouncing funeral orations upon their defeats and managing their occasional successes.

Nevertheless, our firm's business in Western Australia developed to such a point that before the end of my partnership we were managing mines which produced about 1,000,000 tons of ore a year valued at some $18,000,000, and employed between 4,000 and 5,000 men—all white workers.

We never had a strike in our mines in my time. I have often listened to commiseration for men who work underground in mines. They want no pity. There is such a freemasonry, a fascination, and an independence of work that men will not willingly leave it. Going below after many years of working with the surface people, I have always had again the same thrills, the same feeling of separation and safety from the meanness and the handicaps of those on the top.

Within 12 months after I assumed my partnership came the greatest disaster I had yet to meet. Mr. Moreing had gone to Manchuria to hunt tigers. I had returned to the London office. I had not even a full acquaintance with the firm's business associates. However, as the partner senior on the job I temporarily had the major responsibility.

The day after Christmas, 1902, one of the junior partners, Mr. Rowe, asked Mrs. Hoover and me to attend a play to which he and his wife were taking their four children. During the play Rowe seemed highly nervous. At one moment he turned to me and asked if, in case anything happened to him, Mrs. Hoover would take his children and rear them. On the way home we concluded that he must have "the liver," a fairly reliable diagnosis for a well-fed Englishman in the dumps.

The next morning I found on my desk a long letter in Rowe's handwriting marked "private and confidential." It consisted of a 20-page confession. He had been speculating in American railroad stock, had had huge losses, and in order to recoup had committed great defalcations not only of the firm's money but that of several companies we managed, and of certain trust funds. Any speculation was a violation of the partnership deed, a fact known to some of the brokers who took his business.

Forger's Ruses Revealed

The ultimate total proved to be about $1,000,000. Part of his method had been to issue forged certificates of stock of the companies in our office and to sell the stock. In other cases he had simply forged checks. Taking advantage of his right to sign the firm's name, he had drawn out all our cash. Rowe kindly listed these forgeries in his confession, and closed with the statement that we would not hear from him again. He heard from us, however.

I called in Wellstead, the other junior partner. I was twenty-eight, Wellstead thirty-two. Deciding that the time had come to seek some advice from the elders, we telephoned a few important City men who were business allies of the firm, including Francis Govette and Sir Frederick Hamilton. When they assembled an hour later I asked our lawyer to read Rowe's letter aloud. The general reaction was, "I'll be ———!" Some had known Rowe for years.

Moreing could not be reached by cable for a week. The lawyer pointed out that the firm and the companies had no legal liability for the forgeries. Govette turned to me and said, "Young man, you are new in English business. We should first like to know if you have any ideas as to what you would like to do." I answered that what I would *like* to do was to pay every dime over the counter whether we were liable or not.

Govette relieved the tension by remarking that I should say "tuppence" instead of "dime." They all agreed that if that was the disposition of Wellstead and myself, with no great resources, it should be even more the disposition of Mr. Moreing. They felt that he had selected Rowe, that his own reputation and that of an old and established firm were at stake.

Assuming a Heavy Obligation

Taking the risk of Moreing's disapproval, we sent out a statement to the press announcing what had occurred, that Rowe had confessed and that the firm would make good all losses, although under no legal obligation to do so.

We cabled Moreing of the disaster and what we had done, and waited for his possible explosion. Then came a painful job with a needed touch of comic relief. While Wellstead was checking the books under a battalion of borrowed accountants and finding new frauds, it was my task to telephone all the firms and individuals named in Rowe's confession and say something like this:

"Hello, Mr. . . . I regret to tell you that your firm has certificates for . . . shares of stock in . . . I also regret to tell you that those certificates are forged."

"What! What?"

Then followed the announcement that our firm would make the loss good, but that we wanted a little time to turn around. Then came the universal, "Well, I'll be ———!"

Or, "Hello, Mr. . . . I regret to tell you that forged checks have been cashed on your account amounting to . . ."

"What! What?" And, in turn, "Well, I'll be ———!"

Moreing answered by cable, laconically approving. He rushed home, assumed 75 per cent of the loss and agreed to a readjustment of interests in the firm by which I was to hold 30 per cent, Wellstead, 15 per cent. Between us Wellstead and I had to take on 25 per cent of the Rowe losses. We paid off the entire amount in about three years.

The police caught Rowe in Canada. Convicted, he received a 10-year sentence. Mrs. Hoover gave Mrs. Rowe an allowance to keep her children until Rowe came out of prison. Then she divorced Rowe and married another man.

In view of the dim outlook for lasting expansion in gold mining as an industry, I determined that it was desirable that the firm give more emphasis to the base metals —lead, zinc, copper and tin. Those industries were much less romantic but less speculative than gold mining and had a sound industrial purpose.

Following this policy, we turned to developing base metal prospects in various parts of Australia. Out of the usual routine of prospects that did not mature we established a successful copper mine in Queensland—the Great Fitzroy. At the great silver-lead district at Broken Hill, an old district whose mining methods were obsolete, we obtained contracts for future outputs, and also acquired controlling interests in the low-grade mines and some prospective extensions of the district. The concern which emerged out of the reorganization of Broken Hill are now among the world's greatest suppliers of lead and zinc.

A venture that was to bear equally impressive fruit began in Burma in 1905. A. C. Martin, a railway contractor in Burma who had been building the strategic railway from Mandalay to Lashio, described to me enormous abandoned lead and copper mine workings in the jungle some 50 miles south of the Chinese frontier. He had acquired a lease from the Indian government and enlisted a smallish promoter in London, but wanted to interest our firm.

We took an option on a controlling interest and sent a young engineer for a scouting trip. In time I received an ecstatic cable stating that there were at least 500,000 tons of lead on the surface in slags piled up around old smelting operations. I was very skeptical that any such amounts of loose lead could exist in this world, and dispatched a more mature American engineer, C. D. Clark. Clark's report was even more impressive. I resolved to look at the place myself.

On my arrival in Burma, Clark and I made our way from Mandalay to Hsipaw, about 130 miles up the Lashio railway. At Hsipaw, the wholly bamboo capital of the Shan State of that name, we were met by a courteous gentleman with a perfect Oxford accent who was introduced as the sawbwa (native prince). He invited us to his "palace," a frame building with reminiscent Long Island motifs.

The sawbwa wanted to talk, and he wanted to talk to somebody other than the British as to his personal plight.

Too Many Wives—All Ugly

As a boy, he had been taken to England, educated, and then sent back to rule—subject to a British superintendent—his kingdom of some 200,000 primeval Shans, a barbaric state with net revenues "insufficient for the living of an English shopkeeper." He had been compelled to learn the Shan language again and there were not three English-speaking persons in the state. He had also been compelled to marry a wife from the family of each clan head. By this time, there were some 20-odd of them, all ugly.

After dinner Clark asked if we might meet the wives. They trooped in and it developed that Clark, who had been a frequent visitor, had taught them to play "drop-the-handkerchief" and "ring-around-a-rosy."

The sawbwa was, however, more interested in what I thought about the prospects of the mines and what we were going to do. We made the trip from the railway mostly on horseback through the dripping jungle. The mine workings were enormous, one open pit being nearly 1,000 feet long, 500 feet wide and 300 feet deep.

Apparently the period of intense working had covered from 1400 to 1850, when the great Mohammedan Rebellion in Yunnan ended the enterprise. Later on we found historical mention of the production of silver from this area. The mines were apparently so inaccessible that the ancients could not transport the lead to market. Therefore, after separating the silver they had thrown the lead residues on the dump.

Clark and I were anxious to obtain ac-

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cess to the old workings. There were in the hillsides many low tunnels about four feet high, preserved fairly well by the hard rock, and cut by hand tools.

We started to crawl into these tunnels. In the last one I, in advance of Clark, was crawling on one hand and my knees, carrying a candle in the other hand. By chance I looked down into a puddle of water ahead, and there, big as life, loomed the fresh track of a tiger, going in.

To fight a Bengal tiger with a miner's candlestick made no appeal whatever. With no delay we made for the entrance. We explored no more tunnels.

Plans for Building Railway

There was sufficient lead material on the surface to warrant building a railway to the main line and erecting a smelter at Mandalay, to which point we could bring coke. During this time we would develop the old workings.

Making a report that elated and encouraged the sawbwa, we asked if he could induce his hill tribes to work at building the railway. The sawbwa produced more than 20,000 workers. The sawbwa's own revenues jumped sensationally.

On my return to London we arranged for the necessary capital, and this time I varied my usual rule of not investing very much of my savings in any mine and took the largest chance of my career. Some years later, after leaving Bewick, Moreing and Company, I became managing director of the Burma Mines. We built large mills for concentration and hydroelectric plants for power; we opened coal mines; we constructed houses, towns, hospitals, schools and recreation grounds. The Burma Mines gave a living directly and indirectly to over 100,000 Chinese, Shans and Indians.

In its first 30 years the enterprise gave the world over 1,500,000 tons of lead, 135,000,000 ounces of silver and much zinc—all of a value of over $350,000,000. The mines were seized by the Japanese in 1942 and later by the Communist government in Burma. They are now closed.

In 1918, I received an offer for the American interest in the mines and we unwillingly sold it. At that time I was so involved in Belgian relief that I could not give it proper attention.

Among the side interests of Bewick, Moreing and Company was a turquoise mine at Mount Sinai. The Egyptian government had asked them to interest themselves in reopening some ancient workings reported on the Sinai Peninsula. Copper ores were known to have been mined in that area. A Cornish foreman and a prospecting party were sent to explore, and found a large dump and the partly buried portal of a tunnel.

The portal was of impressively large stones with ancient Egyptian inscriptions. That portal, four thousand years old, became one of my griefs. The entrance was too small to suit the Cornishmen, so they enlarged it with a little dynamite. They found extensive workings, and finally discovered that the ancient Egyptians had been mining turquoise. That must have been fashionable among Egyptian women 4,000 years ago, but we could not find a jeweler in the world who wanted any, although we had bucketfuls.

However, the Cornishmen did make a great contribution to knowledge. They informed me that they had discovered an underground warehouse full of Egyptian "gravestones" (steles). I instructed the miners not to touch them and notified Dr. Flinders Petrie, the great Egyptologist at Cairo. From these discoveries he was able to revise and extend a large part of the chronology and dynastic succession in ancient Egypt.

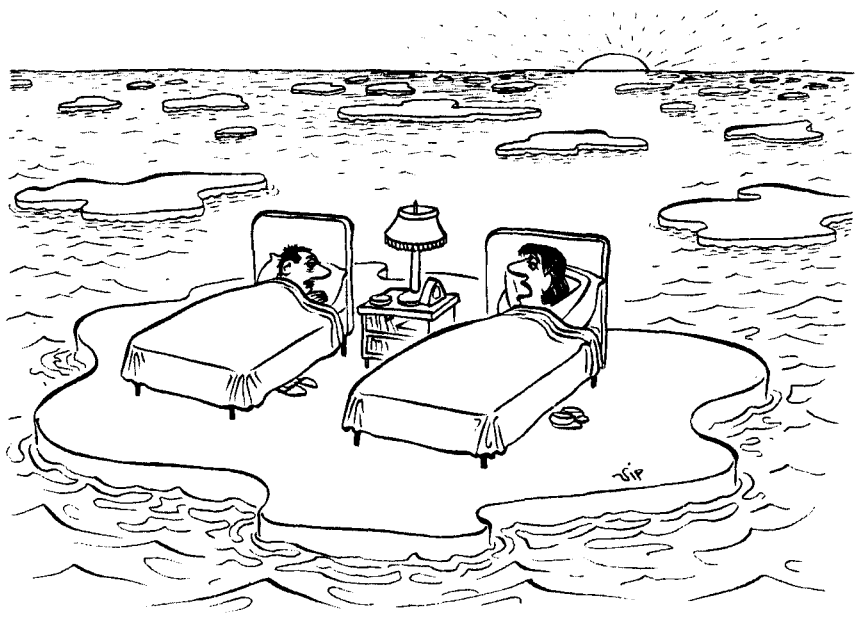
Later, in his absorbing book, Dr. Petrie rose to heights of righteous vituperation over the vandalism of the blasted portal. He did not mention Americans, but gossip in Egypt associated the deed with the essential barbarity of all Americans and laid it at my door.

Mineral Survey in Abyssinia

Another of our side activities was a survey of the mineral resources of Abyssinia at the request of the then King of Kings and Conquering Lion of Judah. I did not visit the country, but sent competent parties into the field. The geology is such that the probability of substantial mineral development is remote indeed. We recommended that they extend irrigation instead. Mussolini probably was not aware of this scarcity of minerals when he orated the Italian people into that tragic aggression which ended in his downfall. It was of some interest to me when just 40 years later Herbert, Jr., was called in by the then Lion of Judah to advise on the same subject all over again.

We dived into ancient history once more when the authorities of northern Italy asked the firm to report on those abandoned mines in the Alps from which the Romans had extracted the iron for their munitions. For a holiday in the Alps, Mrs. Hoover and I made this inspection ourselves. We confirmed the general impression that the ancient Empire had never engaged in mass production. A little iron will make a lot of short-swords.

Early in 1908, I decided to retire from



COLLIER'S "Ed, have you ever suddenly awakened and thought, 'Where the heck *am* I?' " VIRGIL PARTCH

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The firm's business was triple what it had been when I entered. My share was yielding one of the largest engineering salaries of the period. The partners pressed me to stay, but the contract was drawing to a close and I determined not to renew it.

I invited a number of young engineers to join with me in a new organization, guaranteeing them a minimum annual amount in fees. I created no formal firm and had no partners in the legal sense.

I opened offices in New York, San Francisco, London and subsequently in Petrograd and Paris. There were in the world many sound engineering projects which, because of incompetence or outworn methods, returned small profit or none at all.

If we could bring their operations up to date and manage them efficiently, we deserved a fair percentage of the increased profits. In other words, we would serve as engineering doctors to sick concerns.

Fruitless Trip to Korea

Many of our inquiries into the ailments of existing companies and the prospect for new ones came to nothing. For instance, in 1910, a group of Japanese bankers approached me with an invitation to join in what they considered a large and rich group of copper and gold mines in Korea. I journeyed both ways over the Trans-Siberian Railway. The only profit was a view of the magnificent scenery of the Yalu River and various ornamental Korean chests which I sent home.

On the other hand, a large opportunity for an industrial doctor developed in Russia. I was destined for prolonged visits there many times during the six years prior to the first World War.

The first was at the Kyshtim estate in the Ural Mountains near Ekaterinburg. This estate contained about 1,500,000 acres comprising farm land, great forests, important copper deposits, an iron, steel and chemical industry, and a population of about 100,000 peasants and workers.

The property belonged to a distant branch of the Romanoff family, then headed by Baron Mellor Zakomelsky. Through the waste and extravagance of the previous generation they had fallen into debt.

Leslie Urquhart, an able Scottish businessman, had undertaken to refinance the estate and modernize the copper, iron and forest industries. Urquhart, born in Russia, had been for many years in the oil business in Baku. In modernizing Kyshtim he had depended upon English and Russian engineers. The plants they built failed to realize expectations and plunged the business further into debt. The British and Russian creditors moved in the courts of the two countries for foreclosure.

In 1908, Urquhart appealed to my London office for aid. I inspected the property personally. It was clear that the English and Russian metallurgists had been on the wrong track. They had based their ideas on working the richer copper ores with blast furnaces. This required large supplies of coke and fluxes which had to be brought from long distances at high costs, and every ton of ore treated lost money. As the ores were of low grade, a mass-production plant with low costs was essential.

We arranged the reorganization of the company's finances so as to avoid depriving any of the groups of an interest, and brought experienced men from Butte, Montana, where similar ore is treated, to take charge of the property and the erection of a new plant.

From the moment we started the fires in the new furnaces, everybody benefited—the Russian owners, the peasants, the workers, the creditors, the stockholders and, not least, the engineers. The property ultimately produced over 25,000,000 pounds of copper yearly and a host of other salable products, earning a net of about $2,000,000 annually.

The business was the more interesting because of its complex human relations. Here was a microcosm of all Russia. At the top was a Russian noble family and at the bottom 100,000 peasants and workers with nobody much in between but the priesthood and the overseers. Some generations of the family had spent the product of the estate at Monte Carlo and Paris; others had sought to improve the lot of the peasants and workers. Baron Mellor Zakomelsky was not of feudal mind. He was later the first signer of the demand for the abdication of the czar. Still later, he and his son were executed by the Communists.

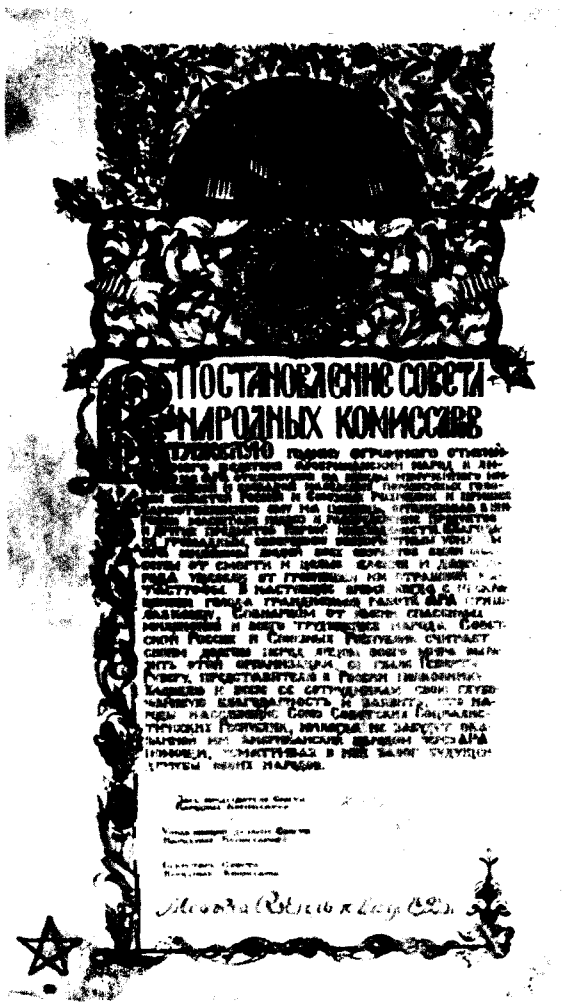
The agricultural land on the estate was poor, the crops uncertain, the peasants devastated by every famine. But under the baron's direction the forest had been for many years the model of Russian forestry, and furnished a supplementary living for the peasants.

For 150 years a small iron industry had flourished on the estate—a sort of cottage-industry. Its principal product was Russian sheet iron. The sheets were treated by a "secret process," handed down from father to son, which rendered them unusually resistant to rust and gave them at one time a world market. The older American stovepipes were largely made of their product.

An even more general cottage-industry was the casting of iron ornamental forms, which sold all over Asia and appeared in the United States in the ramping cows, horses or warriors that once topped our household base-burners. We engaged some Russian artists to make more salable designs and built up quite a business for the peasants, chiefly in small ornamental pots designed for Mohammedan prayer ablutions.

But our real business was the large mining and smelting of copper ores and a series of satellite chemical industries. We erected our new smelting plants and built new towns of warm log houses, schools, churches, movie theaters and hospitals; we established a technical school to train mechanics; we paid a wage of 25 per cent above the countryside level, and we sold land to the peasants—all they wanted and on very low terms.

No one could sustain such intimate relations with the Russian people and their officials without becoming well aware of the hideous social and governmental backgrounds.



JOHN FLOREA

Mr. Herbert Hoover,
Chairman American Relief Administration,
Washington, D.C.

Sir:

WHEREAS, in the period of a disastrous national catastrophe, the people of the UNITED STATES, represented by the AMERICAN RELIEF ADMINISTRATION, readily responded to the needs of the population, already emaciated by foreign intervention and blockade, in famine-stricken parts of Russia and Confederated Republics;

WHEREAS the AMERICAN RELIEF ADMINISTRATION did organize, on a most extensive scale, the supply and distribution of food products and other articles of prime necessity;

WHEREAS, due to the boundless and entirely unselfish efforts of the AMERICAN RELIEF ADMINISTRATION, millions of people of all ages were saved from death, and entire localities, including many towns, escaped a threatening fearful calamity;

WHEREAS, at this time, with the cessation of the famine, the magnificent relief work of the AMERICAN RELIEF ADMINISTRATION is being concluded;

BE IT RESOLVED BY THE COUNCIL OF THE PEOPLE'S COMMISSARS

in the name of the millions of people who have been saved, as well as in the name of the whole working people of Soviet Russia and of the Confederated Republics and before the whole world, to this organization, to its leader MR. HERBERT HOOVER, to its representative in Russia, colonel HASKELL, and to all the workers of the organization to express the most deeply felt sentiments of gratitude, and to state, that all the people inhabiting the UNION OF SOCIALIST SOVIET REPUBLICS never will forget the aid rendered to them by the AMERICAN PEOPLE, through the agency of the AMERICAN RELIEF ADMINISTRATION, holding it to be a pledge of the future friendship of the two nations.

ACTING PRESIDENT OF THE COUNCIL OF THE PEOPLE'S COMMISSARS — KAMINEF

CHIEF OF THE ADMINISTRATIVE DEPARTMENT OF THE COUNCIL OF THE PEOPLE'S COMMISSARS — N. Grburov

SECRETARY OF THE COUNCIL OF THE PEOPLE'S COMMISSARS — L. Fotiev

Moscow, Kremlin, July, the 10th, 1923.

Siberia-Bound Captives

A vivid picture of it came to me one day on a railway station platform, where a long line of intelligent, decent people brutally chained together was marched aboard a freight car bound for Siberia. The whole scene was so revolting that I reacted to it in nightmares.

Always there was a feeling among us that someday the country would blow up. The baron believed it could be directed into the channels of democracy. But centuries of poverty and repression do not express their explosions in peaceful transformation.

The Kyshtim business prospered until 1917. I had resigned the direction of it early in 1915 to give my time to Belgian relief. In 1916, the Bolsheviks began agitation in the plants. Finally, with the revolution in 1917, the Communists ultimately passed three resolutions:

(1) Dismissal of the ownership—the property belonged to the workers; (2) dismissal of the management—the work would be di-

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rected by committees of the workmen; (3) wages were raised 100 per cent.

Then began the hideous tragedy of enthroned ignorance. The Russian technical and administrative staff was driven out. Many were brutally treated and many killed as "bourgeois." First the metallic mixtures in one of the large furnaces were unbalanced, and the furnace "froze." The chemical cycles failed likewise. In a week the works were shut down.

When I was administering the relief of Russian famine in 1923, one of our former engineers had charge of the famine relief in the Urals. In Kyshtim the people recognized him and flocked around to know if the Americans were coming back to restart the works.

They even sent a petition to be transmitted to me, saying they would be "good and obedient" if we would only give them work again. Who knows what golgothas humanity must surmount?

To go back a few years, success of the Americans at Kyshtim brought important repercussions. Russian industry had hitherto been dominated by German and British operators. The Russians resented the assumed superiority of the British and German officials. They had none of that feeling toward Americans. We used Russians and kept them in the forefront. More important was the instinctive camaraderie with which the Russians and Americans got along together.

All this led to another large mining incident. In 1912, Baron Zakomelsky and Urquhart informed me that our group had been requested to undertake development of any or all of the Cabinet Mines. These were the personal property of the czar, and embraced a large part of the mineral resources of Siberia.

The government suggested most liberal terms and said they wanted other communities built up like Kyshtim. Not one of us knew where these mines were or if they were of any value. I had a nebulous memory of mines in Siberia that had been worked with political prisoners, and I knew that a spasm of reform had stopped that. We created among ourselves a small syndicate, contributing a sum for preliminary exploration, and sent Amor Kuehn to inspect those and other convict workings.

The most promising proved to be in the Altai Mountains on the southern border of Siberia, 750 miles up the Irtysh River above Omsk. Kuehn reported that there had been large workings on oxidized lead-zinc-silver ores which, strangely enough, also contained copper and gold. The workings being inaccessible, he asked for diamond drills.

Drill Hole Strikes Rich Ore

In due time he reported that the first drill hole at a depth of 1,000 feet had either struck an ore body 150 feet wide or had followed a stringer for that distance. The analyses showed almost solid copper, lead and zinc sulphides, with a large amount of gold and silver.

Ore of this quality had hitherto existed only in museum specimens. Skeptical, we dismissed it as a rich stringer. But later Kuehn reported that a second hole at the same depth as the first one and a thousand feet away from it had passed through the same ore. Then we sat up and began to make calculations. We named it the Irtysh Mine.

I shall not bother with details. Suffice it to say we developed probably the greatest and richest single body of ore known in the world. Our financial friends provided $20,000,000 of working capital by a bond issue. We sank shafts, built mills on the mines, a railway to the river and river steamers; we erected smelters and refineries for lead, copper and zinc, gold and silver.

We developed another large copper mine, the Tanalyk, and undertook drilling upon still other of the Cabinet properties, particularly the lead-silver mines at Nerchinsk. While not so fabulously rich as Irtysh, the Nerchinsk Mines promised large industries and large returns. So far as I know, none of them is today even supporting the jackals. Had it not been for the first World War, I should have had the largest engineering fees ever known to man.

In later years American Communists charged that I was endeavoring to secure the return of these properties from the Soviet government in exchange for relief. Likewise the Moscow press explained my anti-Communist feelings on the ground that I was a rapacious capitalist whom they had put in his proper place.

It happened not to be true. I had resigned all engineering connections when I took over the Belgian relief. My interest in Irtysh and other properties had been foreclosed upon by the bondholders when the Communist revolution came on, as the company could not meet the bond interest.

When war came in 1914, I and my subordinates had built up a great engineering business connected with concerns producing hundreds of millions of dollars' worth of useful materials and employing over 150,000 people. These concerns included mines, metallurgical works, chemical works, railways, forests and ships. They were located in the United States, Canada, Mexico, Chile, China, Russia, Mongolia, Burma, Penang, New Zealand and Australia. Their variety and settings offered infinite interest and in aggregate they paid us high fees.

With the coming of the war my professional career was ended, although I did not know it for a long time. The ending of my professional work coincided with the ending of the golden age of American engineers in foreign countries, and, in fact, with the suspension of industrial pioneering over a large part of the earth for years to come.

The coming of World War I brought an end to Hoover's career as an engineer and launched him on a life of public service. As Belgian relief director he helped feed and clothe 10,000,000 people. In next week's Collier's he tells the exciting story of his wartime years. Order your copy from your local news dealer now

Size 3½ Double-A

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 21

only ones there after us. If the shoes aren't mine and they aren't Imogene's—whose are they?"

"Think some more," Charlie urged. "It only hurts till you get used to it."

"You mean someone else might have been in our house? In *our* bedroom. A girl!"

"Well most guys don't wear pink shoes."

"But *what* girl?"

"And that's why Imogene accepted the shoes. Because she intends to find out what girl." He was not kidding; he was really annoyed. "Dotty, you're a baby. And you're not playing with babies. You've got to clam up—grow up."

With bogus assurance Dotty crossed the room. "If you're saying Ransom Frye brought a girl in pink shoes to our house, I don't believe it. He's not only nice, he's quiet! There is some other explanation. Something logical and decent." She sat and opened her eyes wide enough to turn inside out. "Only there isn't! Those pink shoes have to be the Fryes'. Oh, Charlie, what shall I do?"

"You'll do exactly nothing. Hear me? Nothing."

"But maybe I've started bad trouble for the Fryes."

"Maybe you have. Then ask God to forgive you. Don't ask Imogene." He pointed a finger at her nose. "You—keep—out!"

"But I feel so awful when I've got something bad bottled up inside me."

"I give you warning. It's nothing compared to the way you'll feel if you spill it."

She looked obedient and worshipful, but her worship derived from how cute he looked when he was strict. . . .

Bright and early the next morning Mrs. Dimmit said to herself, "But I didn't promise him." So she went to see Imogene Frye.

In her bedroom Mrs. Frye had just finished her exercises and her protein breakfast. She pulled on a fawn sweater to match her fawn skirt.

"Wouldn't hurt you to roll off *your* hips, Dotty," she said. "You're getting a little comfy-looking."

"Isn't it shameful?" Dotty said, looking at Imogene. "How are you?"

"Pretty good. I broke a fingernail last night."

"You slept all right?"

"Like a bunny."

"I'm so glad."

"Why should you be glad if I sleep well?"

"Well, I thought after yesterday—"

"What happened yesterday?" Imogene held her lipstick and her eyes went suddenly blank.

Dotty wanted very much to undo any harm she had wrought. "I did a stupid thing yesterday and Charlie was furious. I shouldn't have brought those shoes to you, and I'm so sorry. And I still think there's some other explanation."

Imogene settled the cap of her lipstick back on its base as though she were performing a scientific experiment. "The only part I even *get* is about the shoes. What about the shoes?"

"Well, I mean—they're not your shoes, are they?"

Imogene deliberated a moment. "No," she said, "they're not mine."

"I'm not going to pry or probe," Dotty said, "I just came to tell you I'm sorry. And to beg you not to let it make a—thing—between you and your husband. I'm sure there's some other explanation and I'm going to try to find out what it is."

"I wouldn't do that," Imogene said.

Dotty heard the threat in Imogene's voice. "Why not?"

"People who stick their necks out get more than a string of pearls." Imogene picked up her sunglasses, her car keys and the polished envelope of her alligator bag. "You might even learn something you'd rather not. I've got a hair date."

Dotty reached the door first. "You can't leave without telling me what you mean."

Imogene swung her car keys the way they use clock pendulums in movies, to show time is passing relentlessly. "As I get it, you're sympathizing with me because maybe my husband knows a girl who wears pink shoes. Maybe it's not my husband. Maybe it's yours."

"No!" Dotty said, her scalp tightening. "It couldn't be. You—you even accepted the shoes yesterday."

"Naturally. To protect you. You didn't suspect anything so I thought I'd let you believe they were mine."

"But you and Ran had the cottage last. Nobody else used it, all winter. It couldn't be Charlie."

"For goodness sakes, I haven't said it *had* to be Charlie. But let me see." The car keys stopped swinging. "Didn't Charlie go up to the cottage in December to cut a Christmas tree from your own place? And didn't you stay in town? And didn't you call me after midnight, worried because he was gone so long? . . ."

"Imogene!" said Mrs. Dimmit. She sagged against the door as though she had been hit

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on the head with a hammer, which of course, in a way, she had.

"Now, don't carry on so. Boys will be boys. Why should Charlie be different? Besides, I've only said it *could* be Charlie." Imogene opened her closet door, came back with the ribbony pink sandals dangling like kittens from her hand. "You might as well take these with you. They belong to you—sort of."

DOTTY put the shoes in the front seat of her car where they lay silent as guns at a murder trial. Somehow she managed to drive away from Imogene's house, but she drove badly and caused several other motorists to be very cross with her.

She must not suspect Charlie. She could not suspect Charlie. But she did. Very cunningly, Imogene had planted a doubt.

Last night Charlie had been *too* odd about the shoes. Too sure they represented some man's—sin. He had been too insistent that Dotty should not speak to Imogene about them. He had been afraid that what did happen would happen.

Now Dotty was crying, and feeling rather like a fool. Somehow she stopped the car at a curb, and dried her face savagely. *I must never suspect Charlie. But, oh, Charlie, there had been that night in December.*

. . . It couldn't have taken that long to chop down one little tree. She remembered how frightened she had been by his lateness: he might have hurt himself with the ax; he might have gone off a mountain road; he might have been attacked by thieves. When he had come in and told her there'd been a sudden storm she had been so relieved she hadn't questioned it. Now, suddenly, she remembered. In town it hadn't stormed at all.

She picked up the sandals; they were too little to be true, too pretty to be virtuous. Whose feet had worn them, wickedly walking into the cottage, ruining everything?

They were things, and they were silent. Mrs. Dimmit put them down carefully. Oh, Charlie, how could you get involved with a pair of shoes?

After she had powdered her face and runneled the powder again with tears, Dotty remembered she had an appointment to keep. She drove to Lu's house, worked up a smile and went in.

Lu's was still the gayest, tidiest house in town, every cigarette box full, flowers in the vases. But there was a trunk in the living room, tissue paper was on the floor, and clothes waited neatly laid out on the sofa.

"Gosh, I'll miss coming here," Dotty sighed.

Lu wore tight red shorts, a red scarf wrapped round her hair. "Well, maybe you'll come visit me if I ever find somebody else to marry me. There must be *somebody* I could be faithful to." She handed Dotty a batch of quilted lingerie folders. "Are you sure you feel up to working? You don't look very well."

Lu's nighties were tied with wide pink ribbons and reeked of sachet. "It's funny," Dotty said, out of her own preoccupation. "I never dreamed you'd look at anybody but your own husband."

"Don't you think of such things, honey," Lu said. "There's got to be somebody innocent left in the world."

Innocent . . . the compliment stung like iodine. It meant dumb—dopey. She began to pack. For Lu's nylon hose there was a series of pink satin pockets, for Lu's hot-water bag there was a satin sack; for her dresses, little silk shrouds. Everything was somehow disguised. "Lu," Dotty said, "shut me up if I'm prying. But this—man—you were tied up with. Didn't he stand by you at all?"

"Why, no," Lu said. "The consequences were serious for me but that was no reason for him to play big and brave. I told him I didn't want him to come or even call me to say good-by."

She must be acting, Dotty thought. She doesn't want me to know how much she has been hurt. But if it was acting it deserved an Oscar. "Lu," Dotty said, "if it had been the other way around, how would you have felt? If Ed had been interested in another woman." Perhaps Lu would tell her the grown-up way to act to Charlie.

"Interested in a woman? Ed? At first I prayed he'd be interested in me. Then in another dame, any dame. I would have strewn flowers in their path."

So really, on the subject of Charlie and Dotty, Lu was no help at all. Charlie would be waiting a long time to take a walk on flowers Dotty strewed for Pink Shoes.

Lu fixed lunch for herself and Dotty, fast and well as she did everything. Salads like little pictures, garlic toast and tea. After lunch they tidied up and did the dishes because Lu said, "I'd rather like to leave the place nice and clean for Ed when he moves back."

I was brought up in the wrong way by the wrong people in the wrong world, Dotty thought. In Lu's world it is all right to dirty your life but it is important to bathe yourself and see that the house is clean. No, that can't quite be the difference: I'm a good housekeeper, after all. But whatever it is, I must learn it or be stranded.

"Want another cup of tea?" Lu was watching her.

Tea wouldn't reach to where it hurt so Dotty shook her head and they went back into the living room to finish the packing.

Now Lu brought another bag, a square corduroy lined in rectangles.

"It will hold twenty pairs," she said with satisfaction. "Otherwise, shoes are such a nuisance."

She brought shoes by the armloads, black suède like velvet, velvet like moss. Kneeling beside the bag the young women began to fit them into the compartments.

"How small your feet are, Lu," Dotty said, and she had a funny feeling that she had said this once before. Or maybe it was only because she seemed to know what was coming.

"Only a few shops where they still carry my size. Three and a half double-A."

"Three and a half double-A," Dotty repeated dully, and she stopped packing.

"If I had to go naked to get them," Lu said, "I'd still buy shoes. Dotty—hey—where—?"

Dotty scrambled up and out of Lu's house, down the walk to her car and back again. Lu collided with her in the front hall.

"What's the matter, Dotty? Oh." She had looked at Dotty's hand and seen the pink sandals. "Oh, oh," Lu said. The small sounds which mean trouble coming and I'm in it.

"These are three and a half double-A," Dotty said. "Are they yours?"

Like a flamingo Lu stood on one leg to put on a pink sandal. "I'm awfully glad to have them back," she said. "I don't suppose I'll ever have enough money to buy another pair."

It was beginning to piece itself together like a jigsaw puzzle. Shoe cottage, Charlie. *Be careful, be careful,* Dotty said to herself. She spoke. "You saw me take these in to Imogene. You knew they were yours. But you didn't say a word."

"You didn't *ask*. You *said* they were Imogene's." Lu stomped her foot in the shoe, smiling with the complacency of rightful ownership. "I didn't want to correct you."

Dotty trembled, waiting for the extraordinary resources of strength supposed to come to people in trouble. "Don't you mean you *preferred* that I not know they were your shoes?" Such a queer schoolish way to say it, such a funny little voice to say it in.

Lu looked naughty and pleased. "I certainly was glad they couldn't call me Mama." She pulled the sandals from her perfect little feet and fondled them. "But now they're home," she added, "Mother still loves them."

Then, just as though they did not contaminate the room, the whole world, she carried them into the living room, slipped them into little plastic bags, and installed them in her shoe case.

RIGHTEOUS indignation, grief, and honest fury were making Dotty talk like a very old book. "I don't suppose in this world I'll ever meet anyone as callous as you," she said.

Lu admired the word. "Callous?" she called. "You bet I am. I've been spanked enough. I'm callous in the right spot." She laughed and waited for Dotty's laugh. "Where did you go?"

From the powder room in the hall Dotty called, "I'll be right out." She locked the door behind her and, leaning against the pink plaid wallpaper, she stood panting. *I mustn't make a scene—I mustn't tell everything I know—I mustn't cry.*

It was a junky situation, ordinary, in bad taste. Contented wife gets a little fatter in the hips, husband and best friend make new fun and games.

How could I not have guessed? Charlie always liked Lu—just last night he called her the prettiest girl in town. And yesterday I told Lu he'd be glad to lend her money. She gagged, thinking of Lu's unsounded laughter.

But worst of all was the way Imogene and Lu had used her: one taking the shoes which were not hers, the other rejecting them, though they were hers. And Dotty, the lightweight, batted from one to the other like a Ping-pong ball.

If only I didn't know . . .

When you grow up healthy and your parents like you, and you marry the boy you love and he loves you—or you think so, anyway—then how can you learn that your

HARRY GOFF

NOW HEAR THIS!

IV

Cricket on the Hearth: SEEEEEDLE—SEEEEEDLE—SEEEEEDLE—seek. SEEEEEDLE—SEEEEEDLE — SEEEEEDLE — seek —seek.

Dog with Bone: GUNCH! gnch. gnch. mmnch. CHAK! nch. nch. ARRK! KRAK! kunch. mnch.

Shelling Peas: SNIK. dop—dop—dop—dik. SNOP. dop—dopdop—dop—dopdopdop. SNUP. dop.

Brushing a Coat: wheesh. whush. whish. WHISH. whush. whush-whush—whushwhush. WHASSH. whish. whush.

—PAULINE GALE

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ends are your enemies? That you must very careful to say nothing—and to twist at nothing around till it sounds like sinre compliments?

Dotty washed her face. I will never let r know that I know, she promised herself. As she turned off the faucet she heard the lephone ring. Lu answered it. The words ere not distinguishable but Lu's tone of ice could be translated easier than ench. It meant that she was talking to a an. The silky strands of talk were lighted th little laughs, festooned with intimate uses, ended by the gentlest click of the ceiver.

WHEN Dotty came out of the powder room she had turned into a famous y and she would worm the identity of that ller from Lu if she had to kill her to do it. ie began subtly: "Was that the phone I ard?"

The packing was nearly finished and Lu as leaning on the trunk to latch it. "I'd tter bathe now. If the expressman comes ill you show him what to take and get e checks, honey?"

Dotty rattled through the tissue paper. The phone . . ." she said and her voice was ore threatening than she had intended.

"Oh, yes," Lu said, patting the trunk as ople do, praising it for being complete. t was Charlie."

A flash of clear red went from Dotty's et to her head, blinding her. "Charlie! So e did call you to say good-by?"

"It was darling of him," Lu said. "He anted to talk to you but I explained where ou were."

The subtle spy dropped dead, being too oung to live. "I've had about enough!" otty cried. "You come back!"

Lu, on her way to her bath, was unbuttonig her red shorts. She turned, "What's p?"

"So you told him not to say good-by! lot even to phone! You and your nice arried man! I mustn't ask his name beause you didn't want to bust up his playouse!" Her voice was out of control, and ie was almost screeching. "I could—I ould—"

"But I told you all that yesterday. Why are you so upset now?" Cautiously Lu moved closer.

"Not what you told me! What Imogene said."

Decisively Lu rebuttoned her buttons. "Imogene told you what?"

"Imogene told me about Charlie and the pink shoes. About Charlie and you."

"Oh, Lord," Lu said. "So that's it. You poor baby. I worried and worried about those sandals turning up at your place. But then I thought: Even if they do, she's such a cherub she'll never guess what they mean."

The worst was happening; the tears came and Dotty dissolved like sugar under the tap. "And Charlie said he was going up to the cottage to cut a Christmas tree from our own place. And then he said it stormed and all the time—"

"Honey," Lu said, and warily she came almost close enough to touch Dotty, "I don't know anything about Christmas trees or storms." She looked at the little mantel clock which always kept time. "I've got an hour to get dressed and out of town, so listen hard! *It wasn't your Charlie!*"

The rescue had come, but late, the victim had turned wild, unwilling to be saved. "I don't believe you! I'll never believe anything anybody says—ever—"

"I swear on—"

"Then who was it?"

Lu pulled at her hair. "Good Lord, you need more proof than my husband. Dotty, leave me my little decency. Don't make me ruin a good guy. I'd—" The door chimes sounded. "Well," said Lu, "here he comes to ruin himself."

Dotty was right beside her when she opened the door to Ransom Frye. "As you can see," Lu said to him, "I am not alone."

"It's all right." He came in, closed the door behind him. "Next to you, Dotty's the one I want to see."

He kissed Lu so hard that Dotty thought someone ought to yell, "Police! Fire!" He was a nice, tall, quiet man. Maybe, away from Imogene, he wasn't quite so quiet.

"My darling," he said, "I've been going nuts all day till I could get to you."

Dotty accepted the proof of Charlie's innocence. "I'd better go," she said.

Ransom Frye was not quiet at all. He put his arms around Dotty too. "Wait a minute. You gave those shoes to Imogene last night? Lu's pink shoes?"

"I'm so sorry, I—"

"Don't be sorry. Imogene's been waiting for something like that. As soon as she got my confession she announced that she'd rather have all my money than me."

"I really think I ought to go," Dotty said and she actually got through the screen door before she was stopped again. By Lu, this time.

"Just one thing," Lu said. "Don't tell Charlie you suspected him. He'll be furious with you. It'll leave a terrible scar. Promise me now. Keep quiet!"

"I'll never say anything to anybody about anything again as long as I live," Dotty said. By now she was pretty grown-up. . . .

Right after dinner Dotty woke Charlie from the nap he was settling down to take.

"At least," she said, "I know what I'm doing is foolish and wrong and it will make you furious. But if things worry me, I just can't keep them to myself."

Charlie sat up. "You could try swallowing a cork."

"Even if I ruin everything between us and you never get over it, I have to make my confession."

"Let me clear my head," he said, shaking it. "Tell me. What did you do?" His voice was light but his eyes were serious.

"Not what I did. What you did. I mean what you could have done. I mean what I thought you did."

Way back there behind his eyes, she could see the temper gathering. Charlie angry was no fun.

But she was on the downside of the roller coaster, there was no stopping till the end of the ride. "It was those pink shoes," she said, "and the way it turned out, you had to be having a love affair with Lu at our cottage. Only it didn't turn out that way. It seems . . ."

AND there it was, the whole story. She told it all, the beginning, the middle and the end. And when she was done, he asked questions, gravely, exasperatingly accurate, pacing the room.

"So," he said, finally, "you thought I was being unfaithul to you?"

No use squirming. When she knew the truth, she had to tell it. "Yes," she said, "I nearly died."

Charlie came over to her and picked her up. "Thank you, ma'am," he said. "Thanks for thinking I had it in me and for blowing your top about it. Thank you for these compliments, dear."

Then he held her on his lap. "The one I'd like to get hold of," he said, "is Imogene. I could—"

"Don't feel that way." Dotty was trying to sit light. "She must be pretty upset and I thought tomorrow I'd run over and tell her I understand what made her act like that."

"Tomorrow," Charlie said, "you're going to take a little trip to visit your mother. And you won't come back till our friends are through reshuffling."

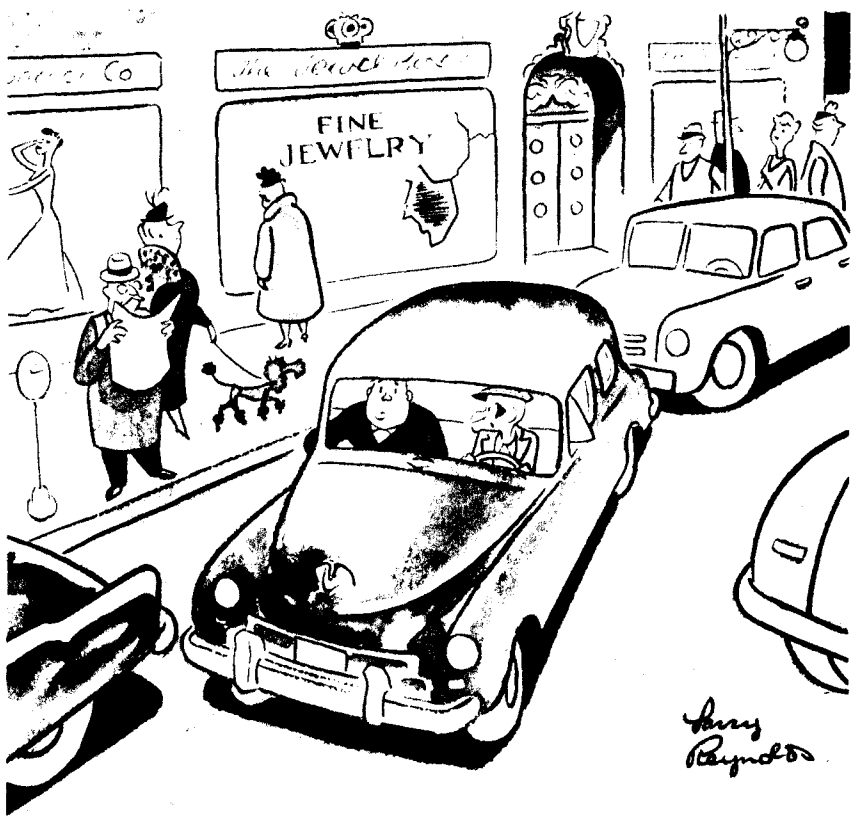
"Do you suppose Lu caught that train?" Dotty said, "Really I ought to just go to the phone—"

"And when you come back from your mother's, there'll be no car for you to run around in, no phone to talk over and a whole set of nice new friends. Nobody over ten."

"Charlie," Dotty said shyly, "I just had a thought. If Lu came to our cottage in those pink shoes—well, when she went, she didn't have them on. Now I was wondering, did she go out barefoot? What did she leave in?"

Charlie eased her from his lap. "An interesting point. Now let me see," he said. "Closing my eyes to visualize the whole thing, I can see only one solution. Lu came to our cottage in pink shoes, she left in *flagrante delicto*." With his eyes still closed, en route to his delayed nap, he put himself back, joint by joint, to rest on the living-room sofa. THE END

BUTCH



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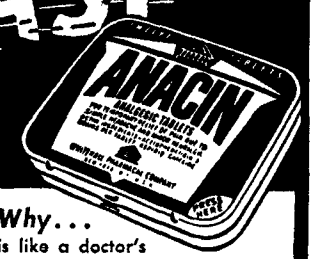

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DORMAN H. SMITH

The World Must Choose

WOULD YOU SAY that Soviet Communism was not revolutionary, but reactionary? Well, Barbara Ward says so in her new book, Policy for the West. She also argues that the greatest revolutionary force in the world is what she calls "the Western spirit." To our way of thinking, the brilliant young English journalist makes out a good case for her rather unconventional thesis. And it is quite possible that her conclusions have some practical value for all of us.

Miss Ward points out that Soviet Communism is founded on two beliefs which dominated the thinking of ancient civilizations. One was that man and his society are molded by destiny and circumstance. The other was that the state, as symbolized by the ruler who heads it, is the source of all power and all meaning.

Then came "the rational vision of the Greeks and the moral vision of the Jews," and with them came the turning point. Men began to realize that they could do something more than accept and obey. They could shape the course of their own lives and of their society. They could progress and perfect. These thoughts have dominated Western civilization ever since, even though they have evolved into action by a slow, painful process marked by many setbacks and failures.

Certainly the evidence supports this thesis. The Soviet dictatorship clearly parallels the ancient pattern: The state is all, its philosophy grows from arid materialism, and its citizens are the slaves and not the masters of their environment. Under the guise of "progress" it has destroyed in its own country the gains that Western man has made through thousands of years. Now it seeks to destroy them throughout the world.

If you lived under Russian Communism you would have life without liberty, and your pursuit of happiness would be over a narrow and restricted course. You would have no choice and no voice in your government. You could not change jobs without permission. You could not freely choose what books to read, what plays and movies to see, what music to hear. You would be told what to think and believe and say on countless matters affecting your daily life and future welfare. The line of thought-control might change direction overnight. But Heaven help you if you didn't conform.

Since this is so, how has such a bleak and despotic system been able to offer any attractions to free minds in the Western World?

One reason is that Communism has borrowed the language of the free world and used it to deceive and ensnare. "Because it . . . speaks of true freedom and true democracy and true science," Miss Ward says, "men often overlook the profoundly and terrifyingly reactionary character of its doctrine."

But that is not all. Wherever Communism has been able to make headway in the West without resorting to force, as in France and Italy, it has cashed in on a weakening of the Western tradition as well as on economic weaknesses. For we have seen that "even in the West, the concept of fatality and of almighty circumstance has crept back." We have seen it in Western Europe's apathy toward a self-protecting rearmament. We have seen it in our own country, where materialistic discouragement often tends to obscure the deeper issues of the present crisis and make us forgetful of the spiritual and physical resources at our command.

It may well be that this present crisis is really the crisis of the Western spirit of revolution. For centuries the Western World struggled against absolutism in government, and it seemed that at the end of World War I the struggle had been brought to an end. But then, with victory in sight, the Bolshevik revolution fastened its hold on Russia. The hereditary power of royalty was replaced by the terroristic power of dictatorship. Lenin and Stalin set the pattern that Mussolini and Hitler followed.

World War II destroyed Mussolini and Hitler, but it did not destroy the power of dictatorship. For Stalin rose to greater strength through the fall of Fascism. Today he is the overlord of more millions of hapless human beings than the proudest emperor of the past could ever lay claim to.

Yet for all its strength, Communism is an anachronism which promises heaven on earth, but which actually carries its victims back to a world that existed at the dawn of history. It represents something which free men have been struggling against through the ages. It represents the denial of every ambition for individual freedom.

Communism may speak in words of idealism while freedom sometimes bogs down in the language of materialism. But Communism is sterile. For all its brave talk it has no "cause." Freedom does—and it is not simply a negative anti-Communism.

It is the cause of the great tradition of human aspiration. And all of us can help advance it by helping to create a society in which the watchful Soviets can find no vulnerable moral flaws to exploit, and by bearing patiently the many material sacrifices that will be necessary if freedom is to live and progress is to continue.

What Did They Expect?

WELL, THE GOVERNMENT'S late and unlamented program of egg and potato subsidies was a mistake, after all. Officials of the Department of Agriculture finally admitted it. Everybody lost on the deal except the farmers, with the taxpayers taking a $750,000,000 rap.

But the D. of A. people couldn't just let it go at that. They had to sign off with the churlish assurance that the failure would have succeeded if only the farmers had co-operated. Trouble was, they explained, the producers produced too much.

Yet we don't recall the government refusing to buy any of those food products. We do recall some vigorous D. of A. defenses of the subsidy experiment. And we can't help wondering now what the boys in Washington would have done if they'd been in the farmers' place, with a sure, guaranteed high-price market for all they could grow.

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